★ Nov. 10, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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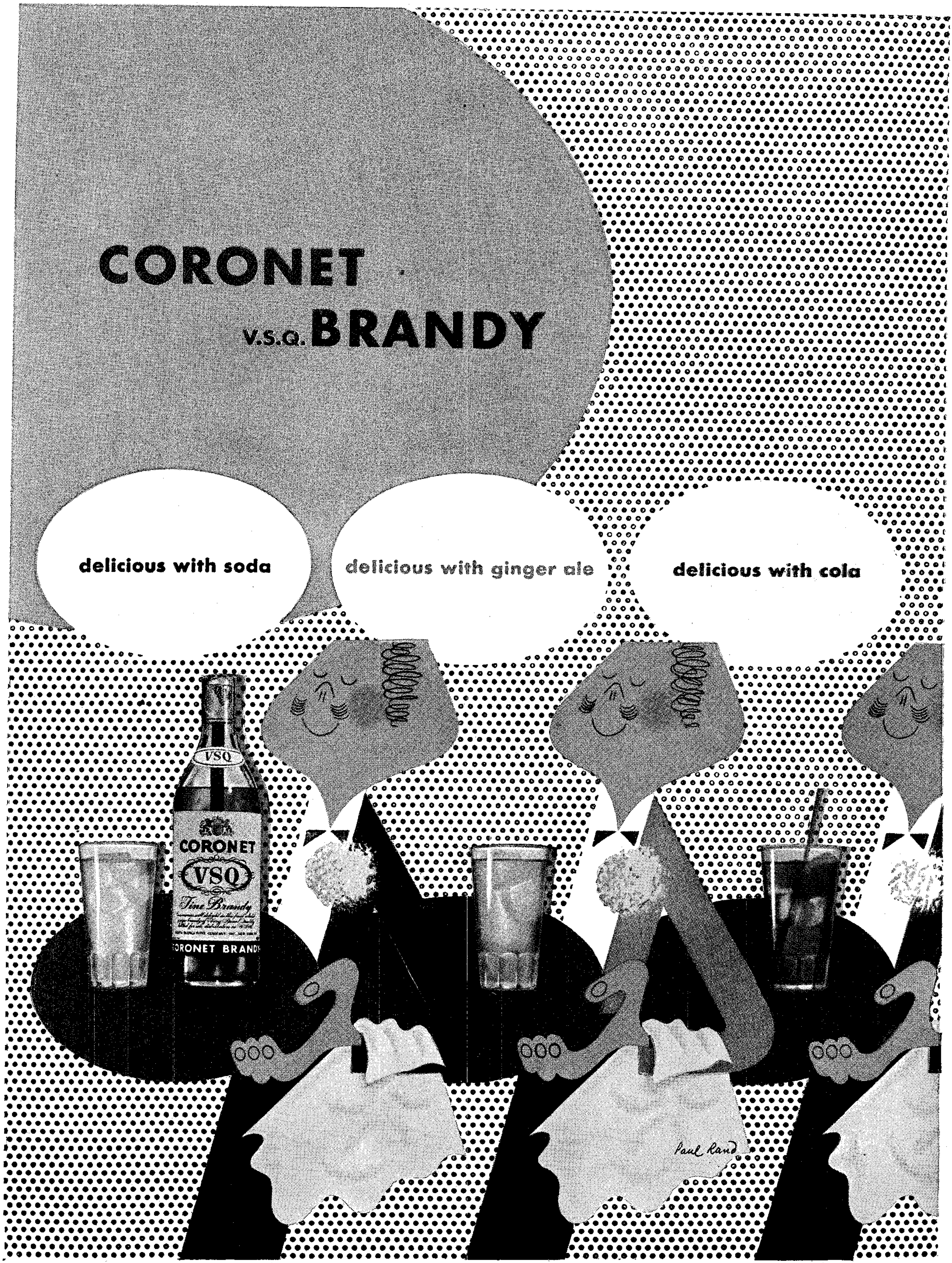
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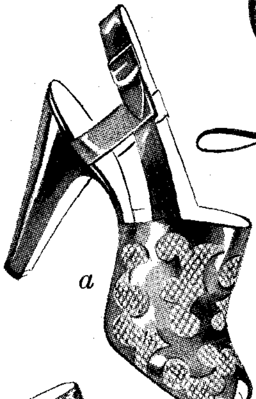
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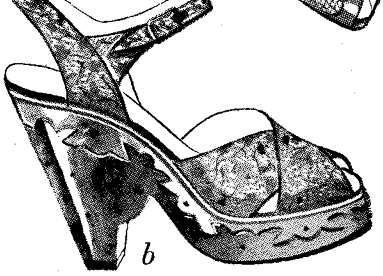
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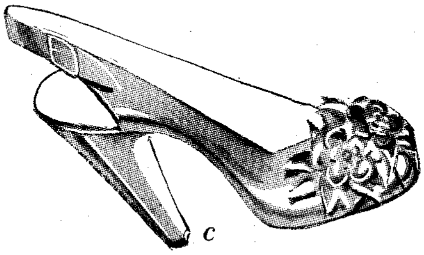
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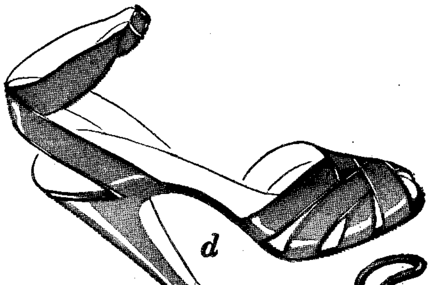
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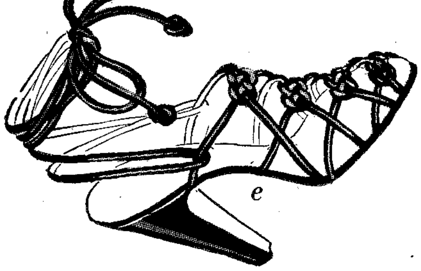
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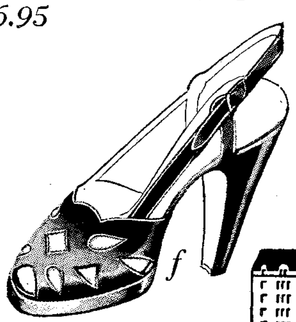
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BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVE. AT 58TH ST. • NEW YORK 19

ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—This Broadway version of an all-Negro play, now in its second year, is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. With Augusta Dabney and Howard Smith. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Deep Are the Roots—The authors of "Tomorrow the World" have taken up the Negro problem, but the result, while a satisfactory melodrama, doesn't contribute much to its solution. Barbara Bel Geddes gives a remarkably simple and touching performance. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously moving story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's appealing and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. Second year. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Nov. 17.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is going into its seventh year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Tempest—Margaret Webster's production returns on Mon., Nov. 12, for a brief engagement. The cast includes Vera Zorina, Canada Lee, and Arnold Moss. (New York City Center, 55, E. of 7. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Thérèse—One of those psychological murder plays, this time derived from Zola, in which not a great deal seems to happen. Eva Le Gallienne, Dame May Whitty, and Victor Jory all suffer eloquently but to very little effect. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Vicki Cummings are the whole cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

You Touched Me!—Edmund Gwenn's interpolated vaudeville is a great help to this not very distinguished play about a young girl who is awakened by love. With Montgomery Clift and Catherine Willard. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Secret Room—A play by Robert Turney, produced by Joseph M. Hyman, Bernard Hart, and Haila Stoddard, and directed by Moss Hart. The cast includes Frances Dee, Eleonora Mendelssohn, and Reed Brown, Jr. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Nanette Fabray and Mabel Taliaferro, is extremely fetching. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. Second year. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—An operetta based on the Mayerling story. The music is agreeable; the book is just a nuisance. With Romo Vincent and Luba Malina. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and produced by the Theatre Guild. Third year. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., Nov. 11, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Polonaise—A few unlikely episodes in the life of Kosciusko set to music derived from Chopin for no particular reason. Marta Eggerth and Jan Kiepura sing competently but their love affair seems rather dull. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Red Mill—A revival of the great Montgomery and Stone vehicle of 1906. Victor Herbert's score is enchanting and Eddie Foy, Jr., is a very satisfactory comic, but the total effect is disappointing. With Dorothy Stone, Michael O'Shea, and Odette Myrtil. (Ziegfeld, Ave. of the Americas at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, Irra Petina and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances devised by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Girl from Nantucket—Jack Durant and Jane Kean in a musical comedy produced and directed by Henry Adrian. Opens Thurs., Nov. 8. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Skydrift—Alfred Ryder and Elliott Sullivan in a play by Harry Kleiner, produced by Rita Hassan, and directed by Roy Hargrave. Opens Thurs., Nov. 8. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Rich Full Life—A play by Viña Delmar, produced by Gilbert Miller, with Judith Evelyn, Frederic Tozere, and Virginia Weidler. Opens Fri., Nov. 9. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Are You with It?—A musical comedy with Joan Roberts, Johnny Downs, Lew Parker, and Dolores Gray, produced by Richard Kollmar and James W. Gardiner. Directed by Edward Reveaux. Opens Sat., Nov. 10. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Rugged Path—Spencer Tracy in a play by Robert E. Sherwood, directed by Garson Kanin, and produced by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Sat., Nov. 10. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Last House on the Left—A play by Jean Carmen and Irish Owen, produced by Violla Rubber, with a cast headed by Miss Carmen and Gene Barry. Opens Mon., Nov. 12. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

State of the Union—A new comedy by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, with a cast headed by Ralph Bellamy, Ruth Hussey, and Myron McCormick. Produced by Leland Hayward and directed by Bretaigne Windust. Opens Wed., Nov. 14. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Benefits—Any number of more or less prominent stage, screen, and radio entertainers are scheduled to offer a glimpse of their talents at variety shows to help support the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Hospital Fund, Thurs., Nov. 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Rivoli, B'way at 49, CI 7-1633); the Negro Actors Guild of America, Sun., Nov. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Alvin, 52, W. For tickets, call CI 7-2973); and the United Jewish Appeal of Greater New York ("Night of Stars"), Tues., Nov. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6800.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Ave. of Americas at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Mon., Nov. 12, at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 47
BOOKS 93
THE CURRENT CINEMA 51
FOOTBALL 76
LETTER FROM COPENHAGEN 78
MUSICAL EVENTS 87
OF ALL THINGS 50
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
CHRISTMAS GIFTS 72
THE RACE TRACK 89
A REPORTER AT LARGE 56
THE THEATRE 44

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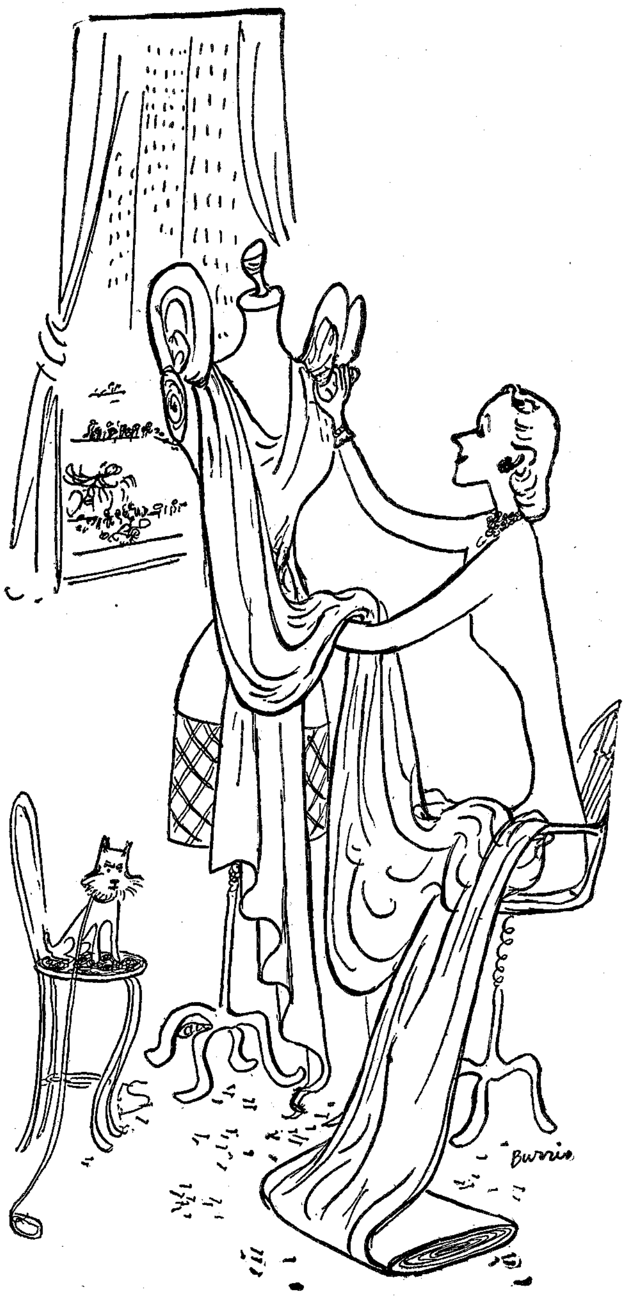
SPECIALISTS of the HOUSE

#3 Sophie



Sophie Gimbel, who designs custom-made clothes for the *Salon Moderne* and "Sophie Originals" for Saks' ready-to-wear department, is blonde, tall, low-voiced and serene. She is also the boss's wife, being Mrs. Adam Gimbel, but her co-workers say that you'd never notice it. The only bossy thing about Sophie is Johnny, her schnauzer, who presides over her office with so much personality that people sometimes can't get in there at all.

Mrs. Gimbel, born Sophie McLeay in Atlanta, Georgia, was a stylist at Saks when she married Adam Gimbel in 1930. The bridegroom's most challenging gift to the bride was the *Salon Moderne,* a money-loser and a headache. Sophie calmly made it a success. She has a gift for dramatizing a tailored line by an unexpected slathering of sequins, and she is no slave to "trends." Not long ago, when other designers tried to frighten women into wearing sloping shoulders, Sophie stuck to the flattering square shoulder. The sloppy-shoulder "trend" quietly disappeared.

Sophie works at Saks from ten to six, runs two households (town and country), dines out or has guests every night, plays golf in the low eighties, studies costume collections at museums, and in her spare time, grows lilies. The other day a friend telephoned her from Long Island. "I've spent all *day* worrying about what to wear to that party tomorrow!" this worrier sighed. "Pick me out something marvelous and send it out here, will you, darling?" Sophie attended to that, too.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE New York · Chicago · Beverly Hills · Detroit

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

is usually pot luck, since entertainers and sometimes places. seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in the dignified old Trianon Room.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—A comfortable evening with Cardini, who is one of our more expert magicians, Fred and Elaine Barry, and Joseph Sudy's orchestra (to be replaced by Bob Grant's on Mon., Nov. 12).

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mary Lou Williams, Susan Reed, Beatrice Kraft, the Sans Souci Dancers, and Edmond Hall's orchestra in a show that doesn't quite live up to expectations.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Josh White and a song about a meat ball, Imogene Coca and her waspish nonsense, Benny Morton and his cheerful orchestra, Cliff Jackson and his jazz piano.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping in a small palace to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Rustle, bustle, and hustle in the Hollywood manner. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Through Sun., Nov. 11, Gali-Gali dispensing his ingenious magic in the stately Cotillion Room. Music by Stanley Melba's orchestra. On Tues., Nov. 13, a new show arrives. . . . A Melba trio plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is at large in the Persian Room at both dinner and supper, along with the orchestras of Arthur Ravel and Mark Monte.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—In the handsome Iridium Room, a pleasant ice show and inconspicuous dance music by Paul Sparr's orchestra. . . . The Maisonette has Dorothy Shay, who sings entertainingly, and a small orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the dance music of Cal Gilford's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—What to do with the children on Nurse's night off. Ernie Warren's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band are on the night shift; Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing every afternoon.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—There's a small supper show in the Wedgwood Room, and Emil Coleman's orchestra plays all evening, alternating at supper with Mischa Borr's band. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Irwin Corey, Evelyn Knight, the Herman Chittison Trio, Stuart Ross, Mary Nolan, and Rose Murphy, all doing as nice a job as we're likely to see this season. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, Monica Boyar, the Cedric Wallace Trio (with Garland Wilson at the piano), and José Melis doing their reliable specialties in a show that otherwise is rather painful. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself, singing (when she's in the mood) about her special brand of world-weariness.

Miscellaneous—At the **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano, after 9:30, in this small and cheerful cranny. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the activities in the floor show; dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and his bel canto torch songs; Maxmillian Bergere's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . **ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Duke Ellington's orchestra and the Golden Gate Quartet operating under certain environmental difficulties. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the conventional Copacabana show, which at the moment is considerably improved by Joe E. Lewis. Joel Herron's and Noro Morales's orchestras for dancing. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): At dinner and supper, Sophie Tucker making herself thoroughly heard. . . . **400 CLUB,** 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): rather like a boat ride to Bear Mountain, but it has Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Richard Himber's orchestra. . . . **MADISON,** Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): Val Ernie's orchestra for dancing up to 9:30; at the supper hour, Hope Emerson and other acceptable entertainment. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra, and an ice show headed up by Joan Hyldoft. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

Mostly for Music—Dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Buji Centobie, and their helpmeets working at the top of their little lungs; no dancing. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 2 Ave., at 9 (ST 9-9742): Bunk Johnson, Baby Dodds, and other legendary characters showing, in rather Spartan surroundings, exactly how the boys used to play it down South (Wed. through Sat. Eves. and Sun. Aft.). . . . **DIXIE HOTEL,** 43, W. of B'way (WI 7-6000): Joe Marsala's new septet, with Dave Tough and Adele Girard as his right and left bowers. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a small cave inhabited by Don Frye (hot piano) and a cluster of newcomers (hot and cold). . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan.

ART

Albright and Zsissly—First joint exhibition by the Chicago twins: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

Allied Artists of America—Thirty-second annual exhibition: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 25.

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57—New work by Charles Seliger and Paul Wilton. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 17.

Peggy Bacon—Pastels and drawings: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 17.

Mario Carreño—Recent work: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 1.

Drawings—At the **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57: Tiepolo, van der Heyden, and other old masters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 24. . . . **CARSTAIRS,** 11 E. 57: new work by Van Day Truex. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 22.

Dutch—Some little-known sixteenth-century landscapists and a few well-known ones: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

French—At the **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: Cézanne, Corot, Degas, and other nineteenth-century painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 17. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: work never shown here before by Monet, Pissarro, Degas, and four others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 9.

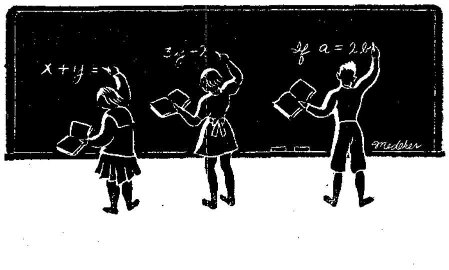
Roger de la Fresnaye—Twenty-nine paintings, water colors, and drawings in a memorial exhibition: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

Joseph Victor Gatto—Paintings in the Primitive manner: Barzansky, 664 Madison, at 61. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

Peter Grippe—Abstract sculpture in bronze and terra cotta: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

Groups—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: a small show of paintings by Louis Eilshemius, Ernest Lawson, and members of the gallery's group. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51: new paintings and sculpture by Stuart Davis, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Julian Levi, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30. . . . **NEWTON,** 11 E. 57: an uneven mixture of American and British drawings and water colors, highlighted by works of Thomas Rowlandson and Winslow Homer. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 17.

Carl Holty—Semi-abstract paintings, with a conspicuous medieval symbolism: Kootz, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 24.



Henri Matisse—New drawings: Matisse, 41 E. 57 Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat. Nov. 17.

Mexican—At the **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: Carlos Mérida Rufino Tamayo, Diego Rivera, and five other modern painters. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. through Dec. 1. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: Juan Soriano, Ricardo Martínez, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 24.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A comprehensive show of Stuart Davis's paintings (through Feb 3); a large and comprehensive exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture (through Jan. 13); and work done during the past year in the Museum's War Veterans Art Center (through Nov. 25). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A memorial exhibition of Alice Mattern's paintings Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Nov. 15.

B.J.O. Nordfeldt—Landscapes: Passedoit, 121 E. 57 Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 17

Waldo Peirce—A retrospective show: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Dec. 1.

Camille Pissarro—Fifty paintings, plus examples by other related painters; a benefit for the Goddard Neighborhood Center: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64 Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 24.

Ralph Rosenborg—Abstract paintings: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 15.

Frederick Serger—Figures and still lifes, boldly painted: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

Serigraphs—Silk-screens by forty-nine artists: National Serigraph Society, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 1.

Tromka—Expressionist paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 17.

Edythe Wallach—Paintings, Mexican in theme but not in manner; also, paintings by Siv Holme: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 10.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Forty-seven portraits by Ralph Earl, and a couple of his landscapes, covering the painting career of this eighteenth-century American artist. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 21.

Denny Winters—The artist's first one-man show in New York: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 17.

Andrew Wyeth—Temperas and water colors with Maine and Pennsylvania backgrounds: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 17.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thurs., Nov. 8, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 9, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Nov. 10, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., Nov. 11, at 3 P.M. Artur Rodzinski conducting, Thurs., Nov. 15, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Nov. 16, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Claudio Arrau, piano, Nov. 8, 9, and 11; Robert Casadesus, piano, Nov. 15-16.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., Nov. 17, at 11 A.M.

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—Carnegie Hall, Wed., Nov. 14, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., Nov. 17, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., Nov. 16, at 8:30 P.M.

Victory Loan Concert—The National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting; the Collegiate Chorale, directed by Robert Shaw; and Rudolf Serkin, piano. Tues., Nov. 13, at 8:45 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. Admission by purchase of Victory bonds through Station WQXR. CI 5-5566.)

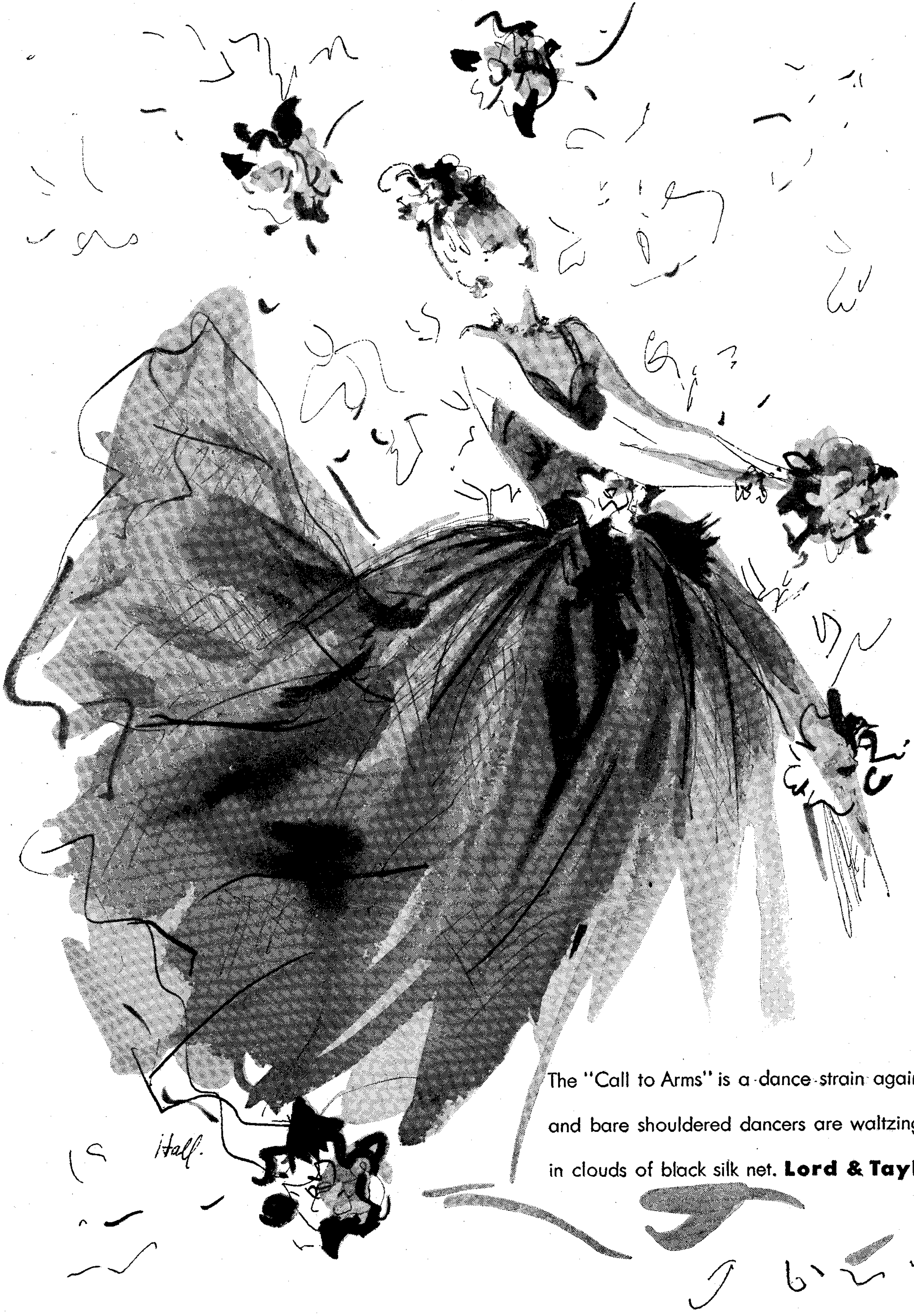
New York Little Symphony—Joseph Baroné conducting. Fri., Nov. 9, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

National Association of American Composers and Conductors—The Guilet String Quartet; Joan Field, violin; and others. Sun., Nov. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Times Hall, 44, W. of B'way.)

New York City Opera Company—Final performances—"La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 8. . . . "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Nov. 9. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Sat. Eve., Nov. 10. . . . "The Bartered Bride," Sun. Aft., Nov. 11. . . . "Faust," Sun. Eve., Nov. 11. Eves. at 8:15. Mat. at 2:30. (New York City Center, 55, E. of 7. CI 6-8989.)

American Music—Lecture-programs of folk and popular music, directed by Walter Hendl. Soloists: Joan Field, violin, Fri., Nov. 9; Josh White, folk singer, Fri., Nov. 16; at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Ray Lev—Piano. Fri., Nov. 9, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall); and Sat., Nov. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Washing-



The "Call to Arms" is a dance strain again—
and bare shouldered dancers are waltzing
in clouds of black silk net. **Lord & Taylor**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ton Irving High School, Irving Pl, at 16. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

Maxim Schapiro—Piano. Fri., Nov. 9, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Grisha Goluboff—Violin. Sat., Nov. 10, at 2:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Todd Duncan—Baritone. Sat., Nov. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

Albert Spalding—Violin. Sun., Nov. 11, at 3 P.M. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70. BU 8-0700.)

Tom Scott—Folk singer. Sun., Nov. 11, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

New Friends of Music—The Budapest Quartet; Luboshutz and Nemenoff, piano; and William Primrose, viola. Sun., Nov. 11, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. Sun., Nov. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Ella Flesch—Soprano. Sun., Nov. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Gyorgy Sandor—Piano. Mon., Nov. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano. Mon., Nov. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. Tues., Nov. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Miriam Solovieff—Violin. Tues., Nov. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Max Kotlarsky—Piano. Wed., Nov. 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Edmund Kurtz—Cello. Fri., Nov. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Bernardo Segall—Piano. Fri., Nov. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Tony Janiro vs. Johnny Greco, welterweights, 8 rounds, Fri., Nov. 9; Willie Joyce vs. Allie Stolz, lightweights, 10 rounds, Mon., Nov. 12; Tippy Larkin vs. Nick Moran, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 16. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Football—College games: SAT., NOV. 10: Notre Dame vs. Army, at Yankee Stadium, at 2 P.M.; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 2:30 P.M.; Harvard vs. U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M.; Navy vs. Michigan, at Baltimore, at 2 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. Lehigh, at Ohio Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2 P.M. . . . SAT., NOV. 17: Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 2 P.M.; Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence, at 2:30 P.M.; Navy vs. Wisconsin, at Baltimore, at 2 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 2:30 P.M.; Rutgers vs. N.Y.U., at New Brunswick, at 2:30 P.M.; Yale vs. Coast Guard Academy, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Nov. 8; Rangers vs. Detroit, Sat., Nov. 10; Rangers vs. Boston, Sun., Nov. 11; and Rangers vs Canadiens, Sat., Nov. 17; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series games: Sat., Nov. 10 and 17, and Sun., Nov. 11, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

Racing—Victory Meeting at Jamaica, a post-season war-relief benefit; weekdays at 1:15 P.M., through Thurs., Nov. 15. Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M. . . . Pimlico: weekdays at 1 P.M., through Nov. 30. (Pimlico Special, Nov. 17.)

OTHER EVENTS

War Prisoners' Exhibit—Paintings, model airplanes, surgical instruments, escape devices and other ingenious items, made by American fliers during their internment in German prison camps: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 Ave. of Americas, at 49. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 1.

Flower Show—The Horticultural Society's autumn exhibition: Hotel Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. Thurs., Nov. 8, from 2 to 10 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 9, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; and Sat., Nov. 10, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Sixteenth- through eighteenth-century examples of English needlework, on loan from famous collections on both sides of the Atlantic, and including a coverlet sent by Queen Mary (through Dec. 2); also Islamic metalwork and jewelry from the eighth to the seventeenth centuries (through Nov. 25). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

New York Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42—The Berg collection of manuscripts by David Garrick, Sir James Barrie, Mark Twain, and other English and American authors (Room 318. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.); also, a small selection of books illustrated by French artists from Toulouse-Lautrec to Picasso (Room 322. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 15).

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Rare editions of the works of Shakespeare, Jonson, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and other English dramatists of the sixteenth through the late-eighteenth centuries. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 2.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Prints, including examples of Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Zorn, and Whistler, from the collection of the late M. A. McDonald: Thurs., Nov. 8, at 8 P.M. . . . Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English furniture, Oriental rugs, and objects of art, owned by the late Joseph B. Taylor, Mrs. Neil H. Coe, and others: Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 8-10, at 2 P.M. . . . Paintings by Rubens, Hals, Gilbert Stuart, and other old masters, from the collections of William Harrison Woodward and others: Thurs., Nov. 15, at 8 P.M.

Note—The Post Office urges that domestic Christmas packages be mailed not later than Dec. 1.

ON THE AIR

Music—New York Philharmonic: George Szell conducting, Sun., Nov. 11, at 3 P.M., WABC; Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., Nov. 17, at 11:05 A.M., WQXR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Nov. 11, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Nov. 10 and 17, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Nov. 17, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Ford Sunday Evening Hour, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun., Nov. 11, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . Victory Loan Concert: National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Tues., Nov. 13, at 8:45 P.M., WQXR. . . . New York City Opera: "La Traviata," Thurs., Nov. 8; "Faust," Sun., Nov. 11; at 8:15 P.M., WNYC. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sat., Nov. 10, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Albert Spalding, violin, Sun., Nov. 11, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Nov. 11, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR.

Sports—Boxing: Tony Janiro vs. Johnny Greco, Fri., Nov. 9, at 10 P.M., WJZ; Willie Joyce vs. Allie Stolz, Mon., Nov. 12, at 10 P.M., WHN; Tippy Larkin vs. Nick Moran, Fri., Nov. 16, at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Football: Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, Sat., Nov. 10, at 1:45 P.M., WMCA; Navy vs. Michigan, Sat., Nov. 10, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ; at 1:55 P.M., WABC; Notre Dame vs. Army, Sat., Nov. 10, at 1:45 P.M., WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

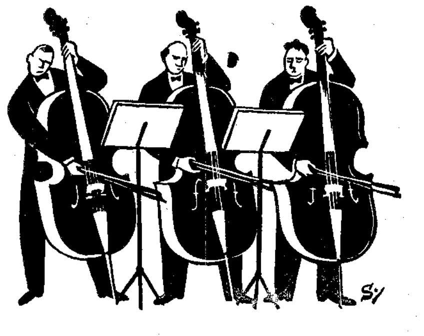
Blithe Spirit—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward with plenty of not entirely innocent merriment. Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Constance Cummings, and Margaret Rutherford do right well by Mr. Coward. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50.)

Confidential Agent—Despite its length and some odd casting that puts Lauren Bacall in the rôle of milord's daughter, there's enough excitement in this adaptation of Graham Greene's novel to keep you pretty well diverted. With Charles Boyer, Peter Lorre, and Katina Paxinou. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

Kiss and Tell—Shirley Temple and Jerome Courtland mix well in the confusion of the Abbott farce about sex among the adolescents. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

A Medal for Benny—John Steinbeck wrote the original story for this rather disappointing film about the death of a hero and its effect in his native village. With Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova, and J. Carrol Naish. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Nov. 9. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 14-15.)

Over 21—Irene Dunne, Alexander Knox, and Charles Coburn in an adaptation of Ruth Gordon's comedy that seems rather better than it did on the stage. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Tues., Nov. 13. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Wed., Nov. 14.)



Rhapsody in Blue—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs, from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson, are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Silver Fleet—First-class British film about a Dutch patriot who sabotaged his own shipyard when it fell into Nazi hands. With Ralph Richardson. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7; through Sun., Nov. 11.)

The Spanish Main—The gaudy old days when the Spaniards were top dogs in the Caribbean. If you happen to be nostalgic for the derring-do that used to go with Douglas Fairbanks films, you'll find this a pleasant dish. Amidst the Technicolored uproar you'll notice Maureen O'Hara, Paul Henreid, and Walter Slezak. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

Spellbound—Psychoanalysis and suspense, the former a bit elementary, the latter as good as Hitchcock can make it. The cast includes Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, and Wallace Ford. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Story of G.I. Joe—A slow-paced account of the U.S. infantrymen marching through Africa and Italy, with Burgess Meredith doing an ingratiating imitation of the late Ernie Pyle. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., Nov. 16.)

The True Glory—The invasion of Europe described in eighty-eight minutes by fourteen hundred cameramen and practically everybody in the Army, including General Eisenhower. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., Nov. 14. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Nov. 8. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Nov. 9. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Nov. 10. . . . Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 9-12. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 10-12. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 14-15.)

The Unseen—A nice chilly job about a murderer who operates from an old dark house. With Gail Russell, Joel McCrea, Herbert Marshall, and a very gifted child actor called Richard Lyon. (Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Thurs., Nov. 8. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Nov. 10. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 8 St., W. of 5; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 9-12. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Nov. 11-14.)

The Way Ahead—This account (not a documentary) of how young Englishmen were trained for war is a fine and exciting picture. With David Niven. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 9-12.)

REVIVALS

Arrowsmith (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Nov. 8.)

Daybreak (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; from Wed., Nov. 14.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—Technicolored adaptation of the Hemingway novel. With Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 13-15.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel about the Okies, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 13-15.)

The Great Moment (1944)—Biography of the first painless dentist. Betty Field and Joel McCrea. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Nov. 8.)

The Hurricane (1937)—Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, and Mary Astor caught in a Sam Goldwyn storm. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Nov. 10.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 13-15.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 13-14.)

Old Acquaintance (1943)—Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins as a pair of lady novelists. (Art, 8th St., E. of University Pl.; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 13-14.)

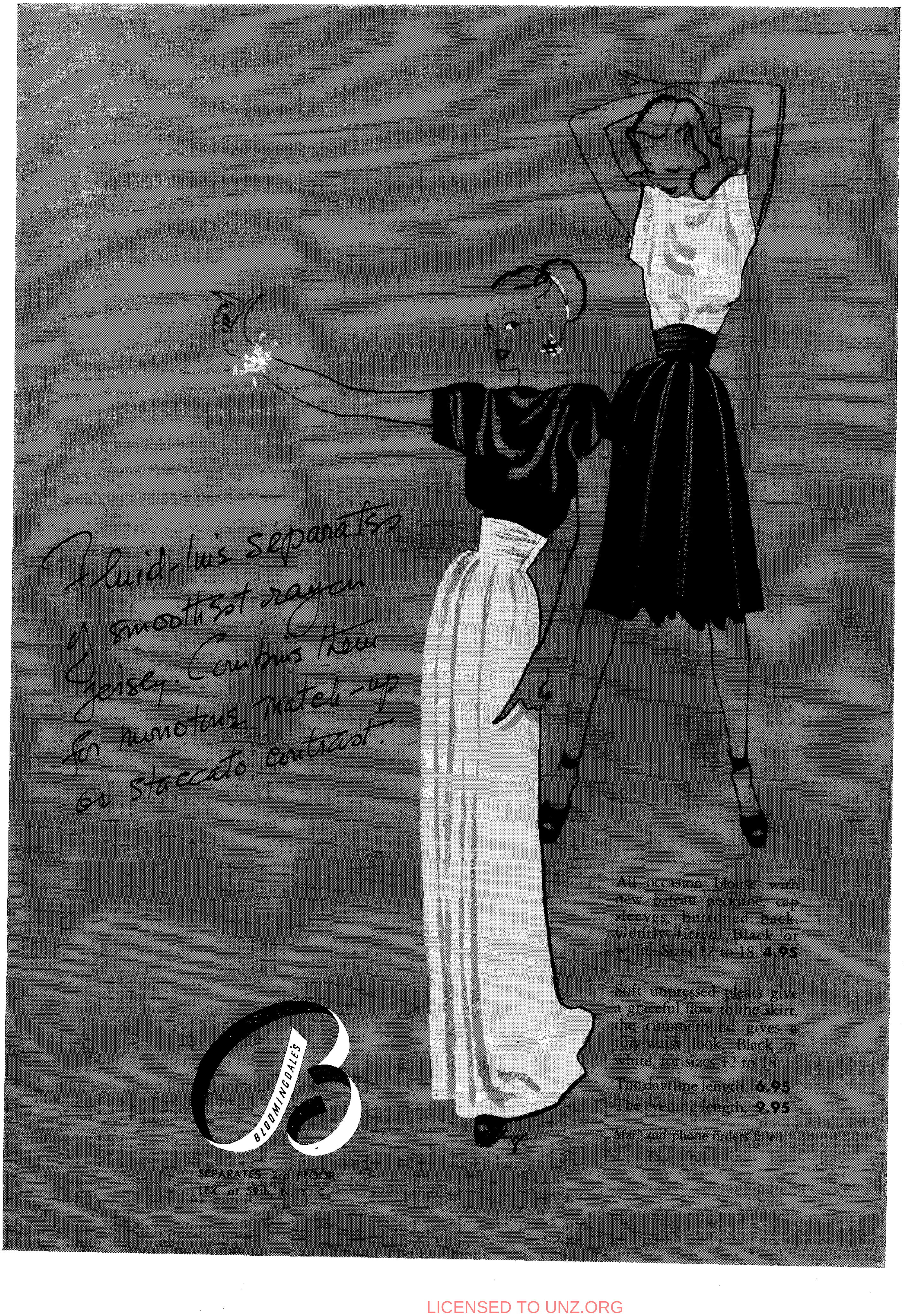
Pinocchio (1940)—This Walt Disney full-length cartoon introduces Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish. (Republic, B'way at 51.)

Room Service (1938)—From the Broadway play. With the Marx Brothers. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Nov. 10.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant as a couple of romantic vagrants. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Nov. 10.)

They Knew What They Wanted (1940)—The Sidney Howard drama of life in a California vineyard. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 13-15.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned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All occasion blouse with new bateau neckline, cap sleeves, buttoned back. Gently fitted. Black or white. Sizes 12 to 18. **4.95**

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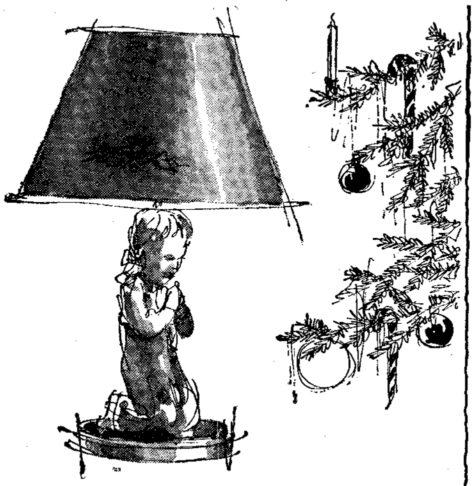
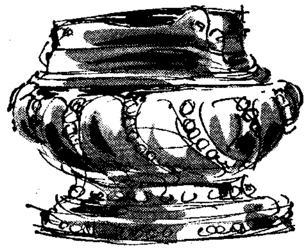
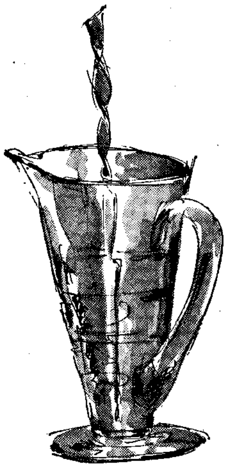
For Heirs: Utterly endearing nursery lamp—a kneeling boy in blue, or kneeling girl in pink—with shade, $8.95.



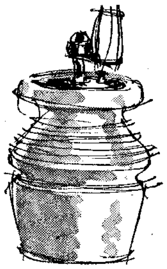
For favorite people: Ronson table lighter—imperial crown design in silver, $8.50 (subject to 20% federal tax).



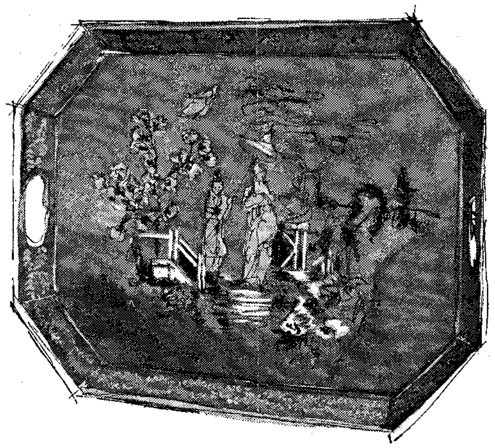
"Merry Christmas to all..."



For Hosts: Crystal pitcher of singularly lovely design and generous proportion, $11.00, with a lucite stirrer at $2.00.



For Epicures: Pepper mill—the works ingeniously improved to grind one corn at a time —light or dark finish, $3.50.



For Homes: Exquisite Chinese design tole tray in red, green, parchment, or black, $12.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Little Carnegie, 57 E. of 7; through Sun., Nov. 11.)

Wilson (1944)—Alexander Knox as isolationism's famous victim. With Geraldine Fitzgerald and Charles Coburn. (Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 13-15.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Nov. 8.)

The Young Mr. Pitt (1943)—England at the time of Napoleon. Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 11-12.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., NOV. 8: "Camille" (1936), with Greta Garbo. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., NOV. 9-11: "The Lower Depths" (1936), French film, with Louis Jouvet and Jean Gabin. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., NOV. 12-15: "The Life of Emile Zola" (1937), with Paul Muni. . . . FROM FRI., NOV. 16: eight short dance films, featuring, among others, Pavlova and Rudolph Valentino (1909-1936).

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES, POST-V

(As President Truman has pointed out, we are technically still at war, and many of the wartime needs remain urgent. Some of these are listed below.)

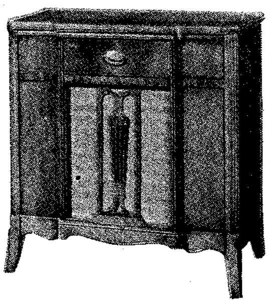
Victory Loan—The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), needs women for bond booths during the day, and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), wants volunteers for canvassing and clerical work during the day or evening in connection with the campaign.

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents in a position to sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to veterans and service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, Municipal Bldg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167.)

Volunteers Needed—At the AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66: men and women with amateur theatrical or musical experience to entertain patients in Army and Naval hospitals (RE 4-6050); men and women, who own cameras, to take a training course in photography and then teach the subject to Army and Naval hospital patients (MU 6-0359). . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to spend as much time as they can during the day or evening teaching recreational arts and crafts in veterans' hospitals; also women to give as much time as they can spare driving mobile canteens for veterans' hospitals. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington Ave., at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to drive at least two days a week for the Motor Corps, meeting ships and transporting wounded service men around military posts; also women to take a training course, and then serve as dietitians' aides in veterans' hospitals. . . . TRAVELERS AID SOCIETY, 144 E. 44 (MU 2-6300): men and women are needed, between midnight and 8 A.M., at the Society's information centers for travelling service men, and to serve refreshments in Travelers Aid lounges in Grand Central and Penn Stations.

Salvage—The A.W.V.S. is serving as a salvage depot for wastepaper and rags, both of which are still badly needed. For information about the depot nearest your home, call RE 4-6050. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, which is needed for making synthetic rubber, soap, and medicine. Your butcher will give you four meat-ration tokens for every pound of salvage fat you turn in.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—Foreign and unusual domestic postage stamps are being collected for wounded service men and hospitalized veterans. These should be mailed to the American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps, 817 Madison, at 68, or the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66. . . . Pedigreed dogs of all kinds are wanted for convalescent veterans in military hospitals. If you have one to give, write to Mrs. Marvin Preston, Westchester S.P.C.A., 175 Main St., White Plains, N. Y. . . . The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), wants games, playing cards, and pocket-size books for hospitalized and overseas service men; musical instruments, athletic equipment, and boxed games for children in liberated countries; and clothing of all sorts, particularly men's suits and children's apparel, for veterans and their families. . . . The American Committee for Yugoslav Relief (AL 4-9001) needs clothing, shoes, and blankets for destitute families in Yugoslavia. These can be taken, or mailed C.O.D., to the organization's warehouse at 161 Perry St., New York 14.



Phonograph-radio in period style, one of many from the new Farnsworth line.

YOU'LL ATTEND THE SHOW AT HOME—BY TELEVISION!

Action photographs of Freddie Trinkler and Virginia Litz, stars of "Hats off to Ice," at Rockefeller Center Theater, New York.

You'll turn a favorite easy chair toward your own Capehart or Farnsworth television receiver—you'll flick the switch—and watch as well as hear *your choice of the evening's shows, sports or entertainments—while they are taking place miles away!*

The wonder of universal home television is not far off. And the latest marvels of radio and music reproduction are here . . . in Farnsworth factories where new phonograph-radios and radios are being manufactured for you.

These are the finest Capehart and Farnsworth instruments we have ever built. In tonal beauty, in faithful reception and reproduction, you will recognize the fruits of 19 years of electronic research at Farnsworth.

Each new model will provide brilliant performance—many with FM radio. Cabinets are of flawless woods or exciting new materials. Even the justly famous Capehart and Farnsworth record-changers have been further perfected to assure you quiet, dependable performance. Superb new Capehart or more modestly priced Farnsworth—each is built to bring you the finest quality and the greatest value for your pleasure and enjoyment. Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

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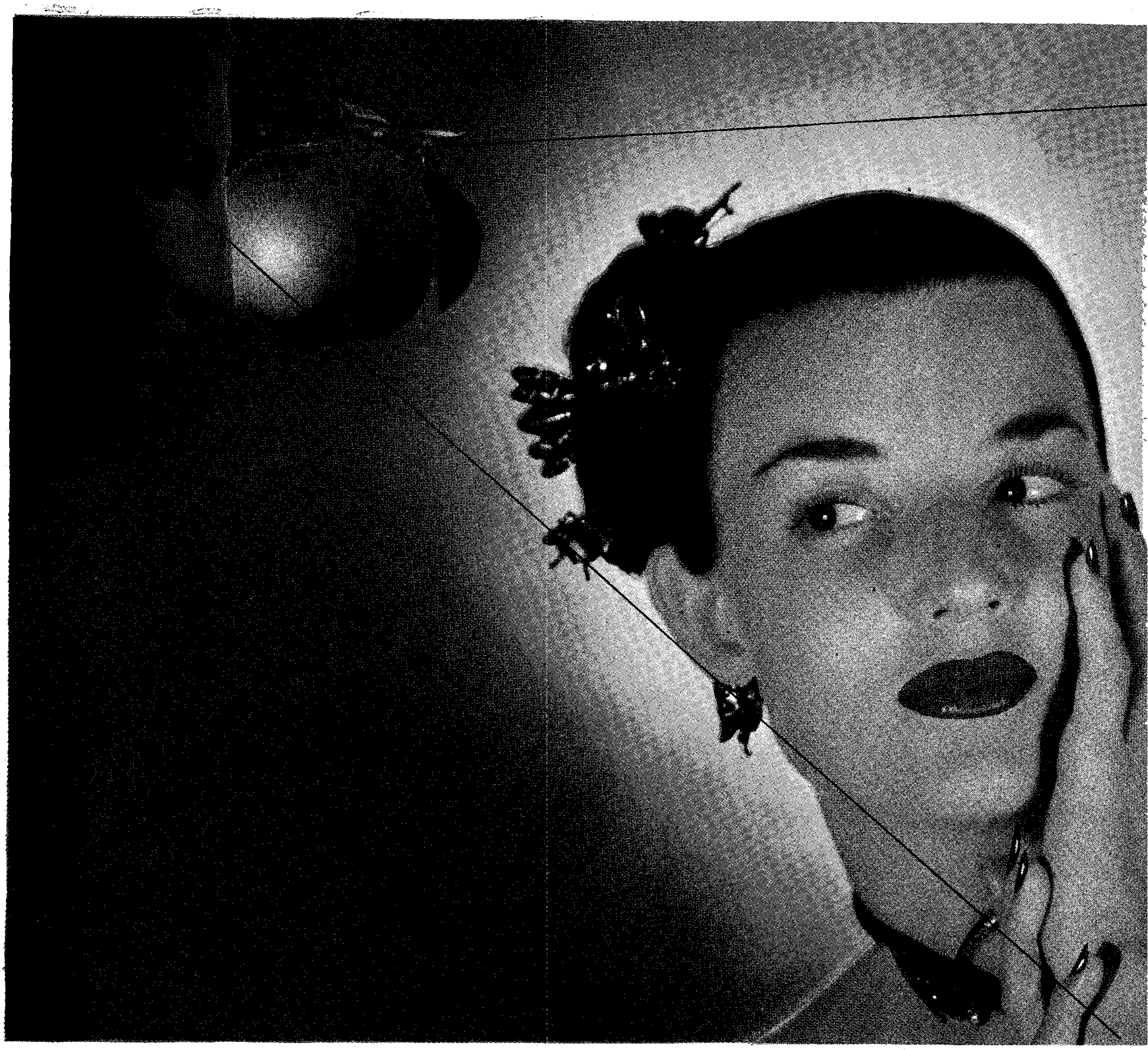

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from left to right: Jane Kean—"Girl from Nantucket" • Vicki Vola—Famous Radio Actress
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My job at Sardi's is the check room. I check what men wear only. But these Aquatogs raincoats with their blithe young new world look are really eyestoppers. Can't help checking on these beautifully tailored double duty Aquatogs as worn by Sono Osato, Vicki Vola and Jane Kean. If you see me in Shubert Alley, rain or shine, I'll be wearing one. See you in Sardi's or in an Aquatogs.

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They'll want lots of things. But there'll be plenty of manufacturers battling for business, and *low cost production* will be the key to your profits.

Now is the time to scrap your old equipment and replace it with either War Surplus Machines or new machines that can transmit the power and that have the rigidity to use carbide cutting tools at their maximum efficiency.

For these cutting tools provide the fastest known method of metal turning today, increasing cutting speeds from 200 to 500 per cent.

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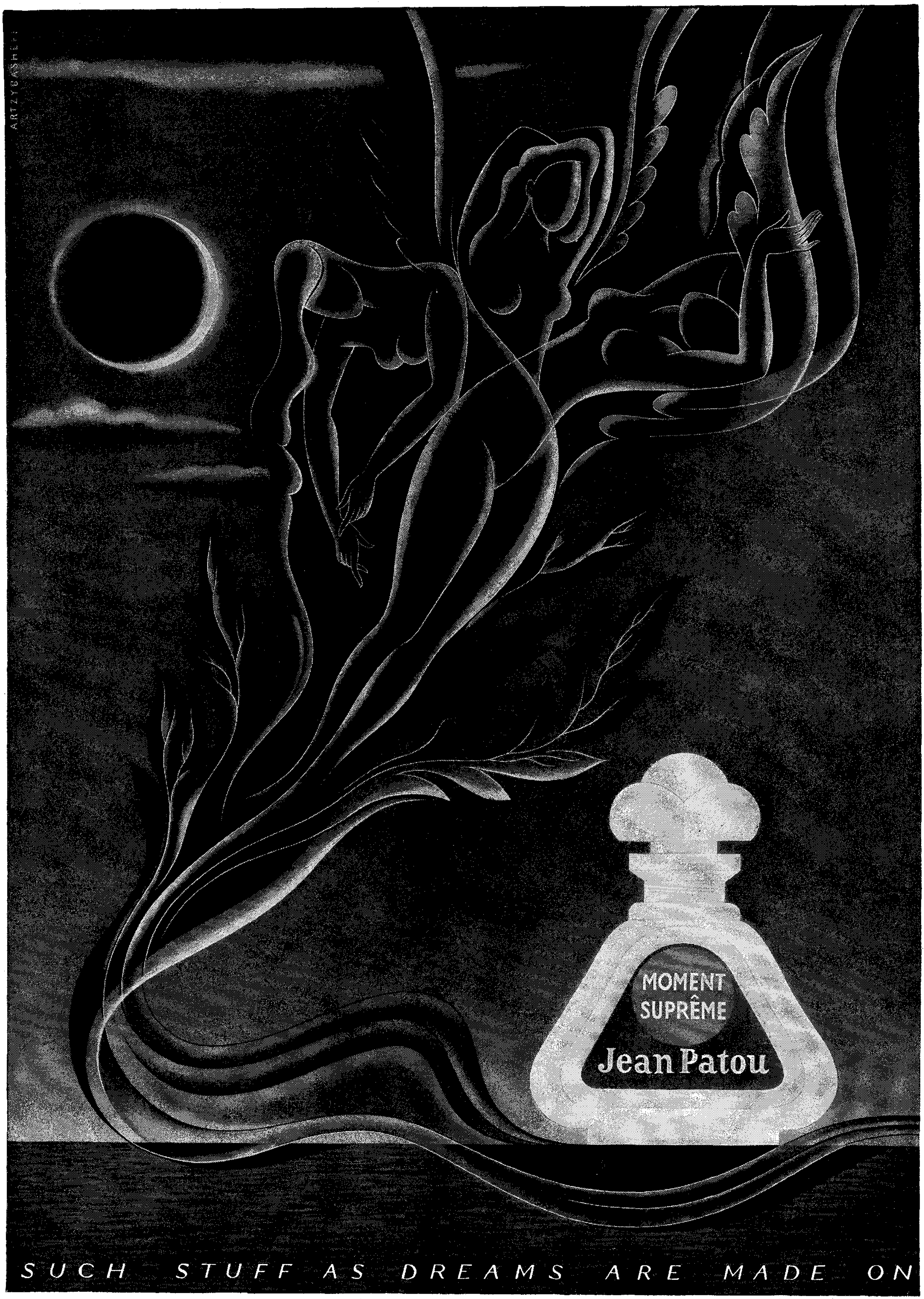
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SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON

Correspondence Elegancies Living up more brilliantly than ever to its name, this collection of the finest letter papers adds new designs of enriched elegance — treasures of taste for beautiful giving! Among them are two florals *illustrated* having the intricate delicacy of painted porcelain or ivory miniatures. . . . *Flowers of Friendship*, mingling blossoms symbolic of sentiment — exquisitely colored, on lavishly thick white paper, turquoise tied. . . . Formal *Persian Bouquet*, jewel-hued against translucent ivory — with velvet ribbons of Iranian rose and a larger bow of velvet on the box.

Your stationery shop or department store invites you to make Christmas choices from this expanding series of *Correspondence Elegancies*

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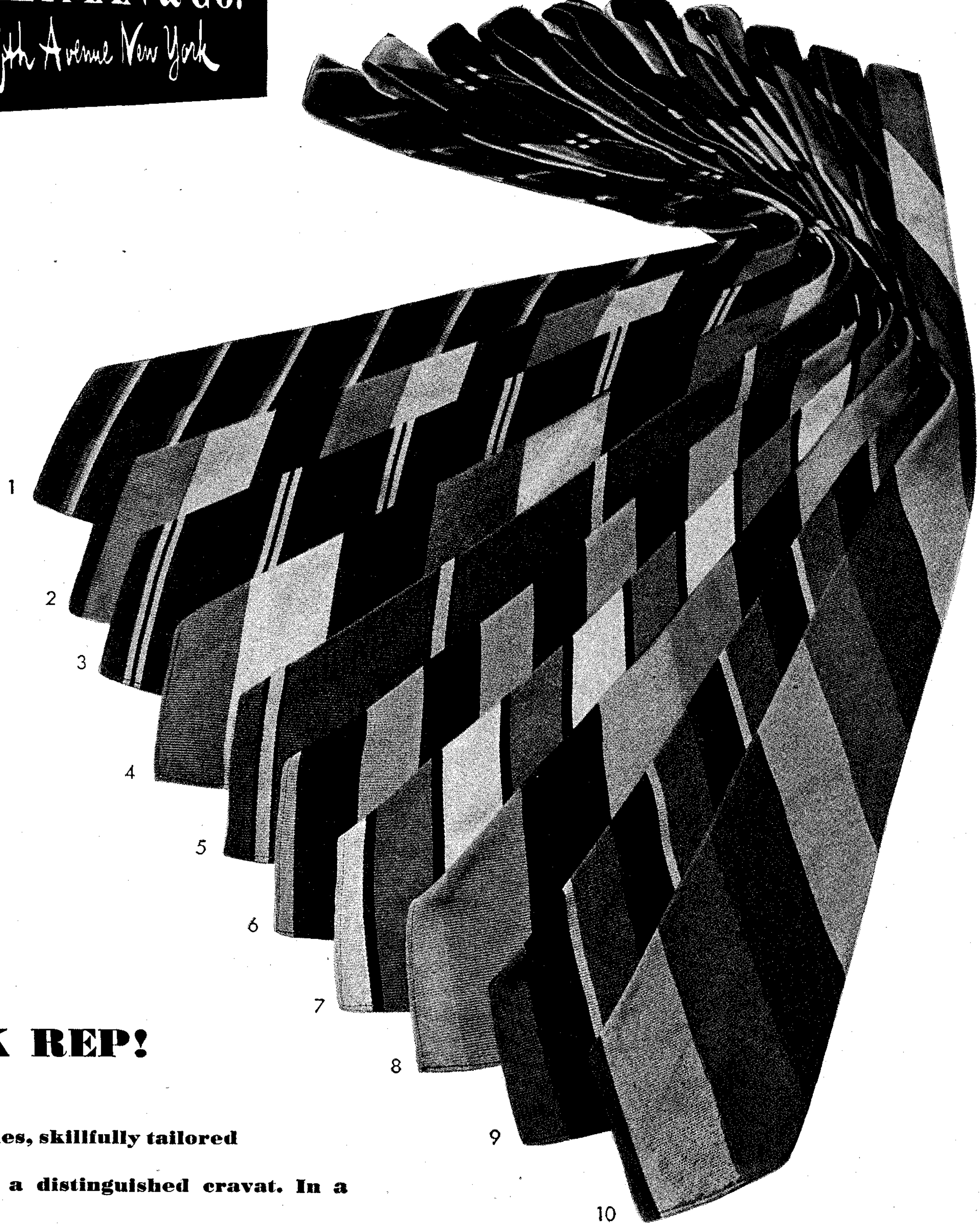

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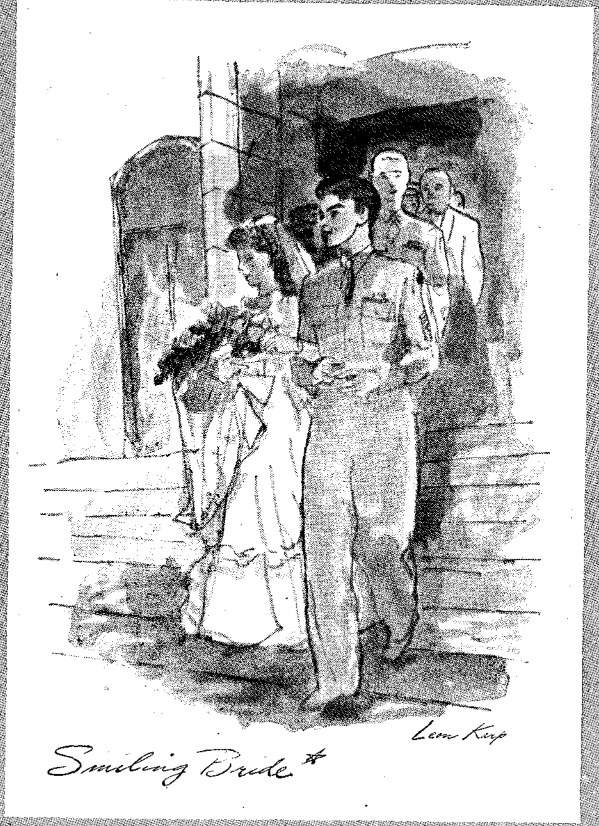
striped ties, skillfully tailored to make a distinguished cravat. In a variety of handsome color combinations. Mail and phone (MU. 9-7000) orders accepted.

Altman men's furnishings, main floor



And now her smile is like a brighter sun to strike all shadows always from their path — for lo! he stands beside her once again. . . . The diamond ring that would flash one joyous fragment of this proven faith for them forever must be peerless no matter what its size. For its color, brilliance of cutting and purity can outvalue actual carat weight. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. The prices for unmounted quality stones below were averaged from many stores in June, 1945. Of course, these exact weights occur infrequently. Add 20% for Federal Tax.

ONE-QUARTER CARAT	$85 to $150
ONE-HALF CARAT	$190 to $375
ONE CARAT	$450 to $975
TWO CARATS	$1100 to $2800

✲ Drawn in tribute to the young Americans honorably returning home from the Armies of the United States. The wedding of 1st Sergeant Francis P. Donatoni to Miss Linda DeMarco at Saint Colman's Church, Ardmore, Pa. Original presented to the bride. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies.

Picture of a Tough Engineering Project

A NECKTIE'S first requirement is good looks. But you also want it to *keep* its looks. For this it must be able to withstand rough handling . . . plus perspiration, sunlight, collar rub, dry cleaning or washing, and ironing.

That's a large order! And research engineers of American Viscose Corporation . . . the nation's largest producer of rayon fibers and yarns . . . knew that it wasn't an easy one to fill. But working closely with the textile industry, they have made tremendous strides in lengthening the life and prolonging the good looks of the necktie.

These engineers know how to make rayon fibers long or short, of varied diameter and luster, and in a wide range of tensile strengths. They can make rayon fibers that give added wrinkle resistance, that will take dyes of many kinds and shades, hold their finish, launder, dry clean, wear well!

You may be wearing a rayon tie this minute. Its good looks and serviceability are the products of the same research we are tirelessly applying to the making of many more useful rayon products for everyday America.

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This identification is awarded only to fabrics containing CROWN* rayon, after they have passed the CROWN Tests for serviceability.

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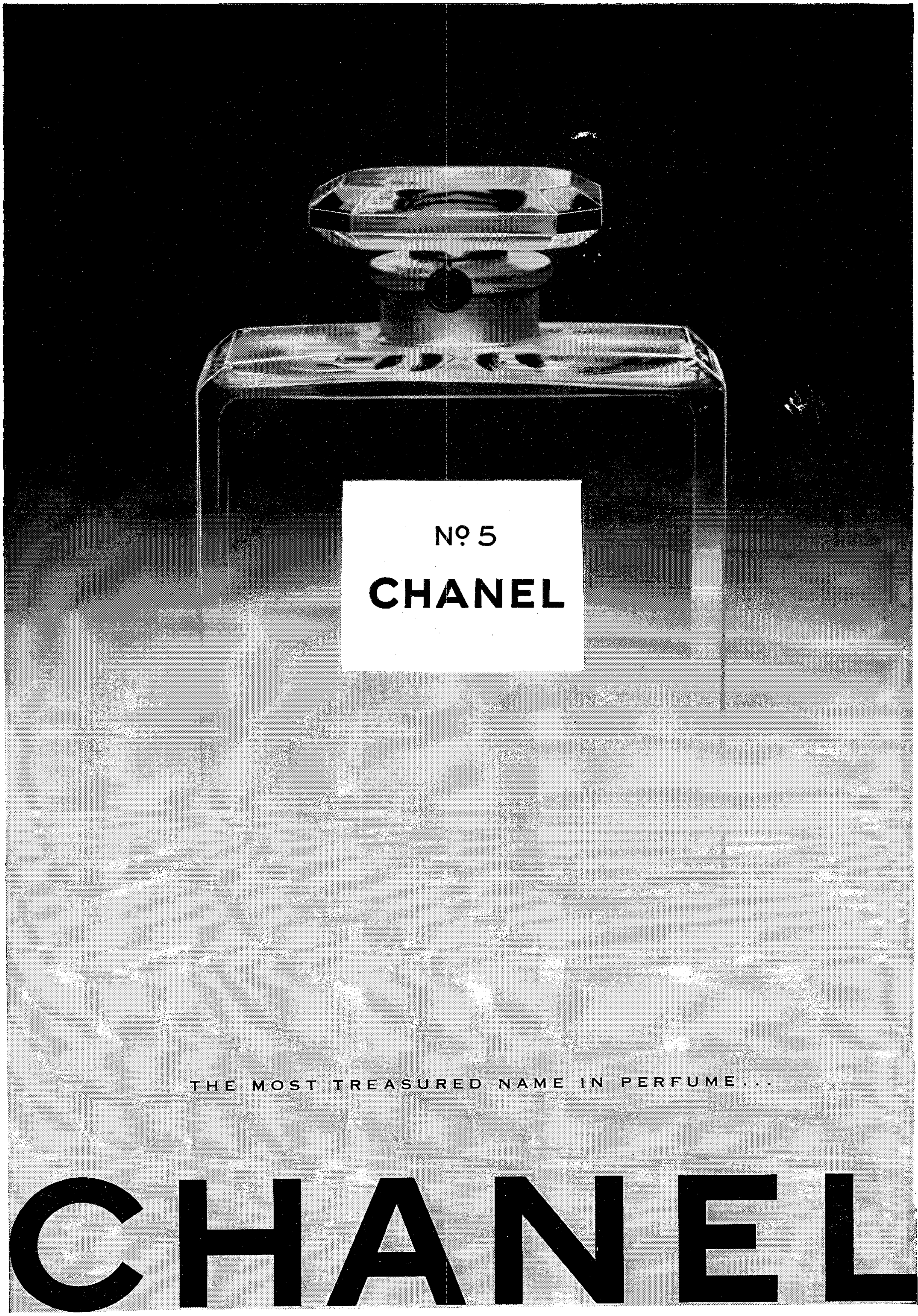


Nº 5
CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...
CHANEL

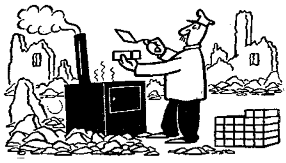
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DISPERSE, scatter, cries Dr. Ogburn of the University of Chicago. No use going underground, just go away altogether. Drift apart. Break up. Cities are doomed.

But the cities will not be broken up voluntarily by the inhabitants, who will not scatter but will draw closer. City people stay and die, dreaming of cities of old and of new, greater cities to come. Already a German, with that methodical spirit for which Germans are distinguished, has invented a process for changing rubble into brick, so it doesn't matter any more about cities' being destroyed: not an ounce of rubble need be wasted. You simply add cement, bake in a medium oven, and serve. What if nobody except dead men attends the feast of brick? That's life.



IT is in the Classics Library of the University of Chicago, by the way, that Drawer 346 of the index is labelled "Sophocles to Spam." Chicago has a way of putting things.

THE only two people we know anything about who have solved the riddle of the atom are a couple of Australians—a fellow named Charlton and a fellow named Olsen. They have thought the thing over, have looked at it from every angle, and have decided to put to sea in a beer barrel.

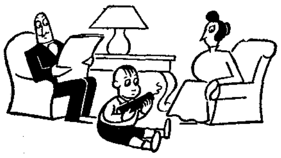
THE day the 1946 Buick models went on display, Albert Einstein, an aged scatterbrain, proposed that the mysteries of atomic energy be committed to a world government. The Buick, with its Fireball engine and new intake manifold, got a bigger play in the *Times*—14-point type for Buick, 8-point for Einstein—but in spite of the temptation to lose ourself in the new car we read Einstein's statement rather carefully, since it seemed to give support to our own fumbling opinions. It was, as we knew it would be, utterly fantastic. He said that since the Soviet Union does not possess the secret of the bomb, the Soviet Union should be invited to prepare the first draft of a constitutional government. You see? The man is an eccentric.

However, reason prevailed. A day or two later, calmer heads turned up in the pulpit and in the news. Dr. Moldenhawer, of the First Presbyterian Church, said that the way to keep the peace was through national power, and sixteen leading educators made it plain that the bomb should be handed over to the United Nations—with Fireball sovereignty, floating veto power, and an intake manifold like nobody's business.

ONE of the most pervasive phenomena that ever hit the United States is the hot lunch for school children. It is the warm sun around which American education now seems to revolve. It is clear and plain. It is inescapable. Wherever you go, the hot lunch has got there ahead of you. It has given parents, scholars, pedagogues, demagogues, civic-betterment leaders, and women's clubs something they can grab hold of with vast satisfaction. It is the one thing that has arisen from the educational mêlée which is tangible, sure, universally comprehensible, and on which there is a considerable measure of agreement. In the exact center of every school system, you find the Midday Bowl, nourishing to young and old alike.

The thing is federal in design (it stems from the New Deal) and it has done so much to unify the nation that one wonders whether it doesn't contain the germ of something far greater. Ever since the United Nations charter was drawn, events have served to divide rather than unite people. Nationalism has stiffened rather than relaxed. Even the atom drives us into our corner, where we try to find comfort in secrecy's last stand. However, the United Nations Organization will soon start to function and the members will assemble, and when they do their first concern should be to find something which can excite people's imagination everywhere—a banner around which every person, however simple-minded, can rally. We respectfully suggest, as the No. 1 item on the agenda at the first session of U.N.O., the hot lunch for scholars. In our opinion, it is absolutely airtight.

THE Navy's itch to drop an A-bomb takes us right back to a Fourth of July when our equipment included one extremely large cannon cracker. This shining object had been presented to us by a disorderly uncle who liked to turn up at odd times bearing gifts, and who had the know-how. We nursed and tended the huge cracker all through the eve of the Fourth, and the urge to marry the fuse with fire became almost uncontrollable. Our parents were worried, fretful, and increasingly firm. The affair of the unlighted cracker dragged on through the next day until, toward evening, the cracker was turned over to a local patriotic organization for use by experts. Now it's the Navy's turn to suffer. "Please, Pop!" beg the admirals. "Please, can't we *now?*" We predict the Navy will fare better than we did. The Navy will get its way, sooner or later. The explosion will take place.



THROUGH it all we are going to cling to our belief that one world is right around the corner. Last week we overheard a woman in Bloomingdale's ordering olive oil to be sent to Italy. We stood by while she repeated the address, to make sure we'd heard right.

Our Own Baedeker

VENEZUELA, whose new government we recognized last week, is the northernmost country of South America, one and a third times as big as Texas, and has a pop. of nearly 4,000,000, of which 85% have Indian or Negro blood, or both, in which case they are called *zambos*. *Mestizos*, a Spanish-Indian combination, predominate. The only Venezuelans who draw a color line are the *echt* Spanish descendants of settlers who made the country a Spanish outpost in the sixteenth century. Columbus sighted the place in 1498 and a year later Vespucci landed near the mouth of the Orinoco, a river which is alive with lethal, six-foot, 200-volt electric eels. Venezuela contains *llanos* and jungle highlands, the latter largely unexplored except by pumas and boa constrictors; a thousand-acre asphalt lake; a lot of coffee, oil, cacao, balata trees (used in chewing gum), tonka beans (used in snuff), vanilla (used in vanilla ice cream), hides, rubber, copper, salt, iron, mica, orchids, diamonds, gold, tapirs, bears, sloths, agouti, jaguars, and egrets, as well as a section of the Andes, which flanks the Caribbean along a stretch of spectacular coastline. Venezuela's coastline of 1,750 miles indirectly gave the country its name, which is Spanish for "Little Venice" and was hit upon by some early visitor who was fascinated by the Indian villages, built on stilts, in the coastal waters.

Venezuela has 15,000-foot-high Andean icefields and 112°-in-the-shade coastal plains, and these, along with cannibal Carib Indians and French and English buccaneers, gave the Spanish settlers a devil of a time. The Indians pelted them with pottery balls, containing poison gas, until most of the pelters were exterminated. The Spanish then imported Negro slaves. Spain hung on to Venezuela until 1811, when it declared itself independent. Simon Bolivar, after whom the country's monetary unit was named, included Venezuela in a Republic of Great Colombia he set up, and in 1830 it became a republic on its own. As such, it has had fifty-one armed revolutions, twenty constitutions, and a series of dictators, of whom the most dictatorial was Juan Vincente Gomez, a sandalled *mestizo* bachelor who died, at seventy-six, in 1935, leaving a hundred and fifty children, all millionaires, and a general population that was 75% illiterate and 99.99% non-millionaires. As one might imagine, Gomez was perpetually fearful of being poisoned. He once got a stomach ache after eating canned tomatoes and issued a ban against their importation. Venezuelans speak Spanish and are said by some travellers to be the most talkative bunch in South America, a talkative continent.

Venezuela's biggest cities are Caracas (pop. 377,434) and Maracaibo (pop. 136,000). Caracas, the capital, boasts a university hoarier than Princeton, a traffic law requiring cars to blow their horns at every intersection, and an ultra-modern hotel, the Avila, built in 1941, which has refinements unknown to American hotels. Maracaibo, the world's greatest oil port, exports over 400,000 barrels a day and is chock-full of fancy hotels, clubs, and theatres. It stands at the junction of the Caribbean and Lake Maracaibo, an oil-scummed body of water, 100 miles by 75, decorated with oil derricks as far as eight miles from shore. Drillers in the surrounding fields get higher wages than any other drillers, anywhere. Venezuelans like to eat *sancocho*, a stew, and to drink *café aguarapado*, hot coffee poured over bullet-shaped pieces of brown sugar called *papilon*. Most Venezuelans sleep in hammocks. Many snore. A few, in the gold-mine district around El Callao, wear dime-sized, twenty-carat gold nuggets in their lapels. Not all Venezuelans *have* lapels. Their typical orchestra consists of a hand-sized guitar, a huge harp, and a gourd-sized gourd. They have few roads and fewer railroads; bad distribution makes eggs cost a dollar a dozen and butter $1.25 a pound in most places. Venezuelan cattlemen, or *llaneros*, used to ride naked except for a thin coating of ticks. Venezuela is the original home of Angostura bitters, now made in Trinidad, and of T. R. Ybarra, an American journalist who wrote an autobiography called "Young Man of Caracas" and gets his mail at the Harvard Club.

Hopeless

ACCORDING to late Hollywood advices, two writers out there are collaborating on a scenario based on the life of Cole Porter, and the assignment has got them about as beaten as any two writers have ever been beaten. Their depression is such that when they go into the studio restaurant they sit apart from everybody else, so they won't bite anybody. They just stare into their plates of Wheaties and occasionally mutter something to themselves. Then they march out sullenly, one behind the other, and go back to the writers' building. The other day a new writer arrived at the studio and, not knowing anything about this, sat down next to them. "What are you fellows working on?" he asked gaily. One of them stared straight ahead numbly; the other, after a period devoted to suppressing his emotions, managed to reply, " 'The Life of Cole Porter.' " "Oh, that must be very interesting," said the new chap. "Well, I tell you," said the one who was able to talk, "Mr. Porter was born well. When he was five, his father died and left him two million dollars. When he was thirteen, his grandfather died and left him five million more. After a very gay and carefree career at college, he married a very rich woman, and he's been making terrific dough ever since. No conflict, you see—all the way down the line." The writer revealed that he and his partner had struck one lead that offered a promise of some tragic relief. They had heard that their subject was in Spain during the revolution. They rushed to Mr. Porter, who was available because he was then in residence in California. He said yes, he'd been there. They might, in fact, write something about the dinner the Duke of Alba had given for him—there were twenty musicians in knee breeches, who played on twenty Stradivarius violins . . .

Solution

WITH some local hotels as much as a hundred and twenty per cent occupied (this ugly figure is reached by squeezing two people into a room designed for one), it was only a matter of time before someone discovered that it was more comfortable to spend the night in a Turkish bath than in Grand Central. We're fresh from a talk with a Turkish-bath proprietor, a stocky man with big hands and a look of wild prosperity in his eyes, and we can advise transient males that if they're stuck for a hotel room they might try the Estell Bernstein, Essex, Everard, or Morris Kittner Baths, which are among thirteen such establishments in town that let men spend the night. There's one bath—the St. Mark's Russian and Turkish—which somewhat grudgingly lets women sleep on the top floor on Monday nights, but during the rest of the week it is strictly stag. Our Turkish-bath man was careful to point

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out that the baths don't sell sleeping accommodations; they sell baths. Spending the night is just an old and agreeable privilege. "Some guys, they're afraid of catching cold if they go out in the street after a bath," our man told us. "Well, about forty-eight years ago the manager of the Barbary Baths down on Ludlow Street, he put beds in his place for men to nap and rest on. The Everard Baths on Twenty-eighth Street, they been sleeping men all night since anyway 1912. But this sleeping business really got under way during the depression. In those days a man could go down to Morris Gordon's new place, the Gordon Baths, on First Avenue, and get a bath and a clean bed for fifty cents. If he didn't like sleeping in a dormitory, he could get a private room for two bits more. That was better than a lot of cheap hotel rooms with nothing but hot and cold running water, wasn't it?"

During the war, the baths expanded their sleeping facilities. The Second Avenue Baths, for example, now have six hundred beds, the Luxor Hotel and Baths have over four hundred beds, and the Hotel Pennsylvania baths have two hundred. Most of these are kept filled by out-of-town service men. Prices have gone up a good deal since the depression. A bath and dormitory bed at the Gordon Baths now costs a dollar; a bath and private room costs a dollar and a half. A number of men have of late been making their home at the Gordon, at a cost of seven dollars a week. The principal drawback is that they can't get in until after six P.M. You can get a bath there before six, but you can't begin to stay overnight until then. "Funny how being afraid to catch cold after taking a bath started this whole thing," the Turkish-bath man said. "Why, you take a Turkish once a week, you never catch cold. Never need a doctor. You live forever. A Turkish takes all the poison out of the system. The steam draws it out. To step up that drawing power, the Russians and Finns throw beer and wine on hot stones. Alcohol draws even better than plain steam. We don't go in for that over here. I don't know why."

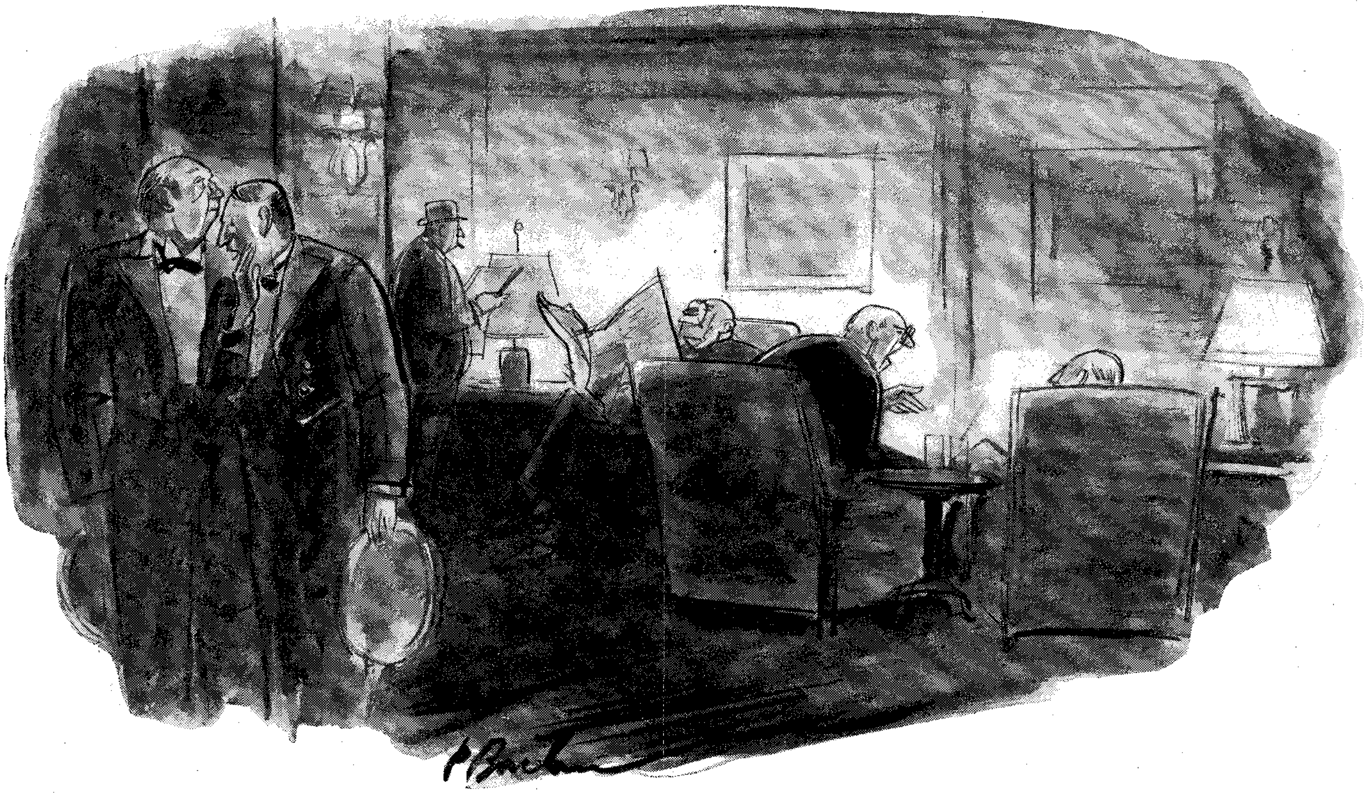
The proprietor glanced at his watch. His rush was about to begin. "Speaking of alcohol," he said, "people used to think a Turkish was something you took for a hangover. Well, this sleeping business may teach them different. You'd be surprised the people who come to baths regular—doctors, lawyers, all the finest people. Steam helps their brains. Straightens out the kinks." A man with a suitcase came up behind us and said to the proprietor, "I'm a friend of Mr. Bernoose. Mr. Bernoose said you'd take care of me." As we went away, we heard the proprietor saying grandly, "Any friend of Mr. Bernoose, he got nothing to worry about. I can let you have the best room in the house. A room with a cot *and* a chair *and* a window. Of course, you got to take a nice hot Turkish first."

Badge

AFTER many years in city apartments, a contemporary of ours has bought a place in the genteel wilds off the Merritt Parkway. Last Monday, having spent his first weekend there, he hurried from the train to his place of business, burst into the office of a co-worker, and pointed to some small brown objects clinging to his trouser legs. "Look!" he said shakily. "Burrs!"

Hazards

WE called recently on David S. Muzzey, the historian, on his seventy-fifth birthday, and found him to be a small, quiet, gentle man whose life has been replete with peril. His textbook of American history has been used by twenty million high-school students since it was published in 1911. He has to bring it up to date every couple of years, and he's in the middle of doing that now; his last version saw the country through the 1944 election. "It's a hazardous game to be in," he told us. "Those agents go around to the schools and say, 'So-and-So has the atomic era all started, while that Muzzey doesn't even finish up the war in Europe—



"Well, it's come. He's finally opened up on Truman."

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what do you want to fool around with that Muzzey for?' " Other professional hazards encountered by Muzzey have resulted from the fact that when his history first appeared, and for some time thereafter, a rather jingoistic criterion was generally applied to such works. "History wasn't history in those days," Muzzey says. "It was just a soft public-relations job. I used to get ten letters a day challenging me to duels for not being respectful enough to George Washington, Robert E. Lee, the Supreme Court, and the original colony of Georgia, which I pointed out had been started by James Oglethorpe as a haven for ex-convicts. My, what squawks I got!"

Muzzey got some powerful squawks after the first World War for being objective about our relations with Great Britain, for whom, it was widely alleged by Anglophobes, we had fought the war. Among the leading squawkers were the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, which opposed using the Muzzey book in schools; Big Bill Thompson of Chicago, who delivered a number of anti-Muzzey orations, during which he would point to a large rat cage containing a rat labelled "Muzzey;" and William Randolph Hearst, another rat fancier, whose publications ran cartoons showing the foundations of a little red schoolhouse being gnawed away by an enormous rat labelled you-know-who. Muzzey was born in Lexington, Massachusetts, and two of his forbears were among the eight Americans killed in the Revolutionary battle there, but he was frequently described in the Hearst press as a foreigner and a dirty Britisher in the pay of George V. It's probably a sign of a more enlightened era that in recent years the vice-provost of Eton was able, without exciting hostile American comment, to choose Muzzey's textbook as a proper guide for Princess Elizabeth in finding out all about the United States. Titled "An American History" in its first version and later "History of Our Country," the book currently sells five hundred thousand copies a year and has been issued in French and in Braille.

Dr. Muzzey is a Harvard, Union Theological Seminary, and University of Berlin man. At Harvard he ducked history for Latin, Greek, and higher mathematics. At Union Theological he studied for the ministry and won a fellowship to Berlin, where he lost interest in formal religions and discovered the field of history. In 1900 he began to teach at the Ethical Culture School here, gradually switching from church history to medieval history to European history to American history. He is now a Leader of the New York Society for Ethical Culture, which eschews formal religion. Muzzey's career at Ethical has been punctuated by such side excursions as spells of teaching at the University of Chicago, Barnard College, and Columbia, of which he is Gouverneur Morris Professor of History Emeritus; by the writing of biographies of Thomas Jefferson (pro) and James G. Blaine (anti); and by lecture tours, sponsored by Ginn & Co., his publishers, to various Thompson and Hearst hotbeds. On these expeditions, Muzzey displayed his birth certificate and his honest, American, unrodentlike countenance. He has been living in Yonkers for the last forty years. "It's pretty quiet there nowadays," he told us, with what we took to be wistfulness. "Sometimes I think of all those trips around the country and all those rats with my name on them, and I think to myself that if I could just get attacked again, I would welcome Big Bill Thompson back with real affection. After all, he privately admitted that he'd never read my book."

Five-Star Final

"I WOULDN'T give a *cent* for that paper," said a firm lady in an Eighth Avenue express, pointing at a newspaper in her neighbor's lap. "The *Post?*" her neighbor timidly inquired. "Isn't the *Post* all right? I thought it was the *News* that was so bad." "They're the same," the firm lady said. "In the afternoon they call it the *Post.*"

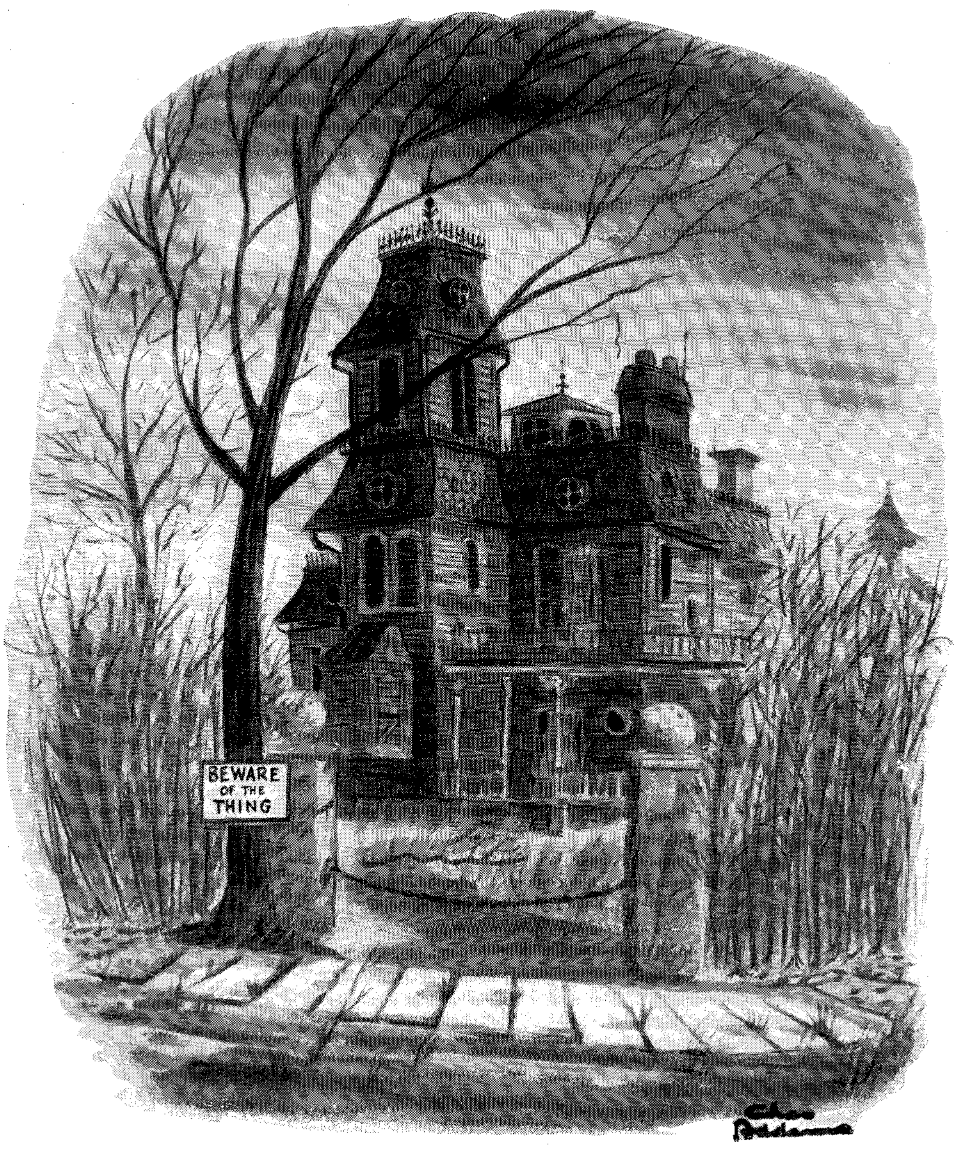
New Pianos

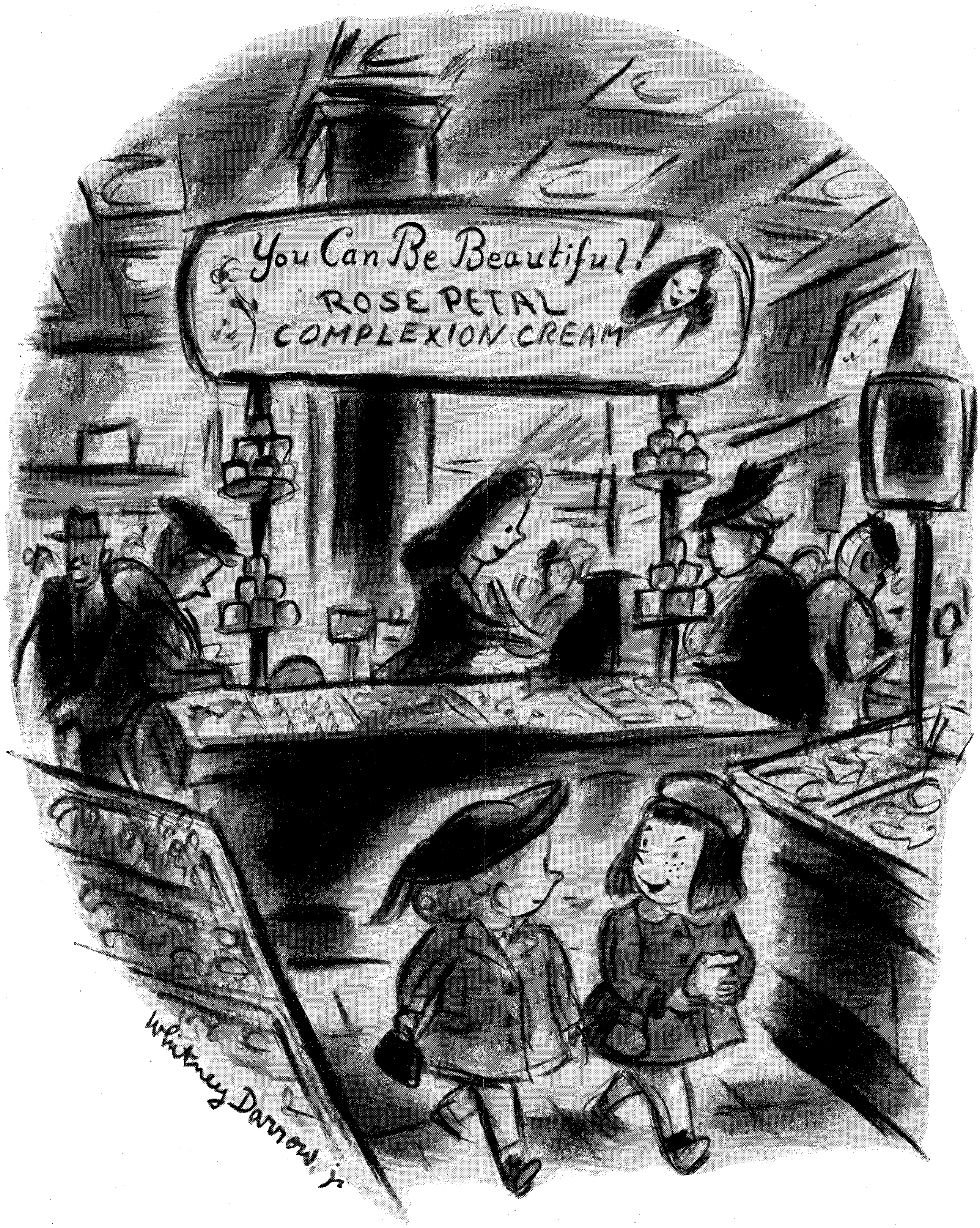
"COME," read our invitation from Winter & Co. to attend a preview of their new Aluminum Alumatone Plate Piano, "see the demonstration of a piano that even a slip of a girl can easily move about." We went over to the Balinese Suite of the Sherry-Netherland, and the first person we met was Mrs. Gerry Lansing, a slip of a girl who is assistant to Mr. Robert J. Misch, vice-president of the Al Paul Lefton advertising agency, which, we learned, was running the preview. Two upright pianos were standing at one end of the room, and we asked Mrs. Lansing whether she would care to move one of them about, easily. "My goodness, I wouldn't think of trying," she said. "I was opposed to our saying that, anyway." Mr. Misch, standing at our shoulder, hastily told us that Winter's new aluminum-alloy plate, to which the piano strings are attached, weighs only forty pounds, whereas the orthodox cast-iron plate weighs a hundred and forty. "These pianos don't dig into rugs and make holes and all the things you and I are used to," he told us fraternally and introduced us to Mr. Will Heller, president of Winter & Co. "The old cast-iron plate weighed a hundred and twenty-five pounds; ours weighs forty-five," Heller said. "You've cut down the actual thickness, too," said Mrs. Lansing. "No, we haven't," said Heller, looking surprised.

By this time (5:45) the room was full of press representatives, and Misch stood up on a chair to address them. "Pianos was always something that everybody thought was very *big,*" he began. He ended up by introducing President Heller, who read a prepared speech which stated in part, "Thanks to the Alumatone plate, Mrs. America will now be able to push her piano around to suit her decorating whims; wear and tear on her rugs is virtually eliminated." The next speaker was Mr. Charles C. Carr, an Aluminum Co. of America public-relations director, who observed that some people had wondered if America would be piano-conscious after the war and announced that it is—everyone wants a piano. He congratulated Winter & Co. on their new Alumatone piano and concluded, "There was a problem of creak, but we licked it. Now I'm going to call on one of the technical boys." The technical boy, a Mr. Collins, said that the development of the new plate hadn't been all beer and skittles but had involved a lot of heartaches. Next, a Mr. Philip Gordon, identified to us as a pupil of Busoni, played the Volga Boatmen song on one of the pianos and we drifted into conversation with John Majeski, the owner of *Musical America*, and Paul Fink, Winter's vice-president in charge of sales. "One of the most far-reaching steps in piano construction in fifty years," said Majeski. "They really owe it to the B-29s, which hastened the creation of this alloy." "We've tested the plate under all sorts of conditions and we're satisfied to put our stamp of approval on it," said Fink. President Heller joined us and we learned from him that his father, Gottlieb Heller, started the company in 1899, and that it has a big, modern plant in the Bronx and another in Oregon, Illinois, both of which made glider parts during the war. "Let me tell you this," said Mr. Heller. "I have been very much with the W.P.B. in order to get this piano picture started. I'm chairman of the O.P.A. Advisory Committee on Piano Parts and Pianos and I realized O.P.A. would be an obstacle. I went to our purchasing agent and I said, 'George, investigate aluminum plates,' and that's all I said. It's the *organization* of Winter & Co. that makes it successful. The wonderful thing is that pianos are getting into production again."

Old Hand

A G.I. in Tokio writes us that he recently took a trip on a train so crowded that he and a lot of Japanese civilians had to stand up. After lighting a cigarette, he held out the pack to a Japanese man and his wife standing next to him. They both took cigarettes, smiled gratefully, and bowed. Before the G.I. could withdraw the pack, a boy of three or four strapped to the woman's back also reached over and helped himself. The child didn't attempt to eat the cigarette or play with it; he simply tucked it behind his ear.




You Can Be Beautiful!
ROSE PETAL
COMPLEXION CREAM
Whitney Darrow, jr

"I'd just about given up hope."

MR. JERMYN'S LOVELY NIGHT

The late afternoon sun disclosed nothing along the level beach but sea and sand and Mr. Billy Jermyn, who was merely sitting there, wishing he had a drink. Mr. Jermyn was sixty-two, a man with a face like Punch and a body like Santa Claus; his clothes were mostly antiques that had been scornfully discarded by guests on their departure from his wife's boarding house. There were no shoes on his feet, which were washed intermittently by the lazy October tide. He looked as dissolute and unpromising as a vacant house, but that was misleading, for he was in reality a very deep and rewarding personality.

As the sun went further down, a chilly breeze began to sift through the vacancies in Mr. Jermyn's apparel, and presently he got up and started stiffly up the beach toward the dunes. He was headed home—reluctantly, for it was almost certain that his wife would think up some foolish employment for him around the house—when the sound of hammering came faintly to his ears. Very soon, he identified it as coming from the old McCormick house, a vast and crazy barn, slowly staggering into ruin on the ocean-front property adjoining his own.

"Probably boarding up," said Mr. Jermyn to himself, and thoughtfully changed his course. It was barely possible that Fred McCormick, closing his house for the winter, would have some liquor lying around that it might be advisable to drink up, for one reason or another. He went up the front steps of the house and, finding the door open, into the living room. Mr. McCormick, a contemporary, had a mouthful of nails and he was busy with a storm window. It was evident to Mr. Jermyn that the idea of drinking up the remainder of his summer stock had already occurred to his friend, for there was a bottle of Old Overholt on the table and an expression of intense and mysterious irony on his face.

"Hi, Freddy," said Mr. Jermyn.

"Mmm," said Mr. McCormick, removing the nails from his mouth. "Drink?"

"All right," said Mr. Jermyn, and drank. "Boarding her up, eh?"

"That's right," agreed Mr. McCormick. "A very melancholy occasion. You better have another drink."

"Maybe I better," said Mr. Jermyn. "But I don't know about you, Freddy. You're soused already."

"That's right," said Mr. McCormick. "Listen, Billy, did it ever occur to you that it's very unusual for a considerable number of men to weigh exactly a hundred and sixteen pounds?"

"How do you mean?" asked Mr. Jermyn. "Why wouldn't they? It stands to reason."

"No. I mean all together, in the same place. Some ten or fifteen men in a *group*, weighing that."

"Oh," said Mr. Jermyn, suddenly enlightened. "You mean jockeys."

"Yeah," said Mr. McCormick. "Between nailing up these windows, I got reading a newspaper and that's what it says. In one of those little charts they print."

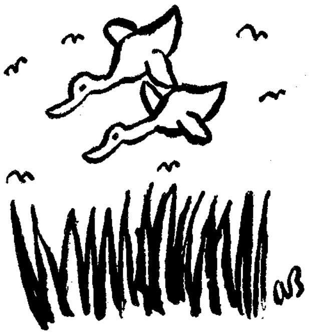
"For God's sake, haven't you ever been to a horse race?" exclaimed Mr. Jermyn. "That ain't what they weigh. That's only what the horse has to carry."

"It said right there, weight: one hundred and sixteen pounds," said Mr. McCormick stubbornly. "Along with the guy's name."

"That's right, but that ain't what they weigh personally. Most of 'em weigh less than that—like a hundred and ten or so. The club makes 'em put lead in their pants pockets or somewheres so they all come out even."

"What the hell for?" said Mr. McCormick. "You don't find any baseball club putting lead in the players."

"They got it all figured out," said Mr. Jermyn. "One or two pounds will make a hell of a difference to a race horse in how fast he can run. They want all the races to come out as close as they can, so they put various weights on the horses, depending on how fast they're supposed to be."



"Listen, Billy," said Mr. McCormick. "I'm telling you that *all* these guys weigh a hundred and sixteen pounds. According to you, that would mean that the club figures these horses all run at exactly the same speed. You don't make very good sense, Billy. You better have a drink."

Mr. Jermyn drank, a long one this time, because he himself felt that there was some fallacy involved in his explanation of handicapping, though he couldn't put his finger on it at the moment. It also seemed a good idea to change the subject, since Mr. McCormick's face had taken on a rather wooden and menacing expression.

"Geez, I got the biggest damn blister you ever saw," said Mr. Jermyn, exhibiting the base of his thumb. "She must have had me chop damn near a cord of wood this morning."

"Yeah?" said Mr. McCormick. "Let's see it."

He considered Mr. Jermyn's thumb and then passed it back to him with a shrug. "You got a blister all right," he said, "but I don't know how *big* I'd say it was. Suppose I was to say I'd seen a bigger one in—in Joplin, Missouri, back in 1927. How are you going to prove that one way or the other?"

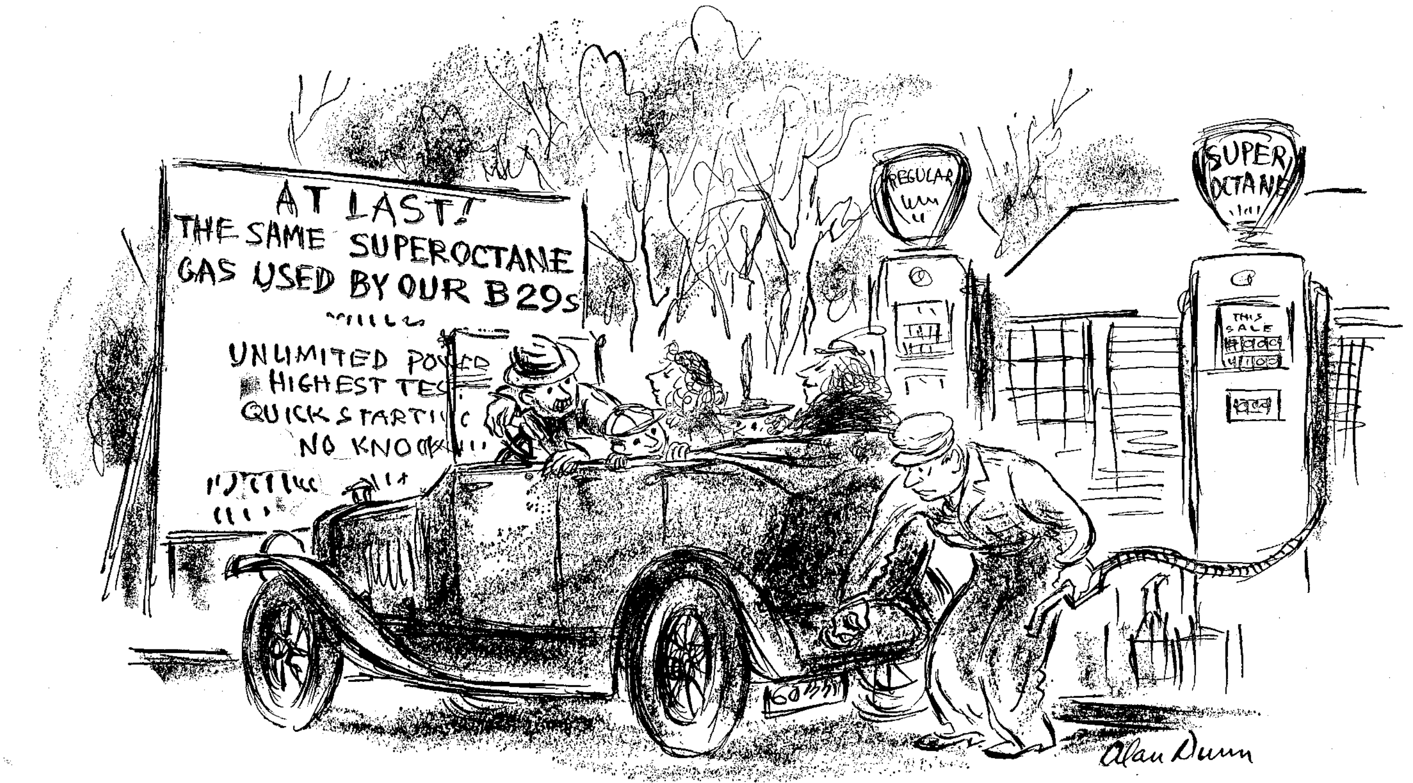
"All right, all right," said Mr. Jermyn pacifically. "I didn't come here to get in an argument about blisters."

"It ain't blisters. It's the principle," said Mr. McCormick. He picked up the bottle and finished it in one long swallow. "I noticed something about you for a long time, Billy. You talk too big. I guess you're the best friend I got in the world, but you talk too big. Generally speaking, I wouldn't call a man on the size of his blister—it could be as big as this house for all I'd care—but with you, I think you ought to learn to stick to the facts. I don't mind a *stranger* coming to my house and drinking my whiskey and pretending to know some subject he doesn't, whether it's jockeys or the President of the United States, but when it comes to my best friend trying to . . ." He picked up the bottle and seemed surprised to find it empty. "Wait'll I get another of these," he said.

Mr. Jermyn looked after him doubtfully. It seemed evident that his friend was in an irresponsible frame of mind. He remembered a night when Mr. McCormick had somehow managed to lose his teeth in the mechanical piano at Sweeney's and finally, in the confusion, the front part of the piano got broken and Sweeney got sore and called the Coast Guard. However, there was the whiskey and Mr. Jermyn didn't feel that his friend should be allowed to drink it alone.

"Last one," said Mr. McCormick, coming back with a bottle about two-thirds full. "We'll drink that and then maybe we'll go down to the village."

"Ah, you don't want to go down-



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town, Freddy. What the hell is downtown?"

"Freda," said Mr. McCormick simply, naming a lady of middle years but undiminished spirit with whom his relations had been warm though intermittent for some time. It had been Freda, in fact, who had suggested breaking the glass in the piano.

"What's the matter with Freda?" said Mr. McCormick, observing the obvious distaste on Mr. Jermyn's face. "I suppose she ain't good enough for you. I suppose you *want* everybody to weigh a hundred and sixteen pounds."

"She's a very fine woman," said Mr. Jermyn. "I just don't think we want to go downtown."

"What you need is a drink," said Mr. McCormick. "You horse lover."

For a while after that they drank in silence and with apparent amiability. Presently, however, Mr. McCormick remembered a grievance.

"You got no right to keep knocking Freda, Billy," he said. "Just because she's got diabetes."

"What the hell is diabetes?" said Mr. Jermyn with rather astounding gallantry. "I never give it a thought. Mussolini had syphilis."

"Yeah?" said Mr. McCormick glassily. "That what he died of?"

"For God's sake, Freddy," said Mr. Jermyn. "They shot him. You ought to know that."

"Who?"

"Paul Muni," said Mr. Jermyn. He was astonished and delighted with this educated reference and elaborated it, slapping his knee. "Mr. Paul Muni and his magic bullet," he said. "The Twentieth Century-Fox Brothers."

Mr. McCormick looked at him blankly. "We better get downtown," he said. "Wale I get my hat." He stood up, swaying, and went erratically into the bedroom.

Mr. Jermyn took another drink and then, hearing loud and ominous noises—a creak of springs and what seemed to be a groan—followed him unsteadily. Mr. McCormick was stretched across the bed and already he seemed to be asleep. Mr. Jermyn looked down on him for quite a long time, supporting himself by the bedpost. At last he made up his mind and swiftly removed his host's trousers and, carrying them over his arm, wandered back into the other room. Mr. McCormick had nailed up all the windows and the padlock for the storm door was lying on the table beside the bottle. Mr. Jermyn put the bottle in his pocket and picked up the lock. Then he turned off all the lights and went out on the porch. While he was struggling to fit the padlock through the hasps on the storm door, the key fell out and went tinkling down through a crack between the boards.

"Spilt milk," he muttered, snapping the lock shut. He went cautiously down the steps, counting them aloud, and started along the concrete walk that led to his own house. However, looking up for the first time, he saw that it was a fair and spacious night, pricked with stars and rich with promise, too fine a night for a man with almost half a bottle of Old Overholt in his pocket to go home to his wife. He turned off to the right at the next corner and headed south, where the lights of the village glowed cheerfully against the sky. Suddenly, as he quickened his pace, he remembered that he was still carrying Mr. McCormick's trousers and, rolling them carefully into a ball, he threw them as far as he could into the thicket of bayberry and poison ivy that lay along the walk.

"Someday you're going to *thank* me for this, Freddy," he said virtuously, and continued toward the village, where Freda and Sweeney and life itself would surely welcome him with wide, admiring arms.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

(DISAPPEARING LIONS ACT)

[*From the De Land (Fla.) Sun-News*]

Lieut. R. S. Stafford gave the Lions an interesting insight into activities of a bombing mission from start to finish, as he illustrated one over Europe carried out by Radar direction, at their meeting last night at Hutchinson Hall. While he stated that he was not a public speaker, he practically carried his audience with him on a mission over Germany and all but four returned safely.

TOWN HOUSE~III

Pete Murray waited in the library for the others—the Hylers and the Tremaines, with whom the Murrays shared the house under a coöperative arrangement—to come down. He had on the threadbare suit and the scuffed shoes he had worn to work that morning. He had shaved carelessly and now the stubble was dark around the edge of his jaw. The library was a room in which Pete always felt that he was a guest, since all of its furniture, souvenirs, and books belonged to the Hylers and the Tremaines. He noticed, as if for the first time, the height of the room, and on one of the walls a framed chart tracing Lucille Tremaine's father's descent from one of the signers of the Magna Charta. From the tall windows he could see the roof of the Andrew Carnegie house, the back wall of the Otto Kahn mansion, and the towers of the Warburg Fifth Avenue château, rising above the roofs of smaller mansions that had been built by the fortunes of the nineteenth century and left to stand at the edge of Central Park like the walls of a dead city.

Larry and Carol Hyler came down the stairs. They were singing "The First Noël," a song they had discovered they could sing in two-part harmony and which they often practiced, although it was only early autumn. Larry was a lieutenant in the Army Transportation Corps and he and Pete had known each other in college. Carol was a pretty girl in her twenties. As soon as the three had finished their greetings, Larry went into the library pantry and made some Martinis.

While they were tasting their drinks, a door in the upstairs of the house opened and they could hear Lucille Tremaine's clear voice: ". . . that weekend she dove into the swimming pool covered with some kind of loathsome sun-tan oil or something and she left a hideous oil slick on the water as though a submarine had been sunk, and old Mrs. Barstow was coming out from town on the four-fifteen and they had to drain the pool." She stopped talking as she and her husband entered the room.

Jack Tremaine was an immaculately dressed young man with a mustache and no chin. He moved in an aroma of eau de cologne and shoe polish. Lucille's beauty had always astonished Pete and made him uneasy. She spoke in a pure boarding-school accent, but in spite of this affectation the impression she gave was of great simplicity. It was a simplicity, Pete thought, that is acquired at expensive girls' schools and must have cost as much as a good scientific education. Pete was a research chemist and had worked his way through college.

The Tremaines greeted Pete and the Hylers and helped themselves to cocktails. A few minutes later, Esther Murray, who had been putting her little daughter to bed, came down the stairs and into the room. She moved to the side of her husband with a brisk, efficient step. The girlish lines of the dress she was wearing accentuated her thin figure. "Hmmm," she said as she passed Lucille and sniffed her perfume. "Is it gardenia?"

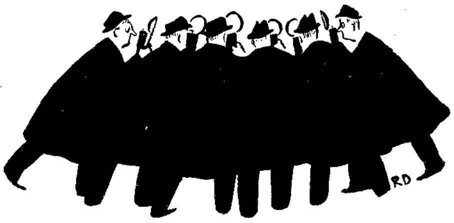
"No, dear," Lucille said. "Chanel."

"I only asked to be polite," Esther said. Then the cook called upstairs to say that dinner was ready.

The difficulty of finding apartments that year had driven the three families to rent a town house in the East Eighties. The house had twenty rooms and ten bathrooms but only one kitchen. They had quarrelled bitterly over its use, and it was the acquisition of a cook that made it possible for them to eat together again for the first time in over a month. There were candles and yellow chrysanthemums on the table that night, but beneath this surface brightness lay the seamy knowledge they had acquired of one another in the sharing of a house. They all knew that Lucille Tremaine was lazy, that Pete Murray was absent-minded, that Larry Hyler sometimes shouted at his wife about her clothing bills, and that Esther Murray washed her hair in the kitchen sink.

Their conversation at the table was like the constrained conversation of a large family. The Hylers talked about a play they had seen, the Tremaines talked about a playwright they had met at a party. Toward the end of the meal Esther, the most serious-minded of them all, said, "Well, I see that another congressman has insulted the Russian government."

"I'm not anti-Russian myself," Jack said, "and I think Communism is a beautiful idea, but I know it won't work. A friend of Mother's went to Russia in 1933 and she told us what she had seen, and she was able to tell us the kind of things they can't print in the papers. She was a very good friend of Mother's and she gave Lucille and me those silver lamps in the library when we married."



"She didn't give us those silver lamps, dear," Lucille said. "She gave us those hideous serving plates."

Pete looked up at Lucille and wondered how old she was. She had the fair skin and the clear voice of a child.

"She was a very good friend of Mother's," Jack said, "and I have reason to believe everything she said."

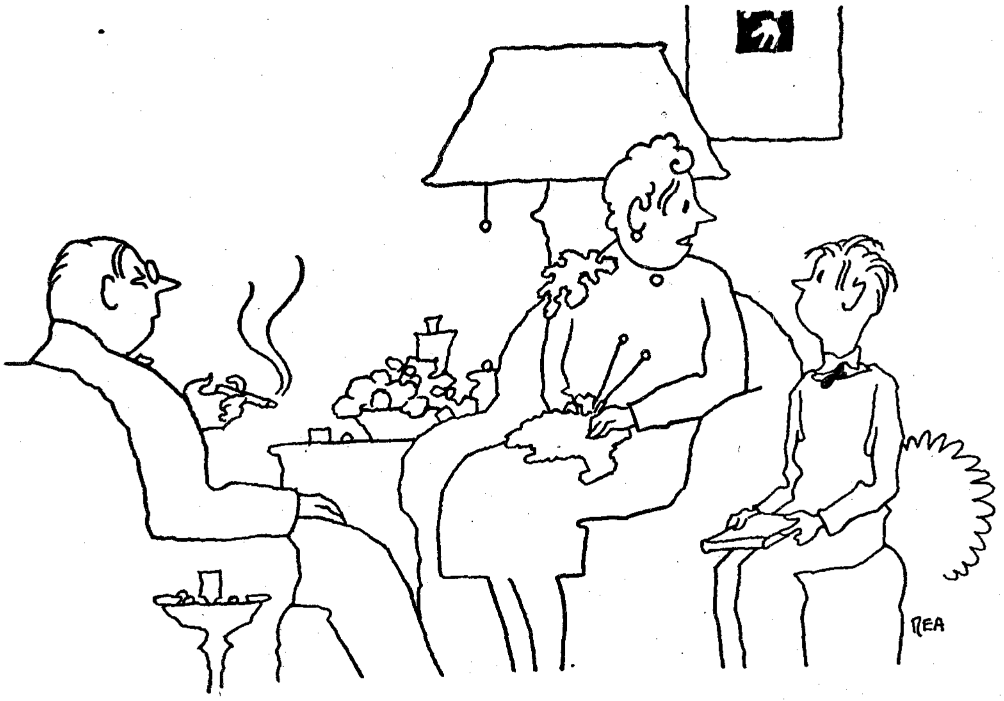
"Hideous serving plates," Lucille said, "with big birds on them."

In happier days the three couples had taken their coffee in the library together, but this evening the Hylers and the Tremaines got up from the table as soon as they had finished their fruit and cheese and left the Murrays alone.

Pete stopped in the library on his way upstairs. At the end of the library table he noticed a photograph album he had not seen before, and before he opened it he could tell by the fragrance that came from the pages that it belonged to Lucille. There were pictures of Lucille in her christening gown, and Lucille on her third birthday in the Tuileries Gardens, and Lucille a year later in Rome, at Easter. There was Lucille in a boarding-school uniform in Fiesole, and Lucille sailing in Marblehead, and Lucille and three young men at a picnic in Virginia, and Lucille in a bathing suit. There was Lucille and her dog, and Lucille and her pony, and Lucille and her horse, and Lucille making a face at the camera during the hunt breakfast in Warrenton, and there was Lucille and her mother on the porch of a house in Darjeeling.

Pete turned out the lights and went upstairs. "That poor Lucille Tremaine," he said to Esther. "That poor, pathetic child. She was brought up in the last century. It amazes me that society can tolerate such an anachronism. The kind of human and financial wastes she represents is criminal."

"We won't have to see the Tremaines except at meals," Esther said. She moved briskly around the room, sponging stains off the woodwork with a damp cloth. Her father had been a transient Unitarian minister and the memory of a childhood spent in moving from one bleak parish house to another seemed to have influenced the surroundings of her adult life. An ironing



"But what on earth do you want to be a scientist for, Robert? Isn't there enough trouble in the world already?"

board and a sewing machine were set up in the middle of the floor and, in a room that had a marble fireplace and a crystal chandelier, the Murrays' few pieces of furniture seemed very shabby. "If we think of them as children we won't have any trouble with them," Esther said. "But I know what you mean by waste. That little black dress she had on cost as much as a good microscope lens."

LARRY and Carol Hyler were alone in the dining room when Pete came down with Esther for dinner the following night, and he looked forward to an evening without the Tremaines. He was just beginning to enjoy himself when the door opened and Jack and Lucille came in and took their places at the table. They had been to a wedding reception; both were in high spirits, chatty, and smelled of wine.

"The maid of honor had a camellia behind each ear," Lucille said, "and she looked exactly like a donkey, and they had the most heavenly sandwiches. But I told Kay she was asking too many people—they caught someone going out the door with two bottles of champagne under his coat—I told Kay, 'You're asking too many people.' There aren't four hundred people in New York."

"The population is seven million, eight hundred and thirty-five thousand, three hundred and seven," Pete said.

"I know, dear, but you wouldn't want them all at your wedding reception, would you?" Lucille asked.

"We didn't have any wedding reception," Esther said.

"How clever of you," Lucille said pleasantly. "The first time I married, Mother asked seven hundred people and I think that's why Harry and I were never really happy; we had such a bum start. Jack and I had a fairly small wedding and we've been terribly, terribly happy, haven't we, dear?"

After the Murrays left the table that night they went out to the corner drugstore. "Fruit is all right, but I don't think it's a real dessert," Esther said as she sat down at the counter. "I don't feel as though I'd had any dinner unless I have something sweet."

Pete watched her eat a sundae covered with sauces and nuts. At thirty he was a bald and heavy man who had to guard against overweight, and he ordered nothing for himself. "I guess it's going to work," he said. "I mean about the cook and about eating together. I hate the Tremaines, but I guess I can get along with them. Only I wish there was some way we could eat alone."

"It's good for you to see people," Esther said. "The trouble with scientists like you is that you retreat from the world into the laboratory. It's a kind of escapism. If you see more people, you'll broaden your outlook."

"Did you hear her say she's been married twice?" he asked. "I didn't know she'd been married before. She must have married the first time when she was about fifteen. She doesn't look twenty-two now. She's probably promiscuous. Those people have such a fallacious and artificial standard of values that they destroy themselves in the end."

When the Murrays returned to the house, the Hylers and the Tremaines were playing bridge in the morning room. Lucille called to them as they passed the open door and asked if they would like to play. "Pete and I don't have time for cards," Esther said. Pete would have put it differently himself, and he was a little embarrassed as he followed his wife upstairs to their bedroom. Before they went to bed, he usually read aloud to Esther from some book on a subject that interested them both. That evening he read from "Infant and Child in the Culture of Today," by Arnold Gesell. " 'Thumbsucking,' " he read, " 'functions as a real component of the growth complex. Its harmfulness varies greatly with the type of child and associated behavior . . .' It isn't that she's stupid," he said suddenly, putting down the book.

"Who?" Esther asked.

"Lucille. I think she has a great deal of intelligence and ability. It's only that she's trapped by her education, trapped by a vestigial society, trapped into a series of bad marriages and pointless occupations."

"She dyes her hair," Esther said. "You ought to see the mess in her bedroom. Clothes everywhere. Jewelry on the floor. I found her emerald bracelet in the library. It was in an ashtray. She took it off and put it in an ashtray and forgot it."

Lucille's room might be disordered, Pete thought, but she was always immaculately groomed herself, and that was something. There was, after all, nothing wrong with a woman's being beautiful. Many scientists had married beautiful women, many great scientists. For a man who had worked hard and who had worked all his life—for a man like himself—mightn't it increase his efficiency if he could return from his laboratory in the evenings and find a woman whose grace and wit and color would refresh him and complement the sobriety of his own nature?

He could hear the talk from the bridge table downstairs. It sounded like the vagrant talk that drifts away from a tennis court on a fine summer day. Tennis, as well as bridge, was a game Pete had never had time to learn, and he sometimes regretted it. He heard the doorbell ring. It would not be for him, he knew. Then he heard Lucille Tremaine in the hallway, greeting some friends, and it was not until the doors of the morning room closed against the noise of talk and laughter that he was able to pick up the sense of what he was reading again.

DURING the nights that it took Pete to complete "Infant and Child in the Culture of Today," the social life in the downstairs of the house increased its pressure against the shut door of the Murrays' bedroom. Now that it was fall, the Hylers and the Tremaines seemed always to be having guests. The constant noise of talk and laughter from downstairs made Pete irritable. "The Tremaines live like members of a primitive tribe," he said to Esther one evening. He was walking up and down their bedroom. "Their lives are bounded by a series of fantastic ceremonies and taboos. You don't wear black until you come out, and you marry in June. You make a ceremony of marriages and christenings in an Anglican church. You stay at the Plaza in the spring and the fall, and you consult the dead before you marry."

It was partly the pressure of the conviviality around them that made Esther decide to do some entertaining herself. "It isn't as though we don't have any friends of our own," she said. She invited a couple named Fenton for dinner on a Thursday night, when the cook would be out and they would have the house to themselves. They had known the Fentons in Cleveland, where Pete had taught chemistry before coming East. Both Helen and Howard Fenton were chemists, and they had come to New York shortly after the Murrays.

In Cleveland the Murrays and the Fentons had established a plan for entertaining one another. The guests would bring a salad and the hosts would furnish chopped steak, rolls, and dessert. On the evening the Fentons were expected, Pete laid a charcoal fire in the library grate. The Fentons arrived at seven, carrying a salad bowl covered with a towel. They were impressed by the size of the house, and, since the other couples were out, Pete showed them around freely.

"The whole arrangement has been very successful," Esther explained. "It's a real test of coöperative living, because we couldn't be with people whose interests are more different. But we see each other only at mealtime, we share the benefits of the house, and our expenses are very reasonable, split three ways."

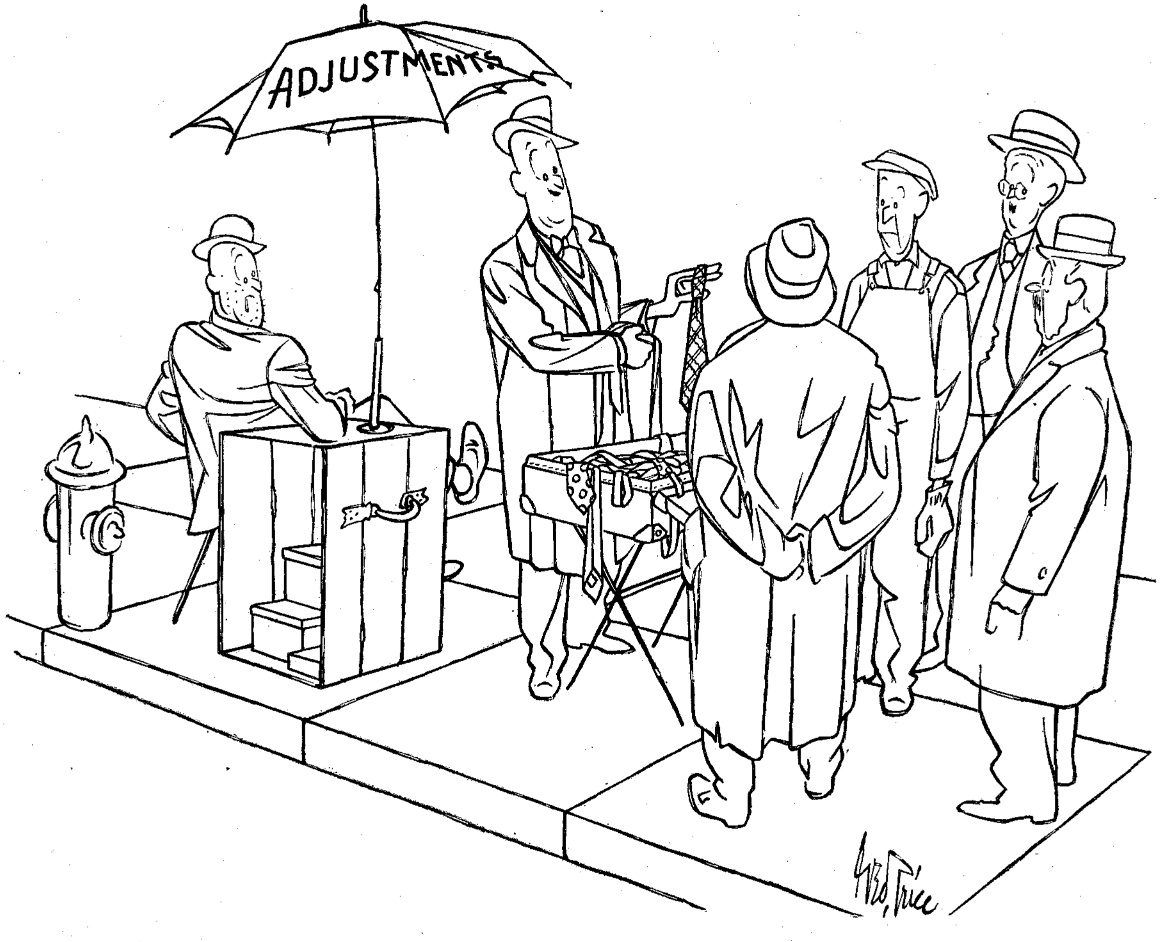
"The people we're living with have all the ceremonies and taboos of a primitive tribe," Pete said, and he patted the hamburger into cakes and laid them on the broiler. Mrs. Fenton and Esther were complimenting each other on their clothes. They were both wearing dresses they had made themselves. When the fire burned down to a bed of coals, Pete began to broil the meat and Esther toasted the rolls.

The library fireplace was not as convenient for cooking as the fireplace in their bungalow in Cleveland. An elaborate arrangement of brass below the marble mantel threw off a great deal of heat. The draft was poor and now and then the chimney breathed the smoke of burning fat out into the room. The Fentons coughed. There was no conversation. Pete got tired of stooping and knelt on the hearth. He heard the front door open and Lucille's clear, pleasant laughter. There were several people with her and he hoped they would go into the morning room, across the hall, and not come into the library.

Pete had never before found anything embarrassing about broiling hamburger at a fireplace, but now it seemed an awkward thing to be doing. He was also conscious of Howard Fenton's shabby suit and Helen's prominent teeth. "You don't notice the smoke because the room has a high ceiling," Helen said, and Pete wished she would shut up. He felt as though some intimate and sordid detail of his life was about to be revealed to strangers. He would not concede enough to the Tremaines and their fallacious standard of values to move away from the fireplace, and he was there, sweating on his hands and knees, when Lucille opened the door. "Oh, I'm terribly sorry," she said, and closed the door. She and her guests went into the morning room.

Pete had lost his appetite for the food and the Fentons, and he was so quiet for the rest of the evening that Esther questioned him about it after their guests had gone.

"You didn't seem to have a good



time," she said. "I thought you liked the Fentons."

He didn't bother to reply. He watched Esther pin her red hair to her scalp and he thought over the five earnest, colorless years of their marriage—the night classes, the geological trips, the walks in the rain.

"Esther," he said, "if I gave you a hundred dollars, would you do me a favor."

"What?"

"Go down to Bergdorf's or one of those stores and buy yourself a pretty dress and a bottle of perfume."

She didn't answer. She had her back to him and presently he saw by the movement of her shoulders that she was sobbing. He went to her and put his hand on her back.

"What do you think I make my own clothes for?" she sobbed. "Do you think I make them because I like to? The only reason I make my own clothes is to save money for you. Nobody likes to make their own clothes. I've made every stitch I have and I've made some of Ramona's clothes, too, and I guess you never realized how much work it was." She turned on him, her face streaked with tears and distorted with anger. "You're so absent-minded you don't realize anything. I try to do what I think is best and I work hard to save money for you and you don't know about it. You don't care. You don't know anything but that old laboratory. You want me to ask the Fentons for dinner and they come and you won't talk to them and I don't know!" Her voice by now had risen to a high pitch.

"Stop screaming. Please stop screaming, Esther." He knew she could be heard from the cook's room on the fifth floor to the wine cellar.

"I just try to do my best," she screamed, "and it never helps, I never do anything right!" She went into the bathroom and slammed the door in his face.

Esther's hysterics usually tapered off into taciturnity, regret, and tenderness, but there was no tenderness following her outburst about dressmaking.

"I'm sorry I spoke to you about your clothes that way," Pete said the next night. "It's just that having that Tremaine bitch around me all the time makes me irritable." That night he read to Esther from Beard's "Economic Origins of *Jeffersonian Democracy*." The Tremaines were out and the house was very quiet. While he was reading, the front door opened. He listened to the footsteps until he made sure that they belonged to Larry and Carol Hyler. The door opened later, but it was only the Hylers going out again. "Have the Tremaines gone to the country?" he asked Esther. She didn't know.

THE Murrays' life seemed to resume its normal pace after a few days. Pete continued to read to his wife three or four evenings a week. Esther was attending classes in Spanish and the modern dance and these kept her away from the house two nights a week. On one of these evenings Pete came home alone at about seven, after having eaten his dinner in a lunch wagon, and found the house deserted. The morning room and the library were lighted but there was no one there, and the only sound in the house was the faint music from the cook's radio. He went up to his bedroom. Some time later he ran out of cigarettes and thought there might be some in the boxes in the library. As he came down into the hall he could hear someone crying. He was startled at first because he had thought he was alone.

Lucille was lying on the library sofa. He stepped into the room when he saw that no one else was there. She sat up quickly. He asked if he could do anything and she said he could make her a drink. He did this and found some cigarettes and lighted one for her and she began to cry again. "It's nothing," she said. "It's nothing. It's just that I'm tired. Stay with me for a little while. The house depresses me when I'm alone." Her surface had always been so polished and intact that seeing her in tears surprised and touched him. Crying had not made her ugly. Her sadness was so much like a child's that he put his arm around her. She laid her head on his shoulder and he weighed her hair in his hands. She turned her face to his and he kissed her, and he had never tasted anything so delicious. She stood up after a while and took a comb out of her pocket and drew it through her hair.

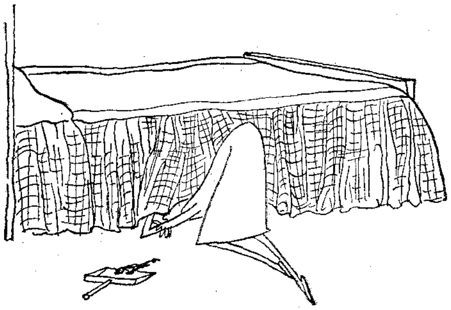
"What are we going to do?" Pete said.

"I'm going to take a bath and go to bed," she said. She was still combing her hair.

"I know. But what are we going to do? We've got to live together in this house."

"Darling, I'm going to take a bath and go to bed," she said, and she kissed him and went out of the room.

Pete was stunned. He got up quickly and went to the door as though he would call her back, but he just stood there and did nothing. While he had held Lucille in his arms it had seemed as though he held all the brightness and warmth of a youth that had been denied to him. His life had been hard, he thought then, and he had never had any youth. Walking home from the college cafeteria, where he had worked as a counterman, he had heard the music from the weekend dances and seen girl like Lucille in their long dresses, moving across the cut lawn. He had seen girl like Lucille walking through the trair on their way to the diner. He had seer their pictures in the paper. He had solc them feathers and chrysanthemums anc programs at football games. In the New Hampshire hotel where he had workec as a bellhop, he had seen them througl the window at a dance, as bright anc fragrant as a crowded bed of flowers.



Some time later he went to his owi room and got into bed. He was awak when Esther came in. "I had a funn dream last night," she said as she un

THE PROFESSOR AND THE BOMBARDIER

As the captain professor of art in the lead ship,
Briefed to spare the cathedral and fifteenth-century
Fountain, deferred at last to the crouched bombardier
(For the arsenal also fronted on the *Piazza*),
So, too, that bombardier fought a war at cross-purposes.

To save is to alter, or destroy, and hours that he
Would now recall (the fireside home, yesterday's
Sculptures) are gone like the Renaissance.
Well: it was a lucky cathedral that lost
Only a transept or two and a few old statues.

—W. W. Gibson

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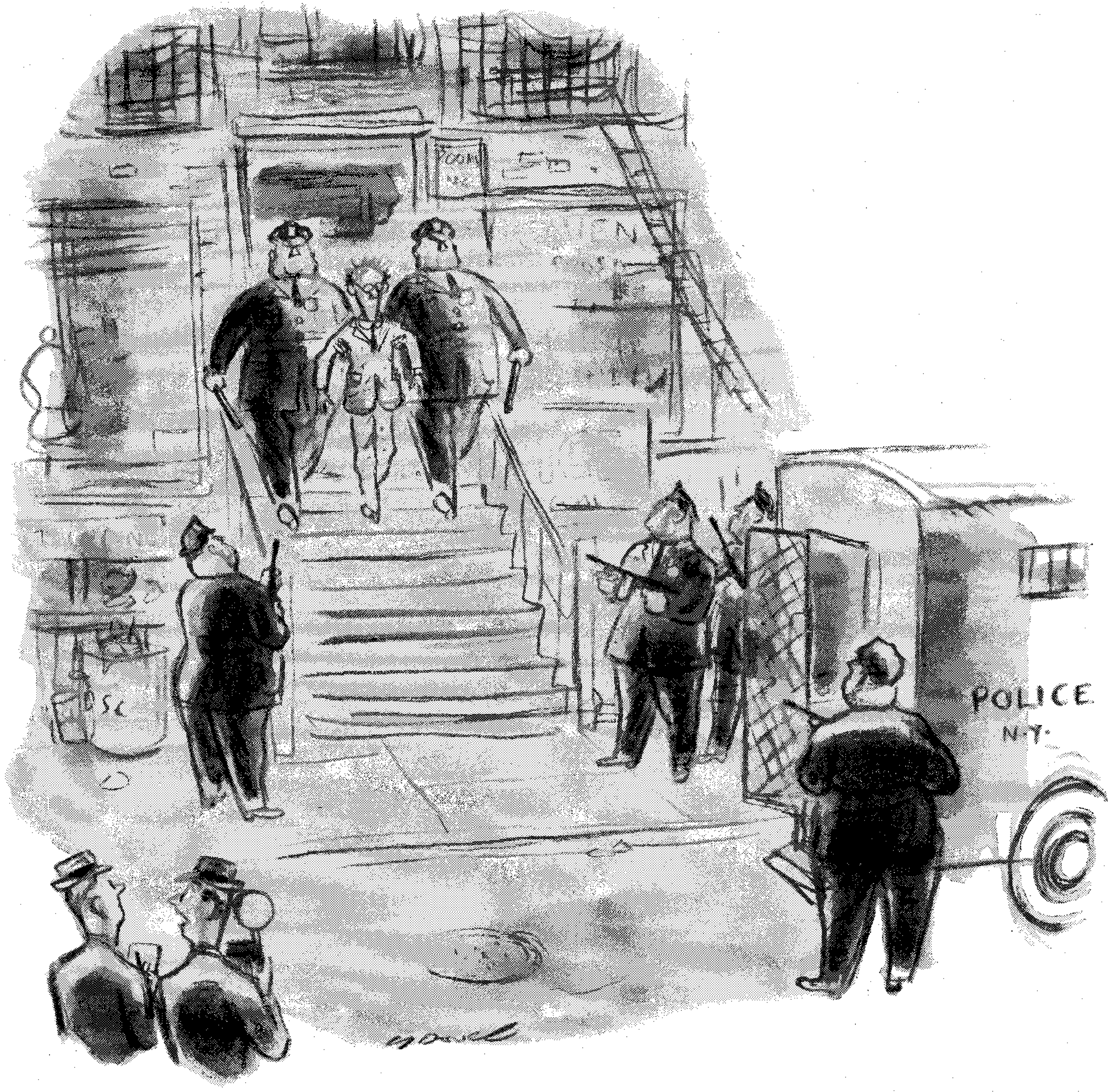


"I don't know exactly, but it has something to do with a mimeographed pamphlet."

dressed. "I forgot to tell you about it. We were back in Cleveland and there was this big Christmas tree, only it was all aboard ship." He buried his face in a pillow and covered his ears, but he could still hear her. "I don't remember where the ship was going but I remember everybody was afraid the tree would catch on fire. I was captain of the ship and just as the tree was going to catch on fire the dream ended."

THE Tremaines were expected for dinner the next night. Pete discovered this by asking the cook as soon as he came into the house. His daughter was waiting up to say good night to him and he kissed her tenderly. Then he shaved and changed his clothes and hurried down to the library. The Tremaines and the Hylers were there, but they were not drinking cocktails. Pete could not understand this deviation from their routine and he supposed they must have run out of liquor. He sat beside Lucille as though he were protecting her. The music of her voice seemed to fill the air around him with excitement. She was reminiscing about the beginning of the war. "We were in Deauville when the first German planes came over," she said. "We hid under the beach umbrellas."

After dinner, Lucille said she wanted to play mah-jongg, and the Hylers agreed to play with her and Jack. Instead of going upstairs with Esther, Pete asked if he could watch the game, and he drew a chair up to the table. "I love mah-jongg," Lucille said. "I get so tired of poker and gin and bridge."

"Pong," Larry Hyler said.

"Three dragons," Carol said.

Pete got up from the table and closed a window. "You were sitting in a draft," he told Lucille.

"Thank you, dear," Lucille said. "When Helen Lewis was in town we used to play mah-jongg five times a week."

"Don't you ever want to do anything but play childish games?" Pete asked Lucille, and he smiled at her.

"I love childish games," Lucille said. "I'm mad for slapjack."

"You could do better," Pete said. He seemed serious and sad. "You could probably have been an executive or a doctor if you'd wanted to be one."

"This game is dull," Jack said. "Shall we quit?"

"Let's," Larry said. They put the tiles back into the box. Pete turned out the lights after they had left and went up to his bedroom. Esther was making something on the sewing machine.

The next night Pete saw lights in the Tremaines' bedroom windows as he came along the street. Later, when he went down to the library with Esther, carrying a bottle of liquor he had bought on his way home, he saw that the Tremaines were not there. No one was there. Larry Hyler stopped on his way down to dinner and said the Tremaines were not eating.

"Perhaps I'd better take a tray up to them," Pete said.

"They don't want a tray," Larry said.

"Are they sick?" Pete asked.

"No," Larry said, "they're not sick."

"Leave them alone," Esther said.

After dinner the Hylers and the Murrays went up to the library. The Hylers began to play cards. Esther opened a magazine. Pete heard the noise of something falling in the Tremaines' bedroom and he went to the library door. Then he heard raised voices, first Lucille's and then Jack's.

"Something's the matter up in the Tremaines' room," he said.

"I think they're having a fight,"

Carol said. "There was a man with a summons here this morning, looking for Lucille. She has debts in every store in New York, the most fantastic debts."

Lucille screamed and something fell. Then Pete heard Jack's voice and a sound as though a table had been tipped over and some china had been broken. Lucille screamed again and there was another thud and Jack's voice. Pete went up the stairs two at a time and knocked on the door. "Let me in!" he shouted. "If you don't let me in I'll break the door down!" He opened the door. "Lucille," he said, "Lucille. Are you all right?"

"Of all the cheek!" Jack Tremaine shouted. He was standing by the bed on the far side of the room and there was a bleeding cut on his face. Lucille was standing near the door, armed with a lamp.

"Are you all right, Lucille?" Pete said.

"Get the hell out of here!" Jack Tremaine shouted.

"If he's touched you I'll kill him," Pete said.

"Get the hell out of here!" Jack Tremaine shouted again.

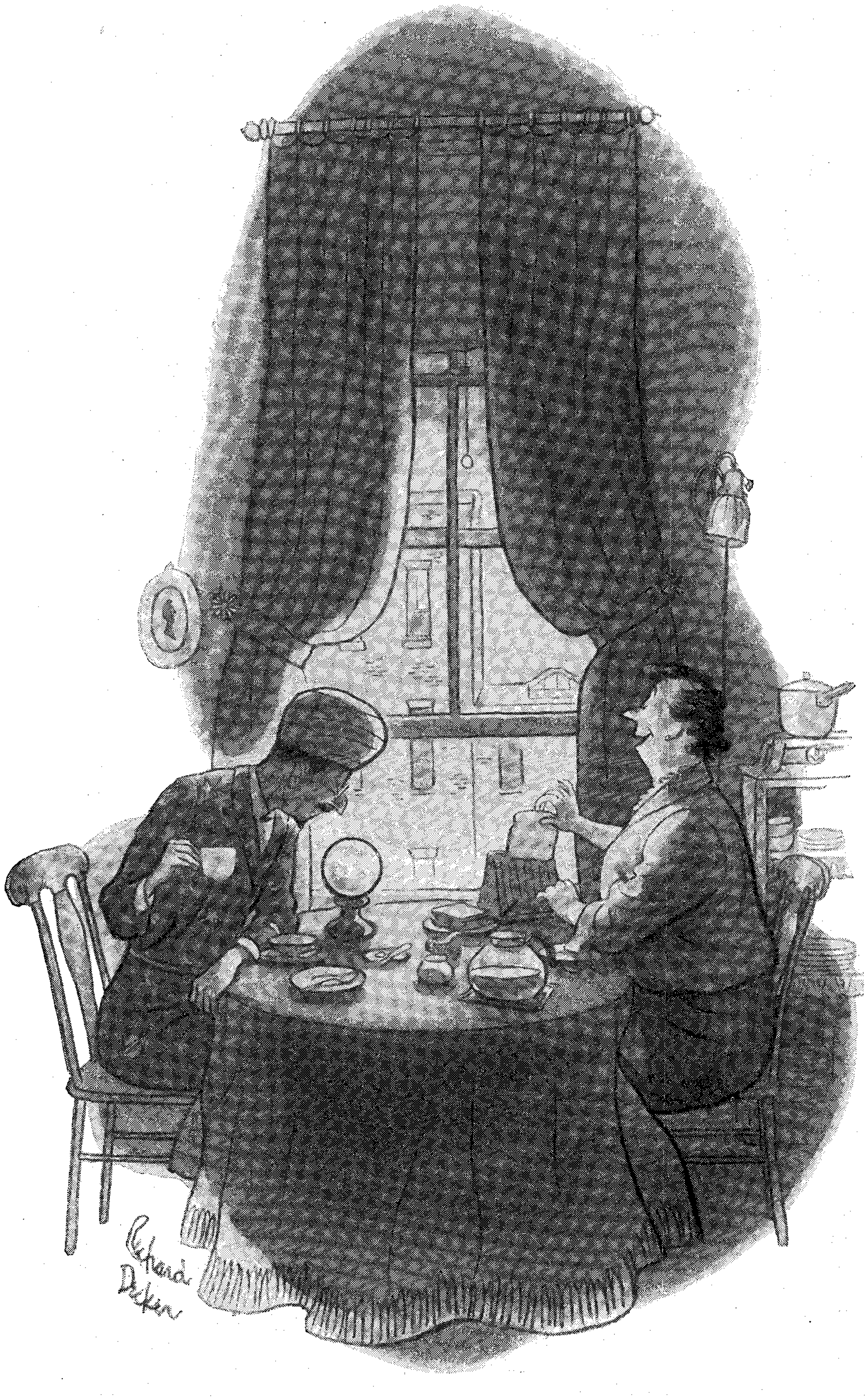
"You nosy bastard," Lucille said, and she threw the lamp at Pete. She had neglected to unplug the lamp and it fell short and broke at his feet. He had backed out of the room to protect himself and she kicked the door shut in his face. He thought he heard the Tremaines laughing, and then the house was very quiet.

Pete went down the stairs, past the open door of the library, where the others were sitting, and out of the house. He walked in the Park, aimlessly, and when he found himself on the West Side he took a subway to his laboratory, as though he were drawn there by some urgency of work. Once there, with the doors and windows shut against even the faint noises of night traffic, he studied a copy of Gibbs' work on thermodynamics and made some notes on the margin as he read. He read until four, when his eyes began to hurt. Then he left the laboratory and started to walk home.

The book he had been reading had reminded him of all the promises of his youth. He remembered, with great longing, the walks that he and Esther had taken in the rain, their contempt for appearances, their confidence in the destiny of Science and Man. How could he ever have forgotten these things? He thought tenderly of Esther's meagre figure, her homely clothes, her reliable and independent spirit, and he thought of how she had once climbed beside him to the top of a mountain in New Hampshire to watch the sun rise.

The sky was beginning to get light as he crossed the Park again, and the birds were noisy. The air was sweet and cool. When he reached the house at last, he ran lightly up the stairs. Esther was asleep, and he stood at the side of her bed for a minute thinking how like an earnest child she slept, how simple and beautiful were the lines of her thin face.

—John Cheever



"What's new tomorrow, dear?"

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"The highlights," reports Mrs. G., "were driving through Virginia and the New York shops."—*Knoxville (Tenn.) News-Sentinel.*

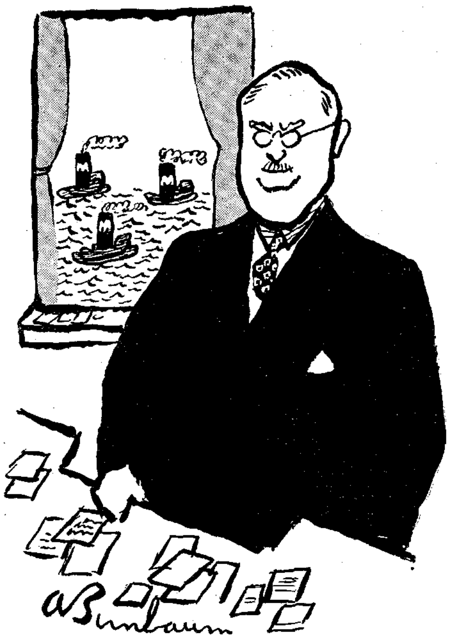
We can imagine.

PROFILES

THE ELEGANT TUGBOATER—II

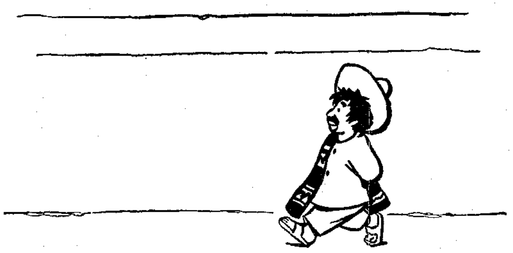
Eugene F. Moran, the president of the Moran Towing & Transportation Company, the largest tugboat operators in the world, is an anomaly to his associates. Elegant, fastidious, dressed in tailored splendor, he has brought to a notoriously roistering occupation the dignity of a Park Avenue florist. And yet, in emergencies, he has been known to plunge into the roughest kind of tugboat labor with a skill and daring often lacking in cruder men. Several years ago a columnist dwelt at some length on Moran's many-faceted character. After describing him as "this quiet gentleman with the gray hair and thoughtful features of a college professor," the writer said that he had seen the tugboater under a variety of conditions. One of the occasions, it appeared, was his departure from a social function —"his fashionable overcoat open, his neat gray double-breasted suit in harmony with the color of his hair, his cane in his gloved hand." Then, following a tour through Moran's extensive wardrobe, the scene shifted to the bounding main. "A few years before," continued the columnist, "in a ninety-mile gale, I saw him, in gleaming, crackling tarpaulin and sou'wester, clinging to the pilot house of one of his huge oceangoing tugs as with a megaphone he directed several others of his fleet in a salvage operation on the edge of that foaming caldron, Roamer Shoals."

Moran is seventy-three. Only his oldest friends recall that the president of the company, now equipped with fashionable overcoats and double-breasted suits, began his tugboat career as a substitute cook. Moran's father, Michael Moran, who founded the company in 1860, held the conviction that boys were easily spoiled and that work was their salvation. Eugene was born on Williams Street (now Pioneer Street), in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn. He went to St. Stephen's Parochial School for a while but was conspicuously indifferent about attendance and dropped out, with the hearty consent of the principal, before he had finished the eighth grade. He found it difficult to sit in class and concentrate on geography and world commerce when he could board one of his father's tugs and observe these things at first hand. As a result, he spent a good part of each week learning how to heave lines, stoke furnaces, play cards, and chew tobacco. The elder Moran believed in education, but he was unable to separate his idea of education from tugboating. Generally, when Eugene's mother complained that the boy was missing from school again, his father made a noisy show of poking around in two or three pier sheds and tied-up tugs, and then reported that the prodigal could not be found on the waterfront. The youngster took his official leave of formal education when he was fifteen and entered the tugboat business in a salaried capacity. The step was made without preliminary consideration. Young Moran, having just bypassed St. Stephen's by a comfortable margin, was standing on a Moran wharf one morning talking to Captain Peter Cahill, whose tugboat was under steam at the pier. Michael stuck his head out of his nearby office window and roared, "What the heck are you waiting for?" "The cook ain't here," answered Cahill. "He's laying around drunk somewhere." Michael took another look and yelled, "Who's that standing alongside you?" "It's me, Papa!" piped up Eugene. "An epidemic of mumps broke out and they closed the school down." "Get aboard, boy!" yelled Michael. "Everybody ought to know how to cook." While this was an auspicious occasion for the Moran company as a whole, it was a little rough on Captain Cahill and his six-man crew. It developed that the new hand was able to cook only ham and eggs and that he had a habit of sprinkling them rather heavily with brown sugar. This rugged fare persisted for three days of a cruise, and then Cahill threw in the towel. "Son," he said, having descended, laboriously, from the pilot house shortly after lunch, "we've got to have some different grub. This crew's tough, but they're looking a little peaked around the gills." The next time they made a stop, Eugene went ashore and bought some bacon and several cans of beans. He was employed as cook for only a short time, his father and most of the pilots agreeing that he undoubtedly had great potentialities in other departments of the business. During the next few years he served in one job and another on the tugs, returning occasionally, and briefly, to the galley, and then went into the office.



Eugene F. Moran

Eugene very quickly showed an aptitude for the administrative end of tugboating. By the time he was eighteen, it was unanimously felt that he was more useful in helping run the company than in feeding it. Under his father's tutelage, he developed a remarkable insight into tugboat finances, and gradually began to take over the management. The elder Moran more or less retired in 1898, and in 1906 he died. Eugene became head of the company. For quite some time the new president's technique, when faced with a decision, was to say to himself, "How would Papa do it?," and attempt to do likewise. From force of habit, he still asks himself the question, but now he goes ahead and does it his own way. As his star rose in the tugboat business, he awoke to the delights of society. Having inherited Catholic piety from his father, he began to take an interest in the activities of St. Stephen's Church. At ice-cream sociables, lawn fêtes, group sings, and miscellaneous devotionals, he showed a gift for leadership that was later to make him one of the most animated clubmen in the history of New York. He had organized and become president of the St. Stephen's Ushers' Society before he was twenty, and was regarded as the next in line for the presidency of the Young Men's Club. (This accession took place shortly after his twentieth birthday.) In 1897, when he was twenty-five, he married a neighbor who was also prominent in St. Stephen's activities. The Brooklyn *Citizen* of November 11, 1897, carried the following account of the wedding: "An event which created great commotion in South Brooklyn circles was the wedding last night at St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, 1.



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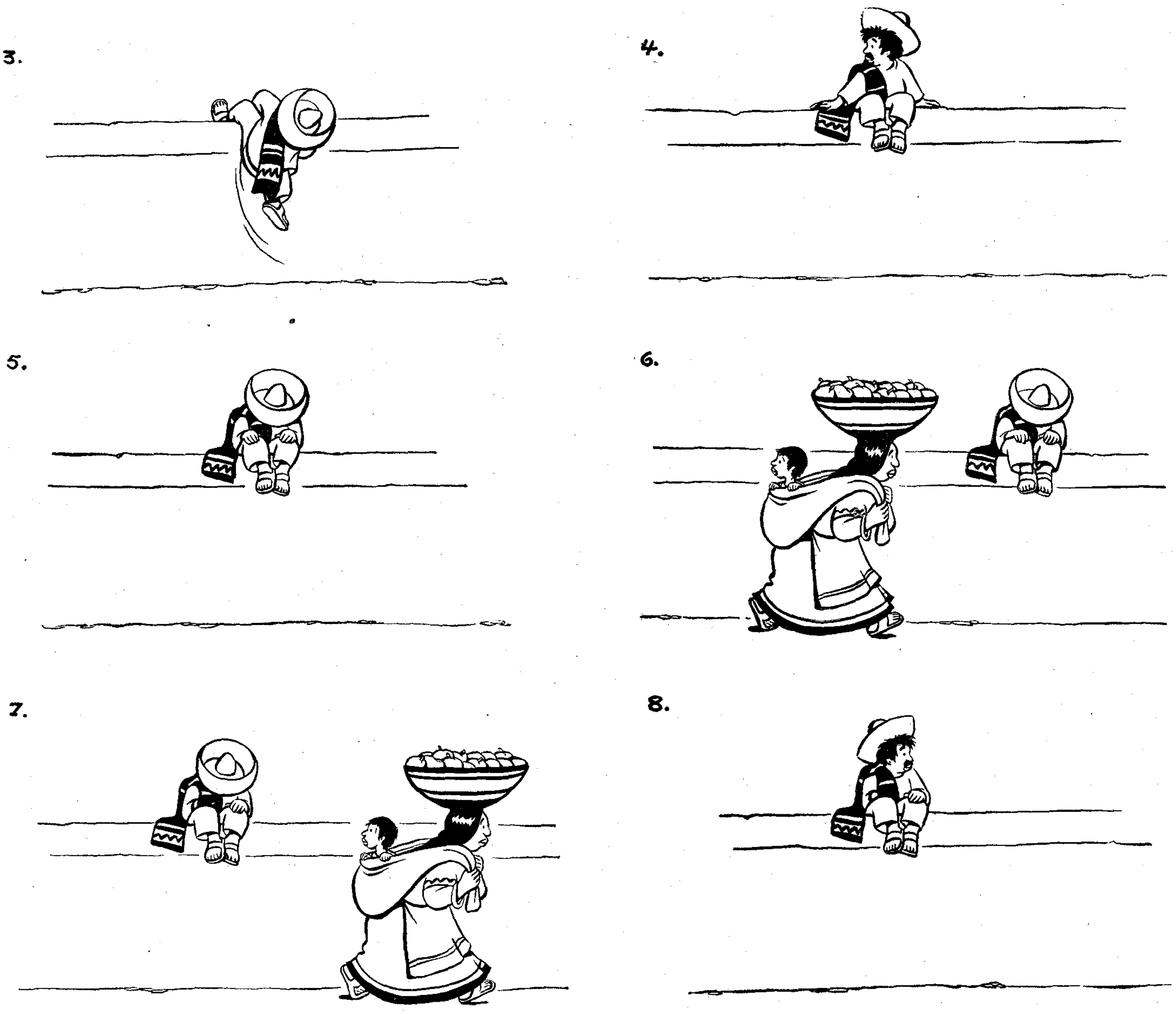
at Summit and Hicks Street, of Mr. Eugene F. Moran to Miss Julia Clara Irene Brown. The ceremony took place before a large number of friends and was performed by the Rev. Father William Long. . . . The bride is one of the best-known and most popular young ladies in South Brooklyn. She is of the brunette type, and is highly accomplished. The groom is one of the most prominent young men in the city and has a very large circle of friends. His father is Michael Moran, one of the largest tugboat owners in the East. After the services at the church there was a reception held at the residence of the bride, No. 155 Nelson Street. Prof. Daniel Hart's orchestra furnished the music. The happy couple were the recipients of many handsome and costly presents. They left on their honeymoon at midnight. It will be spent at Niagara Falls and in a tour through Canada."

The bride and bridegroom settled down in Brooklyn's politically important Sixth Ward, and the young tugboater added politics to his expanding interests. He didn't run for office, but he could always be relied upon for energetic support, both financial and vocal, of the Democratic ticket. Perhaps as a form of self-education, he developed an extraordinary curiosity about practically everything, and he had, by good fortune, an almost limitless fund of energy with which to satisfy it. He became a leading expert not only on tugboats but also on passenger liners and all other forms of ocean traffic, the Hudson and East Rivers, any other rivers, harbors in general, and New York Harbor in particular. He took to making speeches and giving out interviews on these subjects. In December of 1904, for a reporter of the *Public Inspector*, a maritime trade paper, he cleared up the subject of safety on passenger steamers by declaring that "The vessel having passed the required marine inspection, and granted a license, should be in an absolutely reliable floating condition. Select an intelligent crew, train and retrain them until they work together smoothly, and then you have solved the problem of taking care of the passengers." Incontrovertible truths of this calibre rapidly established Moran's reputation as a marine oracle. The complaint was often made, however, that he seemed to think he had bought New York Harbor and was merely letting the public use it out of politeness. He loudly objected, for example, to almost any kind of construction in or around the harbor. His objection generally took the form of letters to newspapers and to numerous individuals, some of whom had only the haziest interest in the matter. To describe the malodorous harbor activities to which he was objecting, he employed the blanket term "encroachments." Even if a coal company wanted to build a two-foot runway where its shovellers could sit and cool off their feet, Moran was likely to raise a medium-size howl.

A group of engineers once had the effrontery to propose a chain of artificial breakwater islands on each side of Ambrose Channel, between Sandy Hook and Coney Island. Moran flattened this outrage with a brief, incisive article in the *Marine Journal*. It was run under the headline "EUGENE F. MORAN DISPOSES OF BRAINSTORM ISLANDS," got under way with "It was not my purpose to give the suggested project the slightest thought," and then gave it just enough thought to conclude that it "has absolutely no merit." Although Moran has long been notorious for his proprietary attitude toward New York Harbor, his opinions are always carefully weighed by the authorities, as he plainly knows more about it than anybody else does. He is frequently cheered on by men with an interest in shipping. Captain Harvey Delano, formerly the Navy's supervisor of New York Harbor, recently paid him tribute in a letter. "Dear Mr. Moran," wrote Captain Delano, "Your speech before the American Legion, chronicled in the local press, interested me immensely. I hope it has a good effect in quarters where your advice, and warning, about encroachments should be taken seriously. You may recall that last summer the U.S.S. Texas moored in the North River, and, in swinging to the tide, she touched bottom and stuck. Fortunately, she was able to unmoor in a few minutes and get clear. . . . There is not a question of doubt in my mind but that the shoaling of the water at her berth was due to the fill incident to the construction of the West Side Highway. As you doubtless know, other fills are now being made, and, of course, mud waves are being created. . . . Permit me to congratulate you on your splendid speech. I hope it may be productive of good results."

By 1917, Moran was so widely hailed as a waterways expert that Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, asked him to accept a Naval Reserve lieutenancy and serve on a special board to fit out patrol boats for duty abroad. Moran tackled this job with his customary energy, and before very long the rest of the board more or less gave up and let him proceed largely on his own. He outfitted and dispatched to Europe all manner of small boats, among them, more or less experimentally, three of his own tugs, two of which arrived in excellent shape. The third weathered the crossing with some difficulty, but it was sunk, with all hands, by a German submarine in the Bay of Biscay. After Moran had ironed out the patrol-boat situation, he got another billet, as aide to Admiral L. R. de Steiguer, who needed help in equipping minesweepers for the East Coast. The position of aide in the Navy falls somewhere between that of social secretary and groom in the civilian world. Its main requisites are humility and a kind of grateful charm. Having been occupied in a somewhat remote niche of the service, Moran had not been apprised of this tradition, and he approached his new job in a slightly different spirit. It was a job with a broadened social range, so he bought several more uniforms, all of them gorgeous. Then, applying the shoulder braid emblematic of his servitude, he headed for the cocktail parties incident to sweeping the Atlantic Coast. Although his demeanor was far from aggressive, it had a certain vitality and there were times when lay observers found it difficult to tell which was the aide and which was Admiral de Steiguer. Moran took hold of the sweeping



with such vigor that when the war ended Mr. Roosevelt persuaded him to remain in the Navy and supervise the disembarkation of troops from Europe. Moran, risen to lieutenant commander, was discharged in March of 1921, with a number of flattering eulogies from various naval leaders.

IN the years following the first World War, the Moran company boomed. The one-time naval aide threw into his tugboat business all the drive that had set him apart in the minesweeping and at the cocktail parties. Moran's commendable Navy career seemed to erase from his thoughts the towering priority of his father. He brought about innovations in operations and improved the working conditions of his men. Among other things, to supplement a public-address system over which he could transmit orders from his office to the docks below, he set up a system of shore-to-boat and boat-to-boat radio for giving the orders wider distribution. By now this machinery is complex, wonderful, and efficient, but in its infant stage it was filled with snags. The messages, of course, were available not only to the boats but to anyone owning a powerful radio set. When the Moran company switched over to radio, it made no provision for altering the speaking habits of its employees. The average tugboat captain has a vocabulary full of rich, temporal imagery and a hoarse but certain delivery. All the captains were delighted with the new system; it gave them an audience whose only means of escape was to go over the side. Some of the conversations that ensued proved a severe jolt to the Federal Communications Commission. "Hey, Bill Atwater," the radio would sing out, "what are you doing over on the Jersey shore, you old son of a bitch?" "Is that you, McGoogan?" the answer would come back. "I've got myself in a hell of a mess. Was towing a garbage scow down from Watkin's Landing and got rammed by some jackass of a shanty-boater. They're trying to dig him out of last week's broccoli." Exchanges of this flavor were received with mixed feelings by elderly

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de la Torre

ladies trying to get Shanghai on the short wave. The F.C.C. finally decreed that the Moran group must either sterilize its program or go back to the megaphone.

One of the most important men in any up-to-date tugboat company is the dispatcher, who arranges the timetable of assignments and presides at the microphone. Perhaps more than anybody else, he can make or break the company. Captain Daniel Anglim, the Moran dispatcher, has devised a detailed map of the port area that shows all the docks, slips, anchorages, and repair shops where a tug can possibly be. On this, using colored pins with numbered heads, he keeps track of each tug and the character of its assignment. The history of every assignment is simultaneously recorded in a card file. Thus, at the completion of a job, it is easy to figure out how much work the tug has done and make up a bill. Captain Anglim tries to dispatch the Moran tugs so that they won't lose any time between jobs. If a tug can push a string of railroad barges across the Hudson and, upon dropping them, pick up a scow full of dredged-up mud to be taken out of the harbor and dumped, then join a couple of other tugs in open water and bring in a cargo ship, a good deal of valuable time is saved. The company charges around $38 for the services of each tug involved in a typical berthing job in the North River. This figure includes charges for the calculated running time to and from the Battery. If a dispatcher, therefore, can maneuver his tugs so that there is *no* running time between jobs, it is possible for the company to collect twelve to fifteen hours' pay for a tug that has actually been at work only eight hours. This has been standard procedure with most tugboat companies for several years, and it accounts for much of their profits. In the past few years, most of the tugs in New York Harbor have worked overtime every day, greatly augmenting the usual take. Tugboat hands, who are unionized, get time and a half for overtime, which begins after eight hours, and so the companies charge $9.75 an hour extra for jobs before 7 A.M. and after 5 P.M. Also, their rates for everything are stepped up considerably when ice is in the harbor. Of late, most Moran tugs have been averaging from $50 to $75 profit a day, a figure that is a source of much comfort to the president. He gets a certain simple pleasure from the fact that the company's gross has jumped from, say, $125,000 in 1898, to $8,000,000 last year.

R. Macdonald

"Chef is making out the menu for the day. Would you mind telling me how you spell your name?"

IF Moran has a pet branch of his business, it is the deep-sea operations. There is a common belief, he feels, that tugboats are incapable of venturing more than a few feet out of the harbor. This is a serious error in measurement. The Moran company owns fourteen tugs that venture quite a good many miles out of the harbor, accompanied by a variety of other floating property. In addition to them, the company operates forty-nine seagoing tugs for the government. "Practically any tugboat can go out in the ocean," Moran likes to tell listeners, "but those big ones of ours could pull the Statue of Liberty down to the South Pole and back." If his audience is uncivil enough to doubt this, he cites a few case histories. "Moran tugs," he generally starts out, "have been in the thick of things for a good many years," and then explains that when the Spanish-American War ended, the first commercial vessel to enter Havana harbor was the pocket-size tug M. Moran. The M. Moran was not lost; she had been chartered by a New York newspaper to tow stories out of Cuba as rapidly as possible. In 1907, things being dull around New York, the Catherine Moran eased around Cape Horn to La Boca, Panama, to help work on the Canal. There was quite a lot to do on the eastern end of the Canal, too, but none of the crew had ever seen South America. Feats of this kind were performed from time to time around the beginning of the century, but they were rare; the bulk of Moran's deep-sea work was done during the recent war. In February, 1944, the Wood Island, one of his government-owned boats, set out from New York for New Guinea, via Key West, with a large drydock and a small freighter in tow. This was a cumbersome load, drydocks being inartistically designed, and there was some question whether the trio would reach Key West. However, the weather was fine and the trip proved very pleasant, so the Wood Island added another drydock to its brood in Key West and proceeded to New Guinea. In the same year another Moran-operated boat, the Pigeon Point, undertook one of the toughest deep-sea hauls in tugboat history. The

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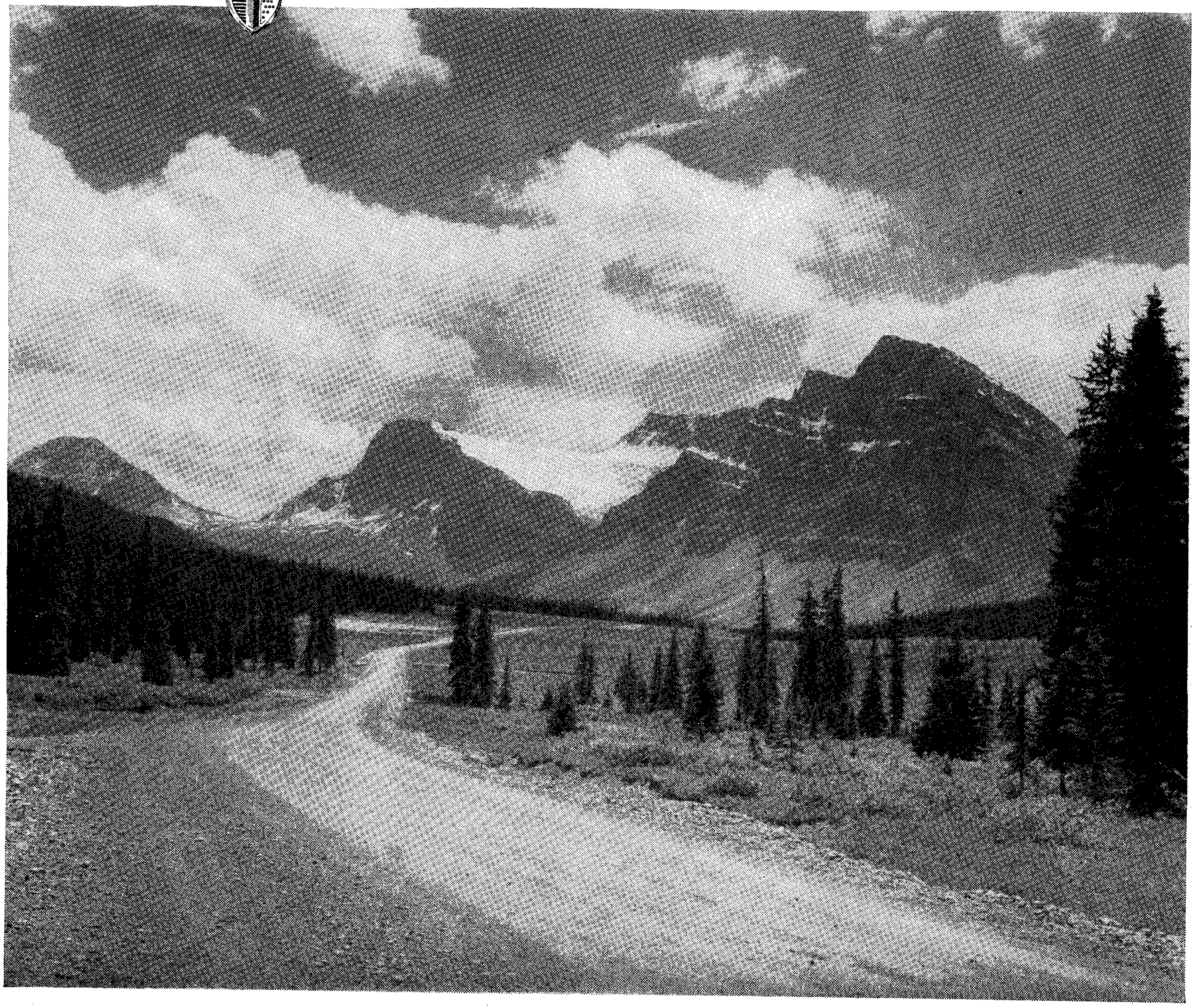

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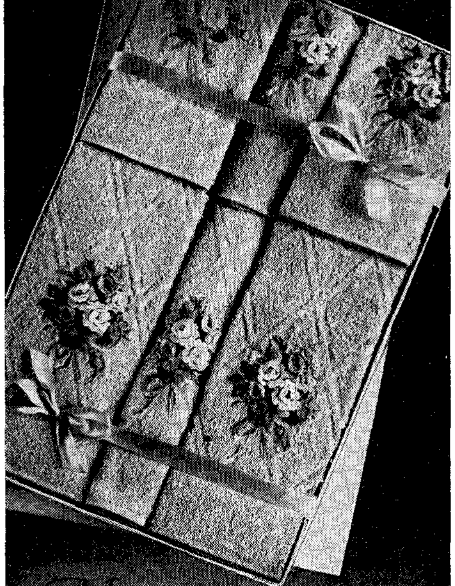

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Pigeon Point left Kalama, Washington, with the dismantled battleship Oregon, and headed for Eniwetok, in the Marshall Islands, over five thousand miles across the Pacific. Captain Marca, master of the tug, observed in his log, at the time of her departure, "The vessel is approximately 350 feet long and 69 feet wide, a heavy tow. . . . Screws had been removed; rudder is welded amidships, and there were several small hatches on the main deck; no housing or superstructure of any kind." A heavily armored battleship under these conditions, it was later remarked, would be about as tractable as an uprooted atoll. Captain Marca arrived, with the Oregon, at Eniwetok twenty-nine days, one hour, and fifty-eight minutes later, having averaged 8.9 knots for the voyage.

Of all the Moran skippers, Captain Hugo Kroll had the liveliest time during the war. Captain Kroll, a thin, nervous little fellow weighing a hundred and twenty pounds and standing just over five feet, was given command of the new hundred-and-twenty-foot Edmond J. Moran on his fiftieth birthday, which was September 11, 1940. The command turned out to be an interesting birthday present; in addition to providing him with an unusually good income, it kept him on the ocean almost steadily for three years and several times nearly got him killed besides. One of Captain Kroll's first assignments was to tow a big dredge from New York to Greenland. Carrying a Navy gun crew, he headed out of the harbor and into the worst hurricane seen on the North Atlantic in some time. Although the storm persisted for two weeks, finally moderating to an Arctic gale, the Edmond J. Moran made the trip, together with the dredge, in a month.

Soon afterward, Kroll picked up the world's largest suction dredge in Chesapeake Bay and left for Panama. The hurricane he encountered on this trip was somewhat brisker than the Greenland one. A lot of the railing was smashed and the entire deckhouse was washed away. The tug was then fired upon by a surfaced German submarine. Kroll dropped depth charges, which frightened off the sub but opened the tug's sea valves. To keep afloat, he had to jettison twenty thousand gallons of fuel oil. He was still technically afloat, and so was the dredge, when he arrived in Panama several weeks later. On the way back, another sub surfaced within a few yards of the tug and prepared to open fire, but Kroll was now getting into the swing of things, so he roared out, "Stand by to ram!," and headed for the enemy. The tug missed by a foot or two, but her Navy gun crew sank the sub. Kroll developed a penchant for hunting subs, just as some men take to fishing for tarpon. On another job, he investigated what appeared to be a periscope and picked up a lifeboat containing eight British seamen from a torpedoed tanker. The Edmond J. Moran entertained quite often in this fashion. On one trip, Kroll picked up a torpedoed but still navigable British liner, with a crew of ninety aboard, in the Gulf Stream and took her in tow. Shortly after midnight, two heavy shocks were felt aboard the tug. It was soon discovered that the liner, on three hundred and fifty fathoms of hawser, had been hit by two more torpedoes. Flashing his searchlight on and off cautiously, Kroll ordered her crew to the lifeboats. By 5 A.M. everybody had been accounted for except one Hindu, who finally appeared on the main deck of the sinking ship wearing a freshly pressed suit and a clean turban and carrying a suitcase. Kroll circled the sinking liner and harangued the Hindu through a megaphone, while the spectators yelled friendly admonishments like "Jump, you crazy fool!" Grinning broadly, the Hindu waved and blew kisses and stated that he preferred to ride the ship into the other world, it being a good opportunity to do the job right. However, as the liner upended and started its downward slide, he conceived a sudden affection for this world and did a jackknife off the bow, still carrying the suitcase. Kroll got a line to him before the suction caught him, and steamed away. "He turned out to be a nice fellow," the Captain said afterward.

An assignment that grew into a protracted visit was the order Kroll was given to take two barges from Seattle to Dutch Harbor, an estimated ten-day run. He got back to Seattle fifteen months later, having spent the extra time fighting the Japs. The Edmond J. Moran towed warships in and out of the unfamiliar Aleutian harbors, landed runway matting for fliers, pulled upward of fifty boats off rocks after storms, and pushed landing barges ashore. Her neatest trick was to supply three thousand American troops who had managed to land, undetected, on a tiny island near the enemy. The Japs' radar, it soon appeared, picked up all the big cargo ships that ventured into this area, and the men were thoroughly cut off. Kroll studied the charts, loaded up a string of small barges, which were much harder to detect, and towed them to a

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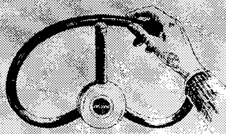
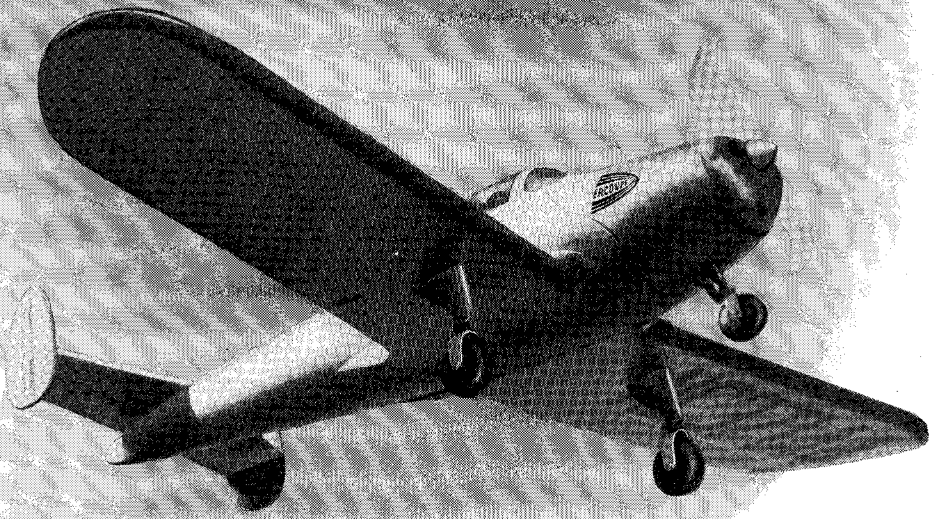
your hand  **on the wheel is enough.**



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point he had selected. Then he cut them loose and the current carried them safely in to the island.

THESE and similar exploits by Moran tugs are enormously satisfying to the president of the company. He enjoys making speeches about them at meetings of the organizations he belongs to. Through the years he has accumulated an imposing batch of memberships. Of a gregarious nature, he likes to get in a small group and mill around. Since his comparatively humble beginning as president of the Ushers' Society of St. Stephen's, he has carried his good-fellowship into the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the New York Athletic Club, the Woodrow Wilson Club, the Emerald Society, the Catholic Club of New York, the Manhasset Club, the Elks (No. 22), the Propeller Club, the Treasurer Association for the Protection of Commerce, the Sixth Ward Board of Trade of Brooklyn, the Knights of Malta, the Montauk Club, the Crescent Athletic Club, the Columbus Council, the Whitehall Club, the Washington Club, the Fox Hills Golf Club, the South Bay Golf Club, the Varana Boat Club, and the Military Order of the World War. In addition to belonging to these groups, in many of which he has held office, Moran is a director of fourteen business corporations, mostly of a maritime nature, and an officer of numerous nautical societies; notably, he is chairman of the Rivers, Harbor, and Pier Committee of the Maritime Association of the Port of New York. During the war, he also served, by government request, as chairman of the Joint Committee on Port Protection, which kept a sharp eye out for sabotage.

Moran was one of the most vehement advocates of the Floyd Bennett Airport. This was not because he had any undue admiration for Flatbush but because he thought that putting an airport there might help keep one out of New York Harbor. Several years ago there was a plan to add seventy acres to Governors Island and have an airport close to the city. Moran's rampage through the newspapers about this project eclipsed all his most articulate earlier efforts. He opposed the project, even though, as he pointed out, its construction would provide a vast amount of work for his tugboats, since most of the shipping in the harbor would, if the scheme went through, spend considerable time aground. Inspired by his fervor, the Brooklyn *Eagle* ran an editorial declaring that "The only excuse for

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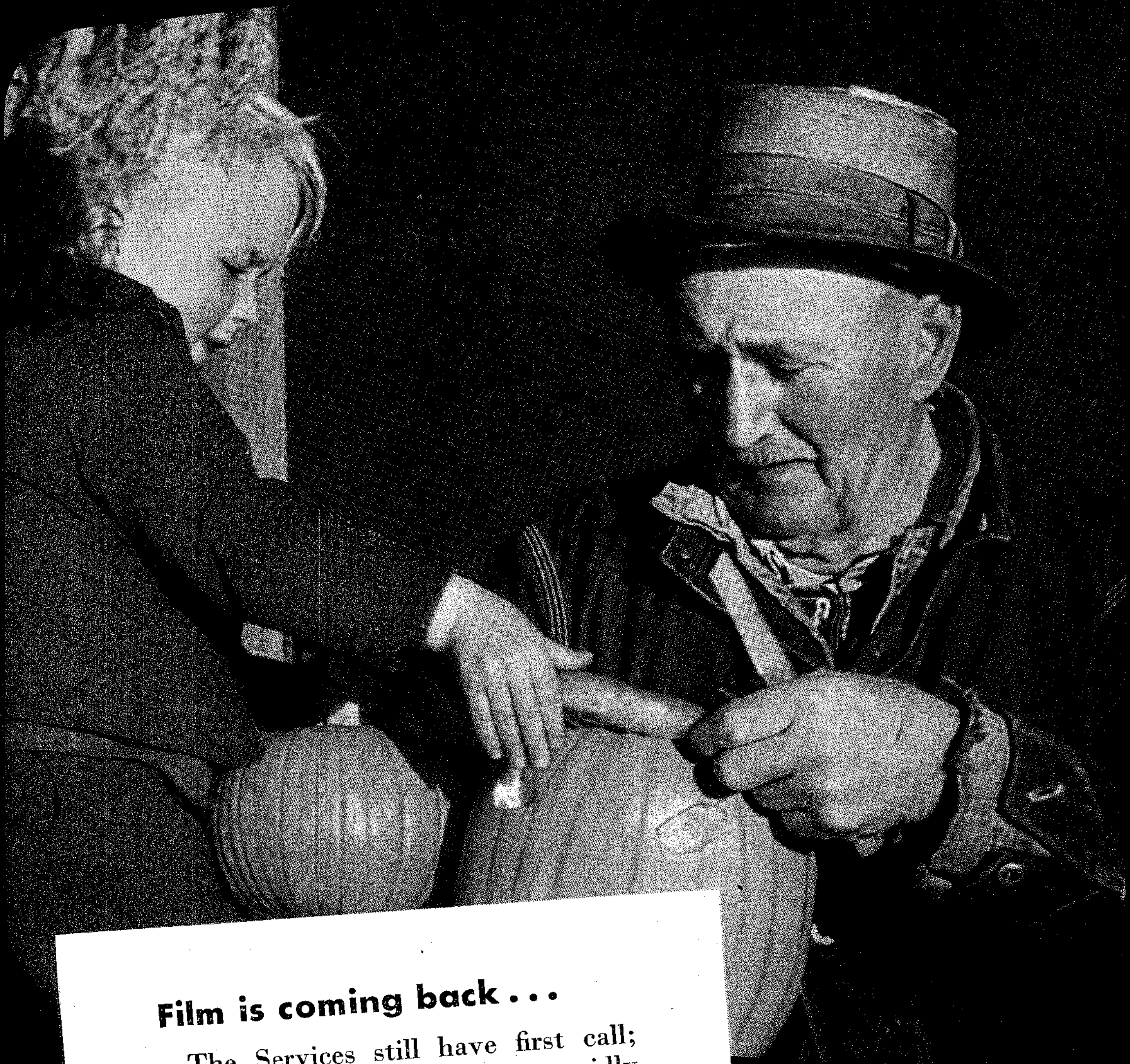

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Brooklyn and New York is the harbor which made New York the greatest of cities." This would seem to leave Brooklyn without *any* excuse, but the unintentional slight was buried in the larger issues at hand. Probably owing to Moran's immovable resolution, Governors Island remained inviolate and Floyd Bennett Field blossomed in the marshes of Flatbush.

In any public fêtes involving the harbor, Moran is outstanding. At such celebrations as New York's welcome to the Lone Eagle, after the flight to Paris, and the return of Admiral Byrd from the frosty solitude of Antarctica, he is a comfort to the city fathers. No matter what the event, he always has many interesting notions about an attractive welcoming fleet. In 1910, when Theodore Roosevelt came home from his world tour, Moran helped organize a marine pageant the like of which had never been seen before. For this function, as for quite a few others, Moran assumed the title of commodore, a rank he feels he inherited from his father. Michael Moran was once made an honorary commodore at a ship christening.

Today, Moran pursues his business and social interests with a frenzy that would exhaust a stripling. Since 1941, when his wife died, he has lived at Carlton House, the apartment annex of the Ritz-Carlton. Before that, he lived at River House, which had the advantage of permitting him to stand at a window and watch his tugboats bustling back and forth. Occasionally, if a crewman on one of them spotted him, the tug would emit several cheery toots and Moran would wave back. He has two sons and four daughters. Before Pearl Harbor, both sons were in the business. The older of them, Eugene, Jr., stayed with the company as vice-president; the younger one, Joseph, served with the Navy as skipper of a PT boat. A number of other Morans are employed by the company in one capacity or another. "There are about as many Morans in the office as there are Moran craft in the harbor," a ship-news reporter wrote a few years ago. "We're a big, happy family," the president likes to say, and then he adds, with a contented chuckle, "Afloat and ashore, all pulling together." —ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Moran.*)

•

If you send the title of a song they can't play or sing eight bars, you win a dusty pink shabby rug.—*Contest Magazine.*

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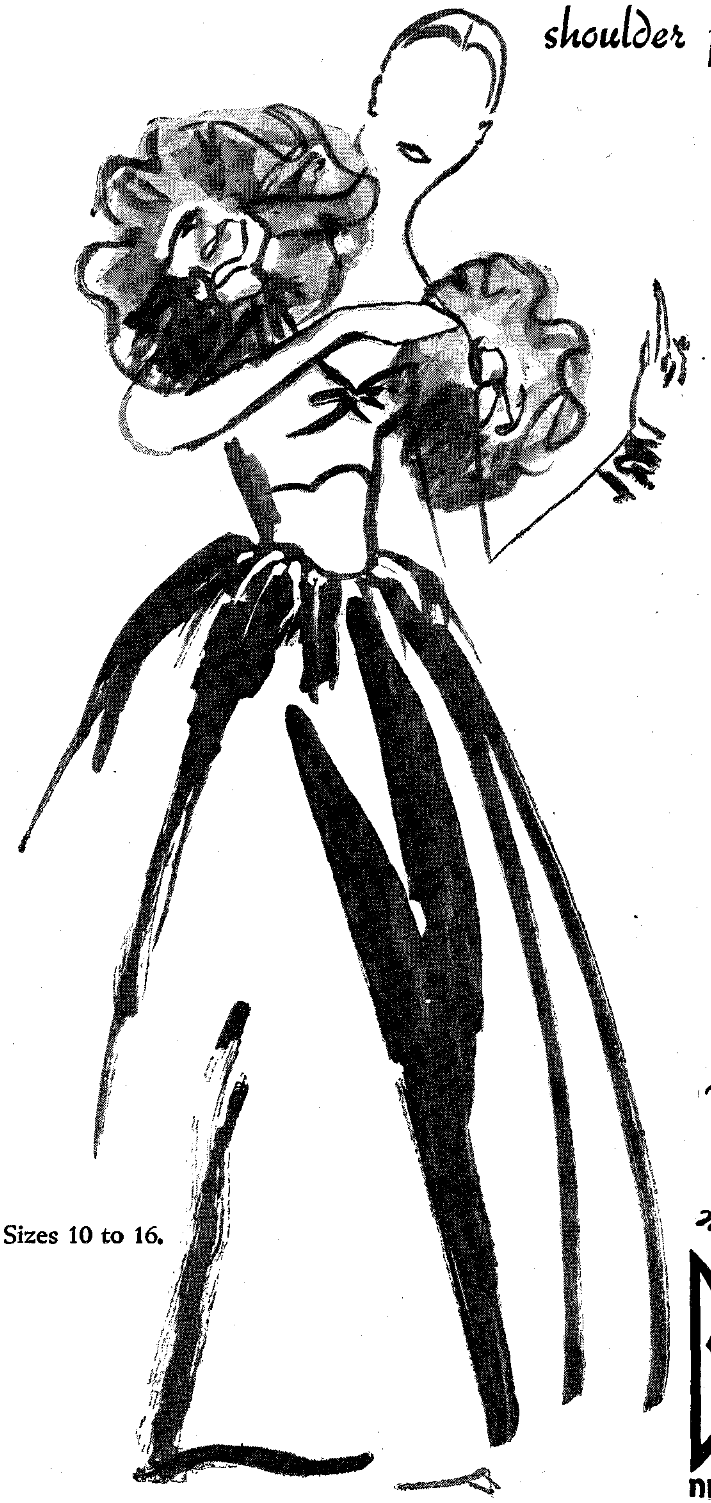

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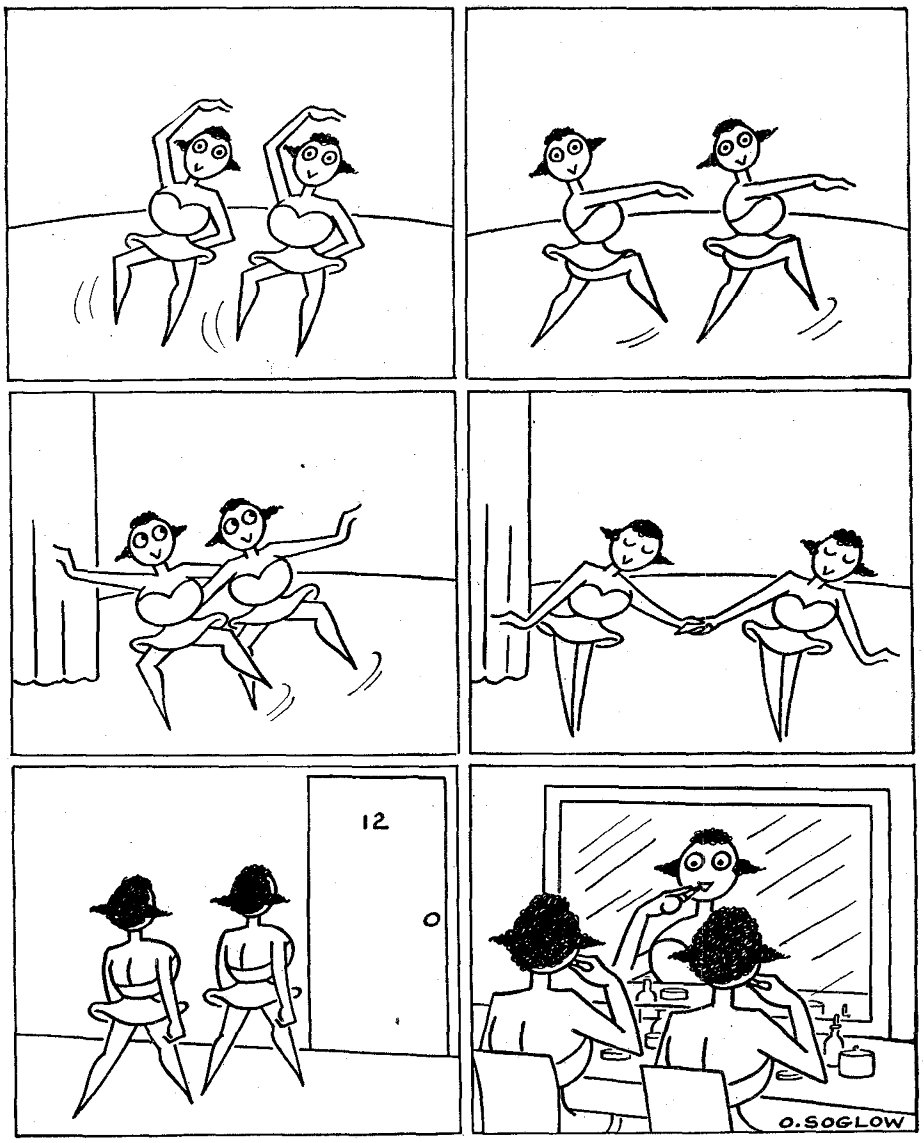
THE THEATRE

HARVEY'S POOR RELATIONS

At a certain point in most of his evenings, an Irish friend of mine used to tell what came to be known in various bars as the story of the improperly muzzled leopard. It was a typically Celtic work of art—interminable, cloudy, illuminated now and then by a desperate and not unpoetic wit, but on the whole a rather trying performance. After he had finished with the leopard, he was in the habit of demonstrating hook slides, using a cuspidor for third base. In a way, this rounded out the evening, since the leopard story really had no proper shape or ending as an anecdote and it obviously needed some sort of physical assistance. It seems a little unfortunate that Mary Chase, previously notable, of course, as the author of "Harvey," can't do hook slides, because her new play, now extinct, called "The Next Half Hour," could certainly have used something to take the audience's mind off the embarrassing poverty of her inspiration. As it was, she was simply stuck with a rather hamstrung fantasy about a leopard, or, in this case, a banshee.

"The Next Half Hour" had to do with an Irish family who lived in a city that for mystical reasons of my own I prefer to think of as Waterbury, Connecticut, and with the year 1913, when, it seems, everybody was singing "Oh, You Beautiful Doll." The members of this clan had the celebrated national charm—a superb confidence, that is, in a free, illiterate fancy as the basis of all humor and poetry—and they spent a good part of the evening beating this quality of theirs into the customers' skulls with their shillelaghs. There is, however, a darker side to the Irish nature, and Mrs. Chase's heroine had the unhappy gift of foreseeing the future. Specifically, she could hear the banshee wail, and knew that it meant death. The development of this theme was a little intricate. At the first warning, she naturally imagined that the victim was to be her elder son, since he was having a precocious affair with the wife of a homicidal railway man. She was mistaken about that, though, and the one who died was her brother Jamie, one of a pair of elderly leprechauns who ought to have been in the movies. Though she had picked the wrong man, this experience convinced her that she was definitely in on God's plans, and when the banshee wailed again, she tried to outwit Him by sending her younger son to explain to the jealous engineer that his wife's admirer was only nineteen and, though big for his age, hardly worth making a fuss about. As you might expect, this didn't work very well, and she got her second corpse, though again not precisely the one she'd been counting on. The unfortunate woman was not any too well balanced in the first place and this final surprise derailed her completely, wiping her memory clear of all the happenings of that dreadful night. The survivors appeared to think that under the circumstances this was about the best thing that could happen to her, and I would be the last to argue with them.



This central plot had a good many incidental decorations. Among them were a crazy old woman, got up like Grandma Lester in "Tobacco Road," who hid coins around the stage in response to some queer Celtic whim and symbolized perhaps a certain basic confusion in the author's mind; another, a domineering crone, who seemed to represent a physical materialization of the banshee, since she, too, invariably turned up when death was near; and, finally, the engineer's sporty wife, who dropped in from time to time, usually for a discussion of comparative religion. Since these three did little to clarify the situation and their comic value seemed negligible to me, I can only conclude that Mrs. Chase just put them in to keep her curtain up for its allotted time. It was said, how reliably I don't know, that "The Next Half Hour" was really written before "Harvey" and the pro-

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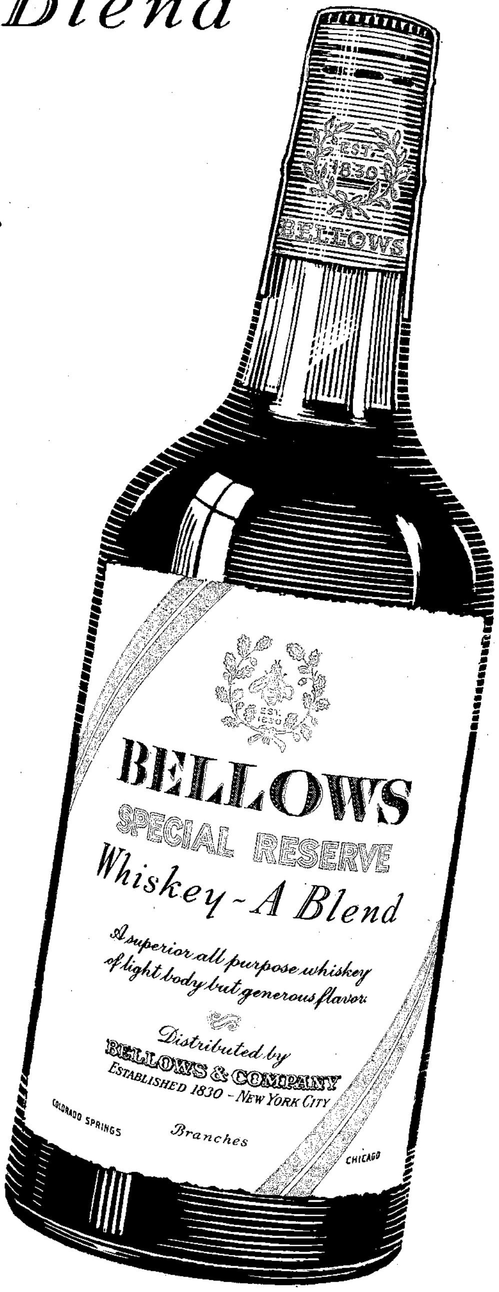
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ducers had some hope that it might benefit from that play's wide acclaim. Unfortunately, things don't always work out that way in the theatre. As in the case of "You Touched Me!" and "The Glass Menagerie," Mrs. Chase's later offering had a tendency to diminish her first, by providing a sort of burlesque of some of its successful mannerisms, and, of course, it failed altogether to profit at the box office from its predecessor's reputation. For their own protection, perhaps, writers should be kept from rummaging around in bureau drawers.

Since all actors called on to represent Irish characters seem to be under the impression that they have been employed by the Abbey Players for "Juno and the Paycock," I haven't much to say about Fay Bainter, Jean Adair, Francis Compton, and Art Smith, who portrayed the elder members of Mrs. Chase's bedevilled household. They were appropriately moonstruck and picturesque, but I guess Barry Fitzgerald and Sara Allgood are better at it, on the whole. The younger generation, Americanized and therefore considerably less fey, included Conrad Janis, Jack Ruth, Pamela Rivers, and Thelma Schnee. All their performances, under George S. Kaufman's direction, seemed excellent to me. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Fifteen of the most popular breeds of dogs will compete for prizes at the annual show of the California associated specialty clubs in Gilmore baseball park Sunday, Oct. 21.

Purebred dogs may be entered regardless of the owner's club affiliation. Entry blanks and premium lists are obtainable from Irene Onstad, 229 S. Glendale ave., Glendale.

Mohammed, the great prophet of Islam, suffered severe epileptic fits, and it was during one of these that he received his first "message" from heaven.—*Los Angeles Daily News.*

No use trying to show him if he has fits.

•

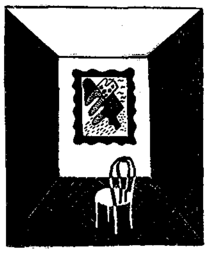
ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From an adv. in the Little Rock Arkansas Gazette*]

Had I the magic power of a mighty Spencerian and could pluck from its forest one of its tallest pines and could dip it into the burning lake of Tiberius, and could write in letters of gilt and of gold, and had stretched before me a canvas that would reach from the blue walls of Heaven to the green fields of this beautiful southland of ours in Arkansas, I would inscribe thereon, "Arkansas, Arkansas I salute thee."

THE ART GALLERIES

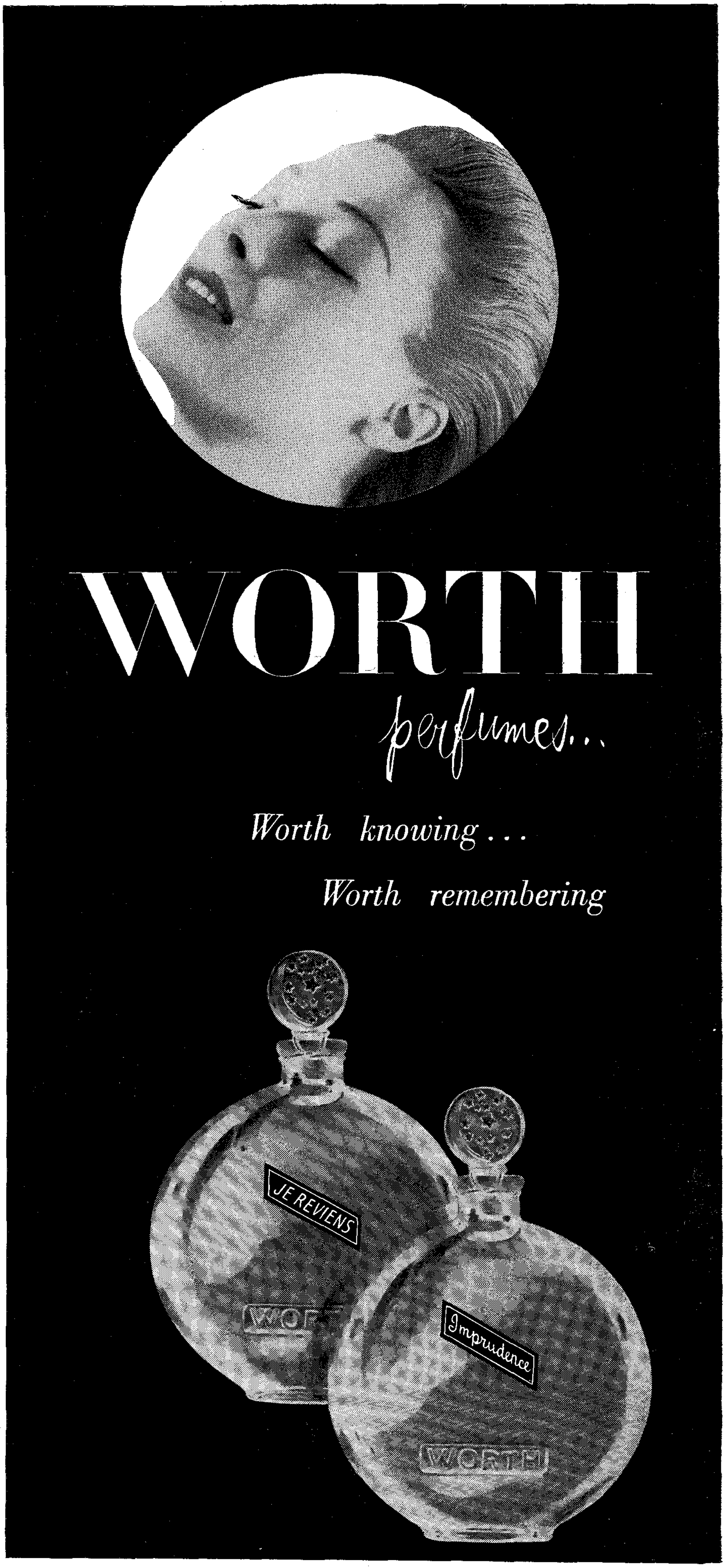
Variety



ONE of the things I can always wonder at, when I feel like wondering, is the number of men who have turned to the medieval for the symbolism of their paintings in recent years. I can think offhand of four major examples—Kurt Seligmann, George Grosz, Walter Quirt, and Carl Holty—and there is a scattering of others, ranging from Paul Burlin to Federico Castellón, who have also done so, though less consistently.

The manifestation interests me. Each man has his own explanation for his share in the tendency. Carl Holty, the Abstractionist, whose new show at the Kootz Gallery is a welter of fragmentary knights in armor, helmeted warriors, and so on, has told me that he got started a year or so ago, when he ran across a set of reproductions of illuminated capital letters, embellished with armorial figures, and began experimenting with their possibilities. But such an answer is obviously only secondary. A psychiatrist, for example, would want to know why Holty had picked those figures for symbols, against all the others that invited his attention, and it seems to me that the problem goes much deeper than that—goes to, indeed, the whole question of the war and the artist's relation to it.

In a sense, this medieval approach is a way of unconsciously begging that question. It is hard for anyone so introspective as the artist to absorb the instant violence of war and convey it immediately. It is hard, too, purely as a problem of representation, to depict the immense paraphernalia of modern war with confidence, unless one has a good deal more information than the average artist has, and in both cases the substitution of metaphor for direct statement, the conventionalized knight in armor for the tank and the concrete pillbox, helps get one over these difficulties. There may be still further reasons. Fascism is itself a return to the medieval, all the way from its denial of modern culture to such minor nonsense as its torchlight processions, its massed displays of banners, and its feudal ritual, and I can't help thinking that the choice of the period may itself be a commentary—a



LISTEN: NOVEMBER 10, 1945

To the courthouse in Nürnberg where international criminals will face international justice for the first time, CBS has assigned its European News Chief Edward R. Murrow and two other newsmen who know Germany like the books they've written about it: *Berlin Diary* by William L. Shirer and *Last Train from Berlin* by Howard K. Smith. Better watch your newspaper radio listings when the trials start.

★

For the mother of a certain Marine, Worcester was 9,564 lonely miles from Guam until station WTAG got busy. She was facing a critical operation and had tried unsuccessfully to get her son back in time.

WTAG called its CBS news department in New York for help. Two hours later Columbia's correspondent Webley Edwards, on Guam, reported back that everyone from the top admiral down was working on the problem. The operation was postponed; the Marine got home in time to say hello before the ether was administered. The doctor said later that the presence of the boy made all the difference.

★

The day good old Sixth became the Avenue of the Americas some 4,000 United States sailors were lined up outside Carnegie Hall for a parade. Inside, Artur Rodzinski was rehearsing the New York Philharmonic-Symphony for its Saturday night concert and Sunday afternoon CBS broadcast. In a breathing spell the conductor glanced out the window and got a load of the Navy. A few moments later he had 104 members of the orchestra downstairs, complete with instruments, lined up on the sidewalk, and swung them into *Anchors Aweigh.* The Navy yowled, so he struck up *Stars and Stripes Forever* and a service band at ease joined in. Group cheering ensued, and the orchestra went back indoors to work. Historians will record that this is the Philharmonic's first sidewalk concert in 103 years.

★

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kind of meeting of the enemy on its own ground, the better to combat it.

Holty's contribution, unfortunately, is neither very profound philosophically nor very rich emotionally. For a long time a "pure" Abstractionist, he is now in that dread "semi" stage, in which one wavers, like a boat in the trough of the waves, between the abstract and the representational, and there were times, in the course of my journey through the show, when I wished heartily that he'd make up his mind. His long training as a flat-pattern painter, however, has given him an excellent command of color and texture, and despite a certain superficiality of expression, the pictures have a good deal of crispness and brilliance as a result.

His main interest now is in movement, and the style he has evolved—of heavy outlines and fragmentary delineation, superimposed on large areas of bright color—is admirably fitted to its expression. Though in some of the more complicated compositions, such as "Dancing Warrior" and "Football Players," his design occasionally seems to fall apart, there are others, such as "The Banner," "The Victor," and especially the big, brilliant "Blue Warrior," in which he succeeds admirably. All in all, the show made me realize that in a sense the artists have only begun to think about war and what it means to modern people. They may do it obliquely, in terms of devious imagery or even of landscape. But in their own special way they'll be thinking about it, nevertheless.

AT the A.C.A. there is a showing of recent paintings by Abram Tromka. Tromka is an Expressionist, which means, among other things, that he uses distortions of both color and form to heighten his meaning, and since this is a style that demands close emotional accord between the artist and the spectator, there must surely be many to whom his lapses from verisimilitude will seem completely senseless and arbitrary.

To my own eye, he is sounder than that, and I think most onlookers will be able to see the truly poetic intention that underlies the major part of his distortions. If he paints a whole hillside blue-black, with a ragged, skeletonized pattern of grayish houses straggling up it, as he does in his "Mining Town," it is to convey the hardness and harshness of the life that goes on in these surroundings, and in the same way the mixture of dull browns and yellows in "Gas House District," set against the peculiarly venomous green of the house

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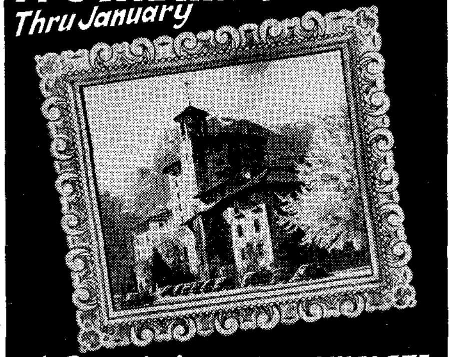

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at one side of the canvas, does a good deal to intensify the bleak, slightly ominous mood the picture is intended to express.

Note, too, the exaggerations in the drawing in his "Dusk at Highland Light," and how they help to accentuate the lonely, land's-end quality of the painting. Now and then, as in "Day's End," "A Church in Haverstraw," and "New Hampshire Town," he is inclined to scatter the elements of his composition needlessly, and he is always a little careless about his design. But for the most part his work is admirably sensitive and convincing.

PEGGY BACON, at the American-British Art Center, has a new set of pastels and drawings on view. Provincetown and its colony are their subject this time, a fairly sure-fire one for her. But behind the apparent lightness and ease of their burlesquing there's a good deal of careful and accurate observation; in the drawings section, I noticed at least five sketches for the half dozen characters appearing in the pastel called "Summer Styles," and I'm sure that as much painstakingness of one sort or another went into the others. . . . At the Passedoit, B. J. O. Nordfeldt is showing the best work of his career so far. There was more than a faint trace of the ponderous in his earlier compositions, and even now he is hardly what you would call a lighthearted painter. But though he is still fairly bleak in his outlook and goes in almost too consistently for stark rocks, bare trees, and so on, he has lost his heavy-handedness, and in such pieces as "Willow Swamp, Minnesota," "Rocks and Oak," and "Low Tide," he shows honesty and penetration. . . . There are some nice oils by Denny Winter, of which I liked particularly the large still life "Autumn Floral," at the Mortimer Levitt.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Mrs. L. E. Pugh of 60th St., is visiting Mrs. Mastin Thacker at her home in Central Park, New York City.—*Newport News Daily Press.*

Well, it's a beautiful time of year for it.

•

RIP VAN WINKLE DEPARTMENT

[*From the Knoxville News-Sentinel, October 11, 1945*]

Q.—What part will Canada's navy take in the war against Japan?

A.—It has been announced that 60 ships of the Canadian navy will see action against the Japanese.

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OF ALL THINGS

Papers found at Manila Bay show that the order to attack Pearl Harbor was issued to the Jap Navy on November 7, 1941. This demolishes the interesting theory that the Pacific war was started by the terrible-tempered Mr. Hull.

•

Admiral Nagano says that his government intended to give us thirty minutes' notice before launching the attack, but for some unknown reason this was not done. Slipped their minds, probably.

•

In his speech at the *Herald Tribune* Forum, Secretary of State Byrnes recognized the right of the Soviet Union to have a Monroe Doctrine in eastern Europe. Everybody likes to be surrounded by happy, friendly faces, Mr. Byrnes says.

•

One can easily believe Mr. Truman's statement that he is not thinking about 1948 these days. The current supply of headaches should be large enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

•

As the labor-management conference opened, nobody appeared to be too hopeful about its success. It seemed clear that if the meeting should fail to achieve results, it would not be because of overconfidence or smug complacency.

•

China is apparently the first country to recover from the effects of the war. After eight years of invasion, the Central Government and the Communists have resumed fighting just where they left off.

•

Discoveries made in Iraq indicate that man started to be civilized about two thousand years earlier than had been supposed. Civilization is now nearly eight thousand years old, though it does not act that way.

•

Hirohito's land holdings, amounting to millions of acres, are to be confiscated and divided among his people. In all history, nobody ever retired from the real-estate business in such a big way as this.

•

Mayor LaGuardia announces that the last of Manhattan's trolley cars will depart for oblivion next September. It will be noticed, however, that he does not say he will be one of the passengers.

—Howard Brubaker

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fast Company for Miss Bacall

As a novel, "Confidential Agent," by Graham Greene, was swift, taut, and effective, and were it not for a couple of severe handicaps, the same thing might be said of the film that derives from it. The first handicap that burdens "Confidential Agent" is inordinate length, a fault that can be found in all too many pictures these days. The second is the most woeful piece of miscasting it has ever been my misfortune to behold. It was assuredly no friend of Lauren Bacall's who persuaded her to assume the rôle of the Honourable Rose Cullen, daughter of Lord Benditch, the English coal baron. Phonetically, Miss Bacall is a lot closer to the Grand Concourse than to Piccadilly Circus, and her conception of how a spoiled young English lady might conduct herself is fashioned of the stuff of outright burlesque. For some reason, perhaps because her sultry stare has been almost as widely publicized as the glance of the Medusa, she keeps her features obstinately immobile even when portraying crises of the first water, and it is only by watching her nostrils carefully for an occasional flare that one can get a clue as to how she's feeling at any particular moment. This nasal approach to the art of acting is admittedly original, but its limitations are evident when Miss Bacall meets up with actors like Charles Boyer, Katina Paxinou, Peter Lorre, and George Coulouris, as she most definitely does in "Confidential Agent." The gifted Mr. Boyer particularly tends to make Miss Bacall resemble a girl in a grammar-school Thanksgiving Day drama, and she sometimes seems to disappear, Look and all, when he really gets down to showing what he can do with a part.

"Confidential Agent" nevertheless has much to recommend it. The story, which has to do with the struggles of a Spanish Republican to keep the Fascists from getting British coal, contains some episodes that are handled almost as incisively as those devised by Alfred Hitchcock in "The Thirty-Nine Steps," and its protagonist nearly always seems credible as he does his blundering best for the cause in which he believes. It is refreshing, even at this late date, to see a picture that calls Franco and his followers Fascists and doesn't hesitate to indicate

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that they are a rather sordid lot. In a picture populated by actors who know their business like the backs of their hands, a girl named Wanda Hendrix, playing a London slavey, keeps right up with her elders and often scoots on past them.

"THE SPANISH MAIN" will take you a long way from the Spain of Franco—back to the days when Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was leaping around with a lethal rapier in his hand and Milton Sills was grimly roaming the seven seas in search of cargo ships. A gaudy, preposterous, lively, and diverting Technicolor adventure story, "The Spanish Main" includes all the standard ingredients, from running battles between galleons to bouncy duels in a pirates' hang-out in the Caribbean. Everybody's here—the wicked Spanish nobleman and his contemptible myrmidons, the beautiful countess and her buxom attendants, the handsome pirate and his jolly crew—and everybody's dressed to the nines and full of furious energy. You may find all of this quite pleasant. The cast is ample for the work to be done and is headed by Maureen O'Hara, Paul Henreid, and Walter Slezak.

IT would have been far kinder in every way to dance a jig on Pirandello's grave than to associate his name with "This Love of Ours." The film is adapted somehow from the Italian playwright's "Come Prima, Meglio di Prima," a drama that hasn't been published in English, as far as I know, and whose title, according to an Italian dictionary I keep handy, adds up to "As Before, Better Than Before." It took three screen writers to pummel the Italian master into proper shape for a Hollywood exhibition, and they certainly showed him no mercy. The collected works of Faith Baldwin probably contain more subtlety than you'll find in "This Love of Ours."

The picture concerns itself with exposing the evil consequences of jealousy. It seems that in Paris a Dr. Michel Tuzac unjustly suspects his wife of infidelity and pops off to the United States with Suzette, his small daughter, who is presently convinced that her mother is dead. Suzette develops into a rather peculiar child. She worships her allegedly departed mother so much that she maintains a shrine in her honor on the Doctor's estate in Pasadena, and she adores her father with a passion that would make any psychoanalyst lick his chops. The Doctor is invited to Chicago to address a learned gathering. In the course of cutting a caper around the

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town after a hard day on the rostrum, he wanders into a night club, where he meets Mrs. Tuzac, belting unhappily away at a piano. Just the sight of him provokes the lady into shooting herself in the heart, but fortunately the Doctor has perfected a method of handling such cardiac mishaps and has her on her feet in a jiffy. Because of her love for Suzette, Mrs. Tuzac agrees to return to Pasadena with the Doctor (although she loathes him), and the rest of the film is occupied with the problem of finding an opportune time to break the news to Suzette that the woman she regards as an interloper is her own mother. About fifty opportunities to inform Suzette of the facts of the case slip by before "This Love of Ours" finally winds up. Along with Charles Korvin and Merle Oberon as Dr. and Mrs. Tuzac, and Sue England as Suzette, the film presents Claude Rains as a fellow called Targel, a caricaturist who persistently puts everybody into spasms with a set of drawings that wouldn't, I'm sure, raise a titter at the annual outdoor show in Washington Square.

PERHAPS I'm persnickety, but it seems to me that one or two corpses are sufficient to keep a murder mystery moving. When eight of them turned up in "And Then There Were None," I felt that they were crowding into the graveyard just a little too rapidly. The film, like the play "Ten Little Indians" of a couple of seasons ago, is adapted from a novel by Agatha Christie, and it tells how ten people are invited to spend a weekend on an island by a host none of them knows. On arrival, they are notified by phonograph that their host, in absentia, is going to punish them for various crimes they have committed, and they immediately start keeling over like plague victims, according to a pattern devised from a nursery rhyme describing the sad end of ten little Indians. The inevitability of doom, as outlined in the rhyme, seems to militate against suspense, and then again I found the solution of the mystery something of a swindle. However, there's a fine cast, headed up by Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, and Richard Haydn, to help things along, and René Clair, in his direction, is sometimes as jaunty as you'd expect him to be. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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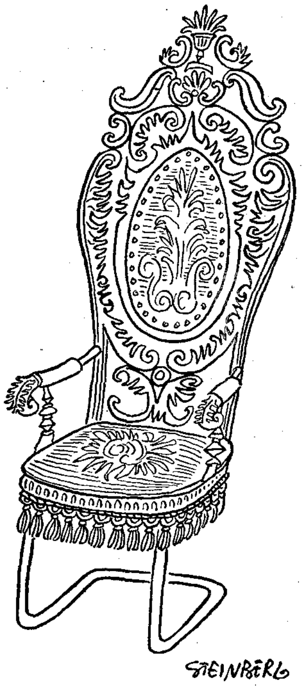
A CHARACTER

WHEN the train pulled into Paoli, Pennsylvania, at noon, it was raining hard. A crowd of people got off. Behind two girls who were taking their time walked a lieutenant, carrying a suitcase. A pair of wings and some overseas decorations were on his shirt. His head was bare; his eyelids were made of skin taken from around his collar bone and the right side of his face was covered with scar tissue and new skin; he had no ears. As he walked along, staring at the heels of the girls ahead of him, he brought his hand up and moved it around the grafted areas, as if to protect them from the rain. The crowd climbed the stairs from the depressed tracks to a shelter on the street level, where they stood around irresolutely a moment, baffled by the rain. Then a few of them ran for their parked cars and the rest moved toward the railroad overpass to the station and to the cabs.



When the lieutenant reached the station his uniform was soaking wet. He went to the ticket window and asked if a bus was due to leave soon for the Army hospital. The ticket agent said that there would be one in forty minutes. The lieutenant sat down for a while in the crowded waiting room and then went outside again. He ran through the rain back across the overpass to the covered platform on the other side. Now he had it all to himself. He put down his suitcase, lit a cigarette, and tried to decipher the bus schedule posted on the wall. He had to bring his face close up to it.

In ten minutes another train stopped below. Some women and young girls got off and climbed the stairs. They paused at the edge of the platform, looking out at the rain. A girl said, “I'll be darned if I'll walk home in this stuff,” and a woman said, “My, it's raining hard, isn't it?” They saw the lieutenant and stopped talking. He eyed them nervously, turning away their stares, and then lit another cigarette with his old one. Puffing steadily, he looked straight across the parking space toward a grove of trees. Soon the silent group scattered. The young girls skipped and ran down the sidewalk or along across the overpass, chattering and laughing. The lieutenant was alone again.

He brought his wristwatch up to his eyes and examined it. Then he scratched the place where his left ear had been and began pacing back and forth. A colored chauffeur parked his car, got out, and went to the head of the stairs, where he leaned easily against the railing. The lieutenant glanced at him and they both smiled.

“Not much of a day, sir, is it?” asked the chauffeur.

“You said it!” The lieutenant flicked his butt into a puddle of water beside the platform.

As he lit a fresh cigarette, another train pulled in. He turned around so that he was facing away from the stairs. The only passenger who got off was a little old man carrying a black bag and an umbrella. He had on a stiff black hat with its brim turned up. When he reached the platform he saw the lieutenant and without any hesitation came over to him and said, “When did that happen?”

The lieutenant said, “What?”

“Your face and your ears,” the old man said.

“It happened in the war.”

“Which war?” the old man asked.

The lieutenant laughed. “This war,” he said. “About ten months ago. I was shot down over Frankfurt.”

“Let me see!” the old man said. He walked all the way around the lieutenant. “What happened?” he asked.

“I got burned.”

“My!” said the old man. “I've never seen anything as bad as this. No ears at all! And what about your eyes? Can you see?”

“Enough to get around,” the lieutenant said. “They'll fix me up with glasses, and one of these days I'll be back to normal.”

“Well,” said the old man, “I'm going to tell my wife about this. And such a fine fellow as you! Yes, sir! I'm certainly going to tell her about it.” He put down his bag. “And some of them wanted a soft peace, those bastards!”

The lieutenant shrugged. “There's

lots of guys worse off than I am, guys with their whole faces burned off, and their hands."

"Really?" said the old man. "I saw a soldier with his arm off, but he wasn't anything as bad as you."

"Oh, they'll fix me up, put a pair of ears on me. It'll take a pretty long time, but I'll be O.K. again."

"Well, sir," said the old man, "when I saw this other soldier I took my hat off to him." He swept off his hat, stepped back, and bowed. "But I'm certainly going to take my hat off a lot more to you, Mister." Then he turned to the chauffeur. "Don't you take your hat off to him, too? He certainly deserves it, don't you think?"

The chauffeur said, "I sure do," and smiled at the lieutenant.

The old man put his hat on, picked up his bag, and extended a hand. "When I get home," he said, "I certainly will tell my wife! Yes, sir, I certainly will!" The lieutenant shook hands with him. The old man put up his umbrella and started off, then turned to nod and smile once more.

The lieutenant laughed, shook his head, and fumbled in his pocket for cigarettes. His pack was empty. He crumpled it and threw it into the puddle of water.

"What a character!" he said.

"He sure was!" the chauffeur said, and offered the lieutenant a cigarette.

—FREDERICK BOYDEN

•

In a paragraph which appeared in the "Egyptian Mail" yesterday relating to Mr. Drew Pearson, the American writer, he should have been described as a columnist and not as a communist.—*Cairo Egyptian Mail.*

Don't you mean "branded"?

•

Beginning in the winter of 1938, Dr. Ewing and his associates, working on the research vessel Atlantis of the Woods Hole (Mass.) Oceanographic Institution, began to experiment with underwear photography during other research involving long trips to sea.—*The Times.*

Scientists probably have more fun than you give them credit for.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Examiner*]

BILLINGS, MONT.—Boyd Hughes gazed idly at a gun display in a pawnshop window. Suddenly his eyes widened, and he hurried for home.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

DOPES AND SIMPLE JOES

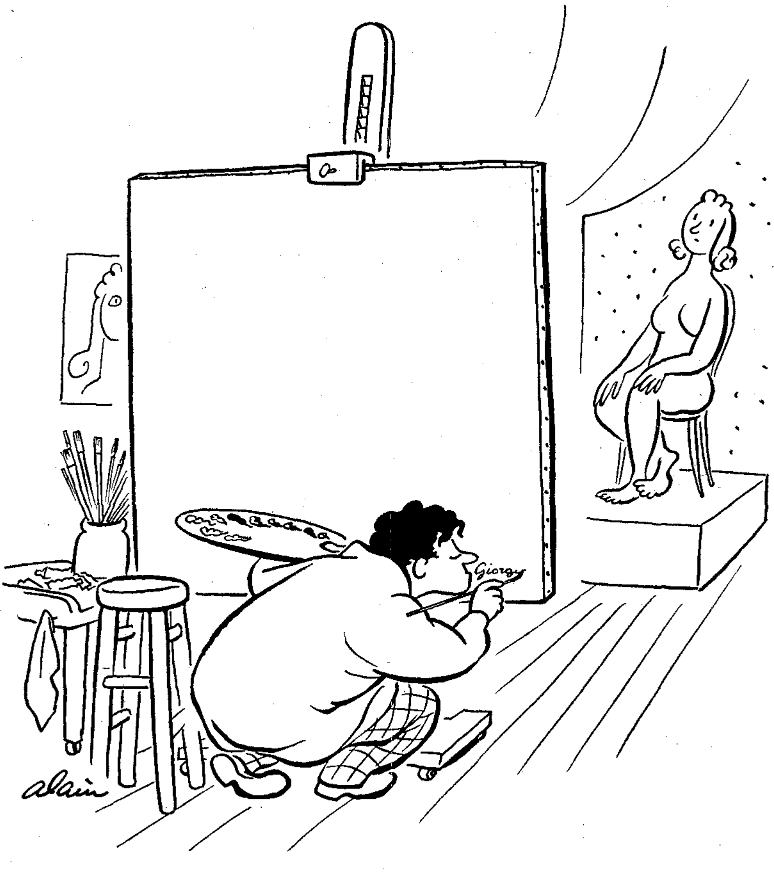
OUR fighting men aren't the only ones who are returning home these days. In the next few months, the War Department will repatriate most of the four hundred thousand German soldiers who were captured in North Africa and Europe and shipped to prisoner-of-war camps in the United States for safekeeping. I recently looked in on one of these camps—Fort Du Pont, which is situated in a swampland area of eastern Delaware—to talk with some of these ex-Wehrmacht men and find out from them what they are thinking now that they are about to return to the Vaterland. Of the fourteen hundred Germans interned at the camp, well over half were members of the Afrika Korps, in its prime undoubtedly one of the best of all the outfits the Nazis threw at us. From time to time at Fort Du Pont they have been joined, permanently or temporarily, by veterans from the Italian and Normandy fronts, brawny young men off U-boats, and nondescript, middle-aged characters who had been drafted into the Volksstürmer. But the dominating element in the camp, numerically and otherwise, has always been this group of Africa veterans, men who have not eaten badly and who have had a long respite from American planes and artillery fire—in short, Germans whose thoughts haven't been influenced by such distractions as cold, hunger, or danger for nearly three years.

When I arrived at Fort Du Pont, I was directed to a one-story wooden building near the prisoners' enclosure. There I was taken in hand by one of the officials, Lieutenant Delbert Martin, an amiable, helpful man of thirty. He comes from Worthington, Minnesota, where he used to be a deputy county auditor. He introduced me to his assistant, Pfc. Martin Einstein, a short, dark-haired, thirty-two-year-old infantryman, who came to the United States in 1938 from Stuttgart, where, being a non-Aryan, he had found it impossible to study to become a schoolteacher, which had been his ambition. Einstein is a third cousin of Albert Einstein and, like his relative, bright. Before letting me have a look at the prisoners, Lieutenant Martin said he thought it would be a good idea if he and Einstein sketched in some of the background of the camp for me. As it turned out, Martin did most of the sketching; Einstein spoke up only once. That was when I asked how you could tell if a Nazi had changed his outlook. "You never know," he said. "You just don't."

Martin began by telling me that the men in the P. W. compound are moody, that they have their collective ups and downs. The summer before last, incredulity swept through the camp when word of the American breakthrough at St. Lô came over the radio. The following day, even the New York *Times*, which, Martin told me, had a certain prestige among the prisoners because it printed the German High Command's communiqués verbatim, was angrily lumped together with "the rest of the Jewish press." The men scoffed at the idea of such a defeat until, some weeks later, a batch of very convincing German prisoners who had fought at St. Lô arrived at Fort Du Pont. Then, for two days, the camp lapsed into a morose silence. "It was almost as if they had gone on a talk strike," Martin said. They stopped giving shows at their recreation hall and the purchases of beer at their canteen reached an all-time low. On the third day, however, some of the more aggressive Afrika Korps men organized to lift the spirits of their fellow-prisoners. They went around slapping dejected-looking men on the back, shouting, "We're rich Americans! Come to the canteen! Have a cigarette, have some candy, have a beer!"

Martin said that during the German counterattack in the Ardennes last December, he frequently had to reprimand P. W.s for neglecting to salute him. This temporary setback for the Allies also stimulated some of the more outspoken of the Nazis to haul out their old marching songs, even "*Wir Fahren Gegen Engeland*," a hit during the days of the Polish invasion. The prisoners' Christmas packages arrived and in them were boxes of cigars wrapped in tin foil. The Germans knew of the tin-foil shortage in this country and they made the most of the situation by ostentatiously peeling the foil from their cigars in the presence of their American soldier guards. Ordinarily, Martin said, eighty per cent of the P. W.s keep their opinions to themselves, but as von Rundstedt's advance continued, half of this quiet majority became cocky and most of the rest showed a restrained but definite hopefulness. "Some of the cocky ones," Martin said, "were fellows who we'd thought up to then were coming over to our side."

As the end of the war in Europe approached, Martin went on, a mood of resigned gloom settled over the compound, a mood relieved somewhat by the death of President Roosevelt. On Hitler's birthday, which was April 20th, less than a month before V-E Day, a homemade swastika fluttered briefly—until the guards spotted it—from one of the P. W. barracks. On V-E Day the men watched their guards apprehensively. There was a feeling that the Americans, now that they'd won, would stop



following the book and put on brass knuckles. The big rumor in camp that day was that at sundown the Germans would be forced to walk across a field planted with mines for the occasion. When they saw that the Americans weren't even swaggering, they seemed to feel worse. One of them, cracking slightly, finally spoke up to a particularly stony-faced guard. "You have won a great military victory over my country," he said. "Why don't you celebrate?" "I'll celebrate when I get out of the Army, not before," the guard said.

Martin told me that the prisoners are permitted to handle a certain number of administrative jobs inside the compound and that a few die-hard Nazis have managed to get such posts. "A man swears up and down he's anti-Nazi," Martin said. "Then he does his job extremely well, and then something happens." Something happened quite a number of times. Once the P. W. librarian, outwardly coöperative, was caught hiding the books of authors banned by Hitler. Another time it was found that the prisoner in charge of the canteen was selling the camp's anti-Nazi paper, *Das Echo*, only to confirmed Nazis, who, glad to spend the money, bought the copies and burned them. Canteen cigarettes were being sold only to prisoners who were either loyal to Hitler or at least on the fence. And so it went. Some of the prisoners, Martin said, openly resist the way their Nazi comrades try to run things, but not very many. Several Sundays ago, one of the Nazis posted himself, pencil and paper in hand, outside the compound church, which has a congregation of some two hundred, and warned would-be churchgoers that if they entered he'd note their names and they would discover the consequences when they got back to Germany. "Still," Martin said grimly, "six of them had enough guts to tell this Nazi checker to go to hell." The camp has always been ridden with a fear of the Nazis, Martin added. The anti-Nazis and the middle-of-the-roaders have been afraid of reprisals, either against themselves at the camp or against their families at home. Just a few weeks ago, an anti-Nazi, bruised and lacerated, turned up at the camp hospital after receiving a going over in the shower room. The authorities tried to find out from the P. W. who had beaten him up, but he refused to discuss the matter.

A squad of a dozen prisoners marched by the window, followed by a guard. They were all in step, although,

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Martin informed me, they didn't have to be. "Twelve of them," he said. "Four hundred thousand in the country, and I don't know how many more are in the cages in Europe. Hard peace, soft peace—you don't look at the P. W. problem that way when you have to live with it the way we do. It becomes a kind of mystery, a cockeyed mystery where you look for clues not to find murderers but to find Germans who'll work with us to keep their country from messing up the rest of the world again."

The prison authorities at Du Pont are trying gradually to sort the men out into three groups, Martin said—anti-Nazis, fanatical Nazis, and convertible Germans—and are sending them to separate camps. The job is going slowly, though, because of a shortage of investigators. Last November a reëducation plan, which the Army calls an Intellectual Diversion Program, got under way. I learned from Martin that its approach to the problem has been a subtle one. "In our training," the Lieutenant said, "we were told that these men had been fed propaganda for twelve years and had come to distrust it because they knew it got them into a jam. We're not to try to sell them democracy too hard, because they might distrust that, too." Each of the barracks now has its own radio and the prisoners can tune in on any station they want. In pre-intellectual-diversion days, the compound had only one radio; what happened was that the Nazis took charge of the instrument and then interpreted the news to the other prisoners. Music by Jewish composers, all the way from Mendelssohn to Gershwin, has been distributed by the Army to the members of the P. W.s' symphony and jazz orchestras, and books by Heine, Mann, Remarque, and other forbidden writers have been restored to the library shelves from which they were taken by the backsliding custodian. Notwithstanding these and other subtle efforts, the Intellectual Diversion Program has, I gathered, been only a limited success. Albums of Mendelssohn records have been found buried in the ground, and a jazz-band leader, since relieved of his job, was heard announcing to his audience, "The next piece is by George Gershwin. He was a Jew, but we'll play it anyway."

MARTIN asked if I would excuse him while he took care of some paperwork, and detailed Einstein to show me around. We walked down the road toward the compound, an area a quarter of a mile square, enclosed by two parallel barbed-wire fences, ten feet high and fifteen yards apart. At each of the four corners is a high watchtower manned by guards armed with machine guns. There are twenty barracks in the compound, each with a capacity of seventy men. At the high wooden gate which bars the entrance to the compound, a couple of M. P.s came out of a booth to check my credentials. "So you want to see Germany!" one of them said to me as he looked over my papers. As we walked through the gate, Einstein told me that most of the prisoners were away at that hour, helping short-handed Delaware farmers, working in canneries, and doing various other jobs, but that there would be some fifty of them in the camp—clerical personnel, night workers such as cooks and dishwashers, and maintenance men.

In front of the canteen, on a small grass plot, is a white toy windmill one of the prisoners made; out back are some unpainted tables and benches used by the men as a beer garden. Nearby are a mess hall and a large recreation hall, where the Germans put on their shows. We walked down one of the compound streets to a two-story building in which are the compound's church and library and the office of *Das Echo*. The church, on the ground floor, has been furnished and decorated by the prisoners and is used by both Catholics and Protestants. "A little reëducation," Einstein said. It has an altar and a small organ, and on the panes of the windows the P. W.s have painted religious figures. Only three prisoners were using the reading room of the library, upstairs, but Einstein told me that at night the place is jammed. To the rear of the library is the small office of *Das Echo*. When Einstein knocked, a voice called, "*Herein!*" Inside, seated at desks, were two men,

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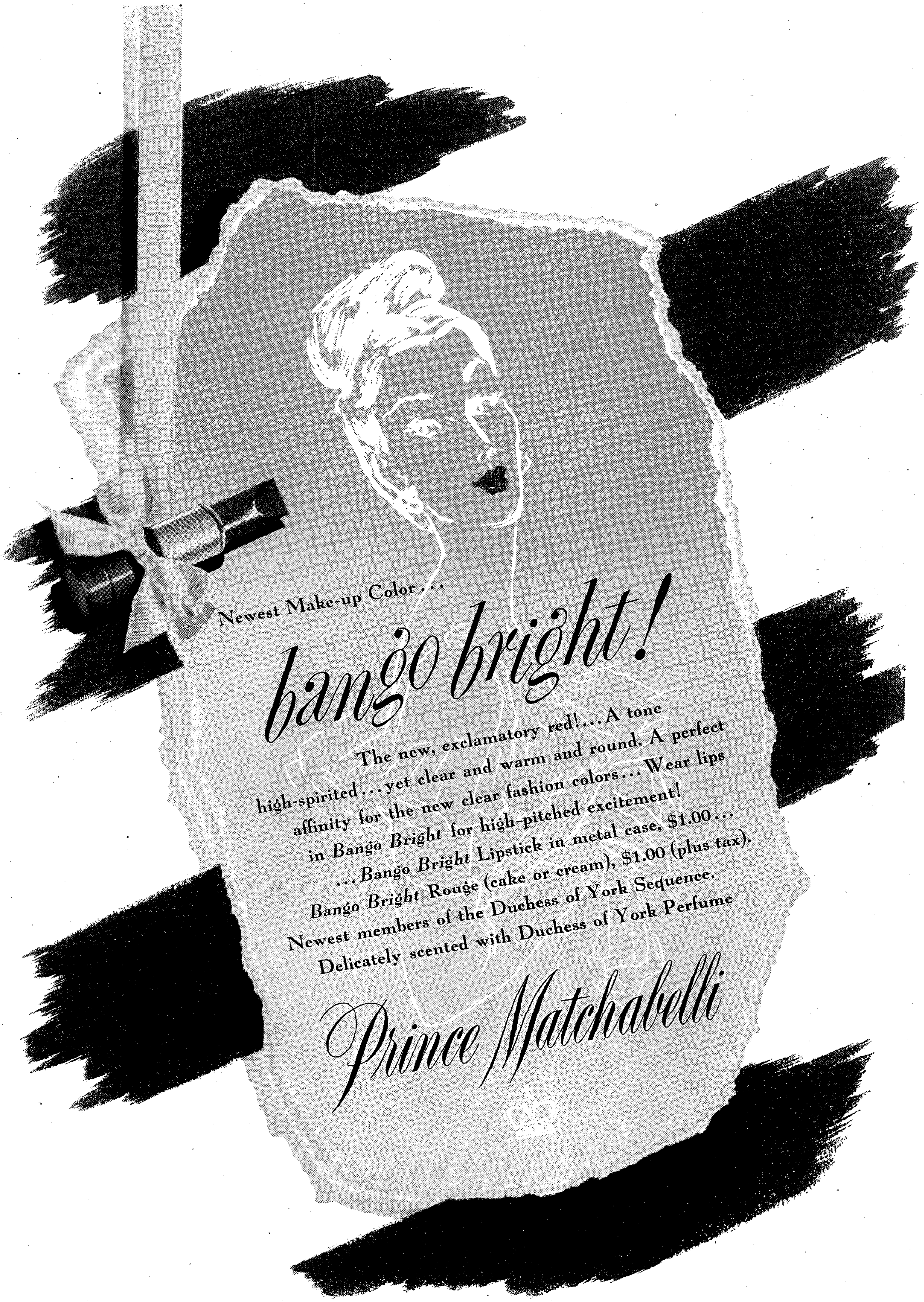

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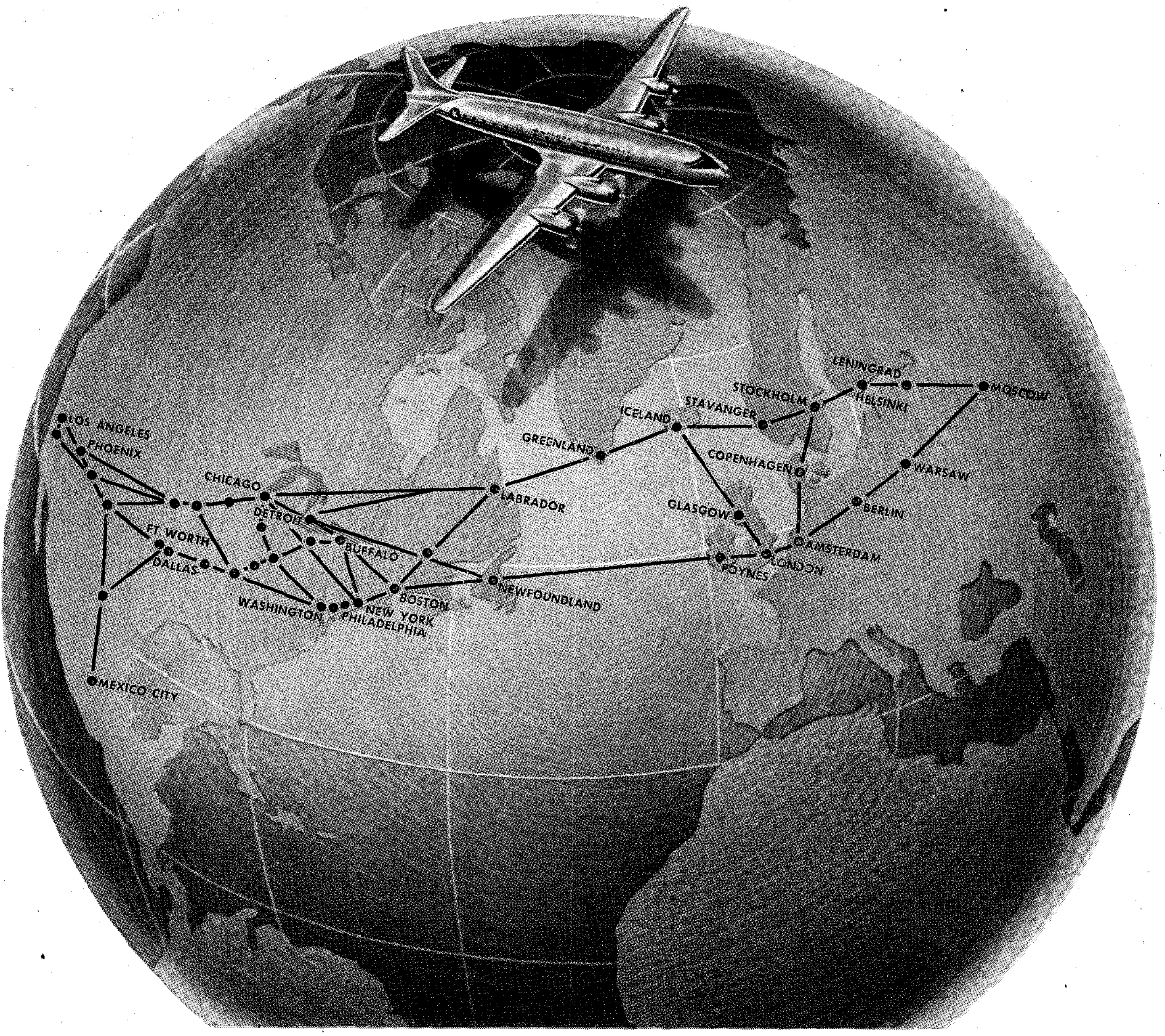
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THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS who I presently learned were the editor and his assistant. Both of them, I judged, were in their late thirties. The editor is a black-haired, solid-looking fellow who was running a Wehrmacht motor pool when he was captured, in Toulon. His home is near Bremen. Before the war, he was a grocer weekdays and a Methodist preacher Sundays; in the compound, besides being the prisoners' editor, he is also the Protestant minister. His colleague, a portly native of Trier, was an Army dentist. He was taken prisoner at Cherbourg. He is currently supplementing his newspaper work by acting as camp librarian.

The editor, whom Einstein and I talked with in German, proudly showed me the latest issue of *Das Echo*. Its tone was almost painfully anti-Nazi. When I asked him what influence he thought the paper had, he replied, "For those between twenty and thirty, I think it is hopeless. They have been *aufgeklärt* by Goebbels and Rosenberg. The minds of those who are not yet twenty can still be formed. Those of us who are over thirty-five can forget Hitler's ideas, although there are a few in this category who were out of work so long during the Weimar Republic that they will always be suspicious of democracies." The S.S. troops, he went on, are a separate animal. "If the S.S. men do not obey the Allies," he said, "I think they should be—handled." He stopped, uneasily, and his colleague said, "He is a religious man. He does not like to use the word 'kill.' "

The two men were eager to talk. The Nazis have a well-organized underground at Du Pont, they told me. "At night," the editor said, "when the barracks are dark and you lie asleep on your cot, you may be suddenly awakened by a Nazi making a speech in which he declares that all good Germans will someday arise to avenge the defeat. The Nazi stands near the electric switch to prevent anyone from turning on the light and finding out for sure who is speaking. Still," he went on, a note of satisfaction in his voice, "I can give my sermon Sundays and my church is usually full. Articles with a correct outlook can appear in *Das Echo* and harm is unlikely to befall the writers. Herr Lieutenant Martin deserves much credit for that."

"Of course," the librarian put in, "when a fresh group comes to the camp, like that crew of the U-858, things change for the worse temporarily. The library was not so full the night they arrived."

I remarked, in a conversational way,

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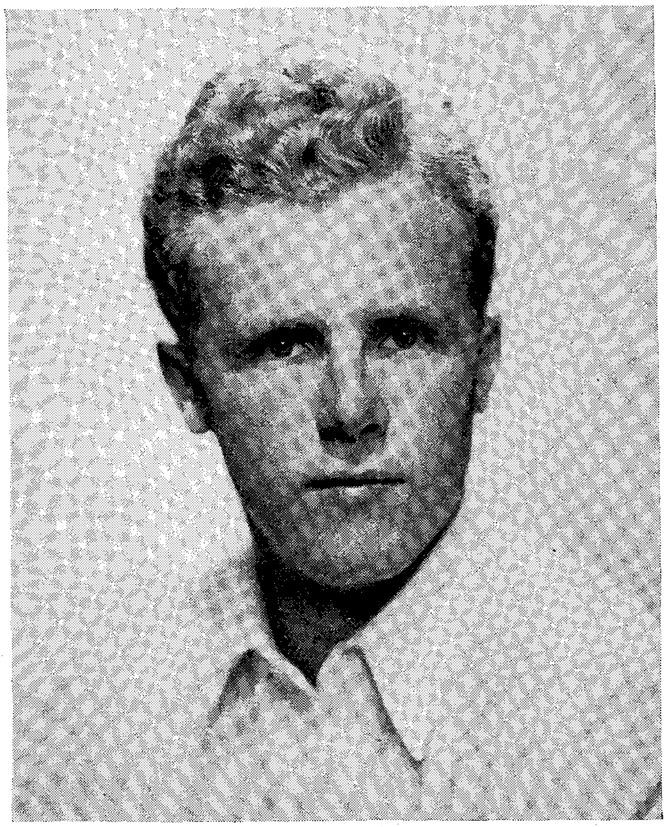

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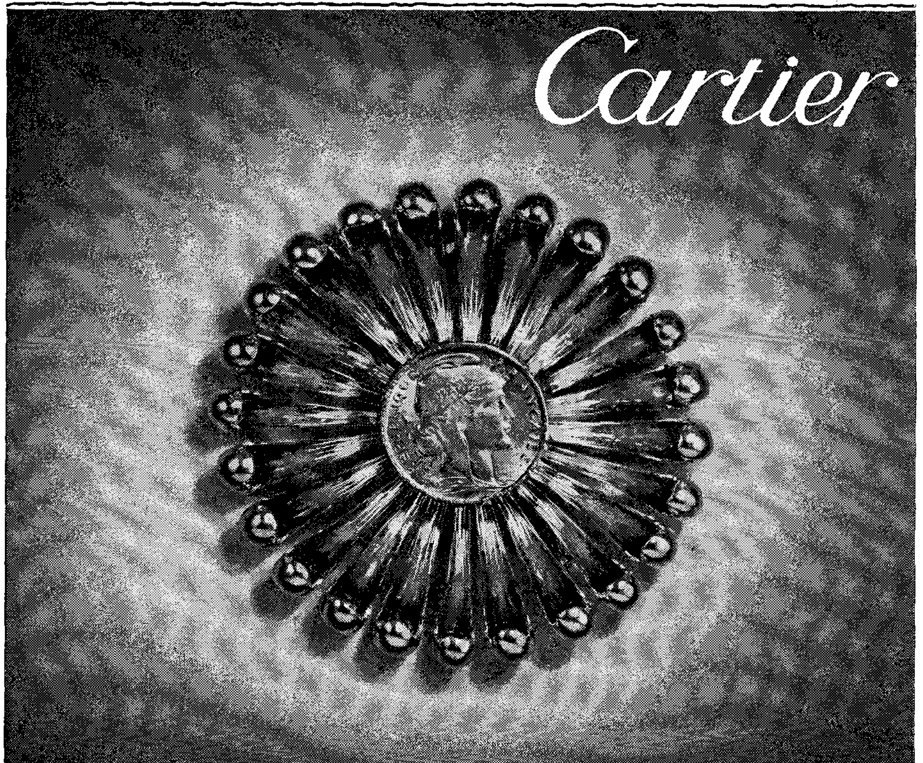

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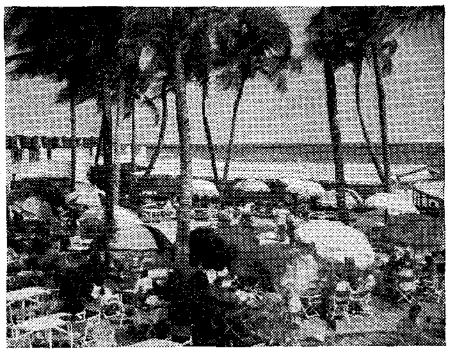

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that it must be nice to hear Mendelssohn again. "Yes," said the librarian, "it *would* be nice, if we did, but nobody does. The conductor doesn't like him. He doesn't like Tchaikovsky either, because he's a Russian, and as for Chopin, he's a Polack. Verdi, on the other hand, couldn't help it if traitors overthrew Mussolini, so he gets played. Wagner, of course, is on every program." I said I thought this was something that he should bring to the attention of the authorities, but he said that complaints of this nature had to be passed along through the camp's official spokesman, a prisoner who acts as a liaison man between the prisoners and Lieutenant Martin. The spokesman, he explained, is elected by his fellow P.W.s, an arrangement that makes it possible for an ardent Nazi to win. "Some spokesman we've got!" the librarian said, and told about a big party the prisoners had staged in honor of Wotan, Balder, and the other Nordic gods just before Christmas last year. "The Nazis don't like to celebrate Christmas," the minister explained, "because Christ was Jewish." The librarian had protested about the party to the spokesman and asked him to pass the word along to Lieutenant Martin. The spokesman had told him, "You are with the Afrika Korps. If you know what's good for you, you'll keep your mouth shut." The editor added that although the spokesman, shortly before my visit, had written an article for *Das Echo* attacking the Nazi government, this could not be taken as an indication that he had at last seen the light. It seems that he had heard that the Americans were beginning to mistrust him. "The spokesman," the editor said hesitantly, "is not an honest man."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Then the editor spoke again, and this time sharply. "You Americans are too soft," he said. "You don't help us anti-Nazis as much as you could and you don't hinder the Nazis as much as you could. I suppose that is democracy, of a sort. When you are hard, you are unintelligently so. For example, our rations have been cut during the past few months. It is your privilege. You are the conquerors and we are probably still eating better than your men did in our prisoner camps. But why didn't you cut the rations before you began your reeducation campaign, back when the Nazis controlled the camp even more than they do now? Today you are trying to teach the men democracy, but they know one thing: they ate better when the Nazis ruled this camp." He stopped, and then said softly, "I am a captive. I apologize."

EINSTEIN and I parted with the *Echo* staff to look up the spokesman, whom we found sitting on the wooden steps outside the door of the small building in which he has his office. When Einstein explained that I would like to talk to him, he pointed to the sky. "Here?" he asked. "In the open? But my office would be more fitting, wouldn't it?" Then he stood up, bowed, and indicated that we should precede him into his office, which turned out to be four times the size of the *Echo's*. The spokesman followed us in and sat down at his desk in a huge wicker chair with a brightly colored cushion. He was honored, he said, to have us call on him, but in a way it was logical, since only recently he himself had been so bold as to venture into the field of journalism. "I have written an article for *Das Echo*," he explained. "In my article I tell how Hitler refused to let Austria have its own plebiscite."

The spokesman, a red-headed, blue-eyed man with an obsequious manner and an expression that alternates between vacancy and an obvious, hard-working shrewdness, comes from Klagenfurt. He was an artilleryman, he told me, and was captured in Tunisia after serving in the Polish, French, and Russian campaigns. He is thirty-three and unmarried. He held only two jobs as a civilian—as a clerk in the Austrian equivalent of the S.P.C.A. and as a gluer of sneakers in a rubber factory in Carinthia. He was once unemployed for a stretch of three years. Eleven years ago he went into the Army and stayed there. He took a cigarette case out of his pocket and lit a cigarette with a silver lighter. I expressed admiration for the lighter and he told me that he'd picked it up in France. "Did you have any fun in France?" I asked. "Fun!" he answered. "I was with a horse-drawn hundred-and-five-millimetre gun. Those bastards in Paris had all the fun—girls, cabarets, theatres." He said he hadn't had much fun in Russia, either, and finally had been invalided out of there in the winter of 1942. "The Russian winter came," he said, "and we had only summer clothes for it. And my gun was standing only eighty kilometres from that *verdammte* Moscow when that hellish winter hit us." The vacant look was now on his face. "That wretched Hitler!" he said. I asked him why he was so bitter about Hitler. "You ask me why!" he exclaimed, staring at me. "Von Brauchitsch! Halder! Von

Fritsch!" he shouted. "If der Führer had only let our generals alone, we would have won the war, that's why!"

Einstein and I left the spokesman to fume in solitude and walked to the recreation hall, where there was a matinée showing of German-atrocity pictures for the camp's night-working P.W.s. The prisoners, about twenty-five of them, watched the film without any display of emotion, but that could have been due to the fact that, for some obscure reason, the movie's commentary was in English and there weren't even German subtitles. When it was over I went up to the operator of the projector, a pleasant-faced boy who turned out to be from Frankfurt, and asked him if that was the usual audience reaction. He started to answer, then stared apprehensively past me. I turned and saw a stocky, blond P.W. sauntering toward us. I repeated my question just as the blond newcomer stopped beside us. "The audience always watches the same way as it did this afternoon," the operator replied distractedly, adding, more for the blond man's benefit, it seemed to me, than for mine, "Some of the men think the bodies in the movie are Germans whom the Russians tortured." He turned away and with a desperate show of interest started to pack some of his equipment. The blond prisoner took over the conversation. He spoke English, combining an Oxford accent with the American idiom. "It is difficult to tell how the men regard the atrocity motion pictures," he said easily. "Or the atrocity photographs and pamphlets the American authorities have circulated in the camp. It has been a little overdone, you know. Some of the effect has been lost. Too bad. An excellent propaganda notion. In Germany we used to have similar films. They were usually about Jews and Bolsheviks. Yours this afternoon was quite good, too." I asked him if he'd ever had anything to do with making such films in Germany, and he shook his head. "I was just a soldier," he replied. "A simple Joe, as you Americans say."

The simple Joe told me that he had once been a member of the Hitler Jugend in Bonn, but he maintained pleasantly that he had joined up only because he had to if he wished to continue studying the history of art at the university there. "My Hitler Youth unit," he said, "was just a new name for my old Boy Scout group. We went on singing our same old medieval songs—'Bells Are Ringing from Bernard's Tower,' 'Thoughts Are Free for Who Can Guess Them,' and the rest." He

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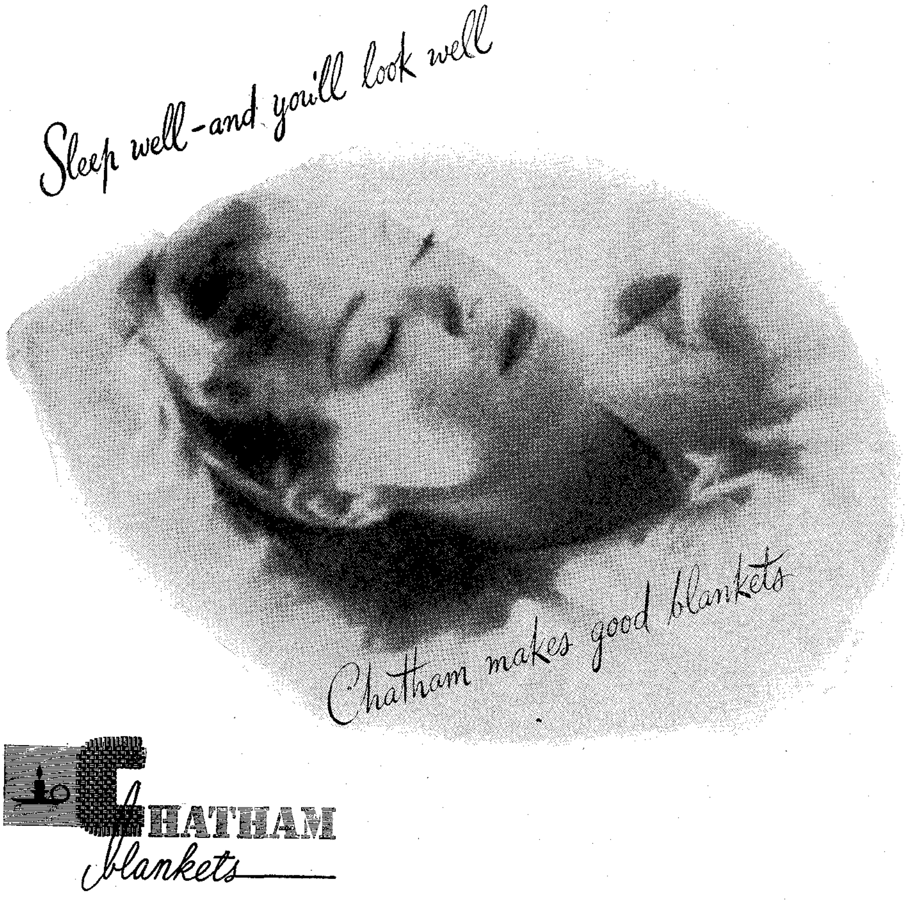

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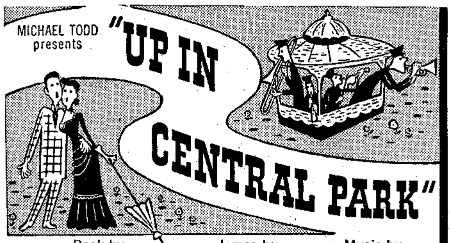

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46 ST. THEA. W. of B'way. CI 6-6075. Evgs. 8:40. 2 Perfs. Sat. & Sun. 2:40 & 8:40

said he thought Germany's situation today was really unfortunate, but he was convinced that National Socialism had been the last resort for a bankrupt country. "Germany is not ripe for democracy," he said.

"Would you like it if Germany were?" I asked.

"But, my dear fellow," he replied wearily, "the German mind is intolerant." He laughed. "You Americans have an excellent word for what the Germans are, an excellent word. The Germans are what you call dopes—dopes!"

He said goodbye, smiling politely, and Einstein and I walked out of the hall. We hadn't gone very far when Einstein started to laugh. "Boy," he said, "I wish that guy was one of the dopes! He doesn't know it yet, but he's getting segregated out of here damn soon. We finally caught up with him a couple of days ago. He's organized more clever trouble for us than any half dozen other Nazis put together."

IT was getting dark and the prisoners who had been out of the camp were returning from their day's work as Einstein and I reached the gate of the compound. We met three elderly P. W.s, plainly bushed from their labors. "Three pals," Einstein said. "All captured together at Strasbourg. The tall one's forty-eight—a restaurant owner from Essen. The chubby one is a stonemason from Baden. He's fifty-eight. The short fellow is an even sixty—a porcelain merchant from Breslau. At the end of the war the German High Command was going way back to the class of 1883 for its draftees. Those three are all grandfathers. They tend the greens on a golf course near here." Einstein spoke to the men, who stopped and tried to straighten up to attention, but he told them to relax. "How goes it?" I asked. "About the same as the last war," the restaurant owner replied, "except that this time I'm in America. The last time the British captured me. Altogether I've been a captured man five years. I'm an experienced prisoner of war."

The three men told me they disliked politics. Only once, the stonemason said, had he taken an interest in government—in 1919, when the Weimar Republic had raised the slogan "Never War Again." He added that he had never been enthusiastic about Hitler. The porcelain merchant said that he had not been among those who considered the Führer a god, but he felt that no one could deny that Hitler had arrived at a time when Germany needed a leader. The restaurant owner though that Hitler had been all right. "Th trouble was that his subordinates wer no good," he said. The two other said bosh. It was evidently an old argument. They agreed, though, that Germany's reconstruction would be impossible without a leader. "I've had a Führer and a Kaiser," said the porcelain merchant. "Now I would like a President."

LIEUTENANT MARTIN was still busy with his papers when Einstein and I returned to his office. He looked at his watch and said to Einstein, "The warehouse is still open. Hans will be there." Then he turned to me. "You ought to meet Hans," he said, "as long as you're visiting Du Pont." He sounded as though Hans were Grant's Tomb. As a matter of fact, I found Hans considerably more interesting. He is twenty and has the face you'd expect to find on a Hitler Jugend recruiting poster. Indeed, he did join up at the age of fourteen, after outgrowing the Jungvolk, a society for even younger Hitler fledglings. He started his Army career by training to become a pilot, but when the Americans invaded North Africa he was stuck into an ack-ack battery in the Hermann Goering Division. He is fairly proud of his outfit but disappointed that he never got to be a pilot. "When you're flying," he explained to me, "you can see better with your own eyes the damage you're doing."

Hans said he came from a small Austrian town, where his father had been a schoolteacher. I asked him how he felt about Hitler now that the war was finished. He looked surprised. "Der Führer always had our best interests at heart," he replied. And how about the atrocity pictures? "I believe only what I see with my own eyes," he said. "American cameramen took those pictures." I asked him if he thought Germany had made any mistakes in the war. "Yes," he answered. "Perhaps if we had treated the Jews differently England would have made a pact with us. Italy was a rotten ally. We Aryans should have kept the Jews' millions for them and given them a monthly allowance on which to live. That way, the Jews would still have their money. Also, instead of killing them, we should have locked them up quietly in some towns of their own—ghettos."

Then I asked Hans what he thought of America. Naturally, he replied, he hadn't been able to see much of it, being a prisoner of war, but one thing had impressed him—that the people on a

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train he was on going from a P. W. camp in New Mexico to Fort Du Pont had stood in line two hours waiting to get into the dining car. "I saw them myself," he said. "Fantastic! I mean, that a soft *Volk* like yours should make such a sacrifice because you are at war." He had also made some sociological observations on this trip. "When the train passed through Pittsburgh," he said, "I saw the contrast between the poor, who lived in shacks, and the rich, who had fine homes. I asked my comrades, 'Doesn't America have a middle class?' They said yes, but that there was no difference between it and the working class. I understood. It was the same in Austria, where the Rothschilds owned everything." He told me that he had heard from friends in the compound that President Truman is Jewish. "Was Roosevelt?" I asked. "No," he answered. "Only Mrs. Roosevelt."

Then I asked Hans if he'd thought of getting married someday. "It depends," he said. "First, the Fatherland must be rebuilt, and that will take a long while. I hope that by the time the task is completed the Fatherland will no longer find itself being oppressed and that it will have colonies. If all is well, I may seek a wife. If the Fatherland is still being oppressed, I know what my duty will be."

—DANIEL LANG

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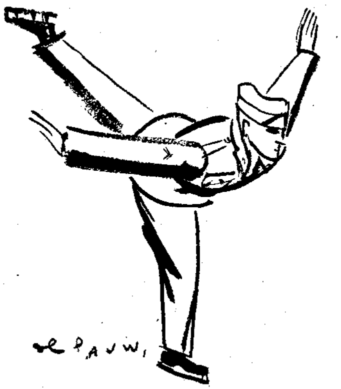
THE POINT OF VIEW OF PATHOLOGY

ILL as she was, Mrs. Prentiss was not quite impervious to impressions. She recognized Dr. Moeller as somebody special the minute she saw him. It wasn't only the way the nurse fell back and kept quiet when he approached the bedside to make his examination, though Mrs. Prentiss's own Dr. O'Hare never inspired such exaggerated respect. It was also his ruthlessness. Mrs. Prentiss had already learned to expect gentle, apologetic treatment from the many doctors who had been coming in the whole weary, pain-filled morning to talk cheerfully with her and then mumble ominously to Dr. O'Hare outside the door of her hospital room. Dr. Moeller all too evidently didn't give a damn whether Mrs. Prentiss was reassured or not. He didn't even speak to her at first. He stared at the troublesome swelling which a mysterious infection had brought out on the skin of her stomach, and said, "Mmmm," in an affirmative, pleased sort of grumble. Then he poked at it with a rubber-covered finger. Nobody until then had dared to touch the swelling or to touch Mrs. Prentiss anywhere in its vicinity. Ordinarily a rational woman, she now had a fixed idea that it hurt her when a shadow or light fell too suddenly upon her flesh, and she had been settled into bed with an elaborate wooden cage to keep the covers at a safe distance. Yet here was Dr. Moeller actually poking the sacred, discolored skin. Mrs. Prentiss was too surprised to howl, but she did say, "Ow, that hurts!"



Dr. Moeller abstractedly and absorbedly poked it again.

"I said that hurts!" roared Mrs. Prentiss. "Stop!"

"Mmmm," said Dr. Moeller, and then for the first time he looked at her face. "Observe the characteristic color of the facial skin," he said to Dr. O'Hare. "There is little doubt in my mind, but to make sure, one makes a culture, no?"

Dr. Moeller's enunciation was thickly Teutonic. Much to Mrs. Prentiss's relief, he now spoke directly to her, but the relief faded under his cross-examination. He would distract her attention from the subject, lead her away from it, and then pounce, repeating an earlier question.

"What is this, anyway?" she demanded at last of Dr. O'Hare, who was standing by in unaccustomed silence. He pretended, cravenly, to misunderstand her.

"This is Dr. Moeller, our staff pathologist," he replied. She had asked not "who" but "what."

Dr. Moeller drew himself up stiffly and bowed sharply from the waist. Mrs. Prentiss realized, to her fury, that she was actually bowing her head graciously in reply. Immediately afterward he attacked her again, this time with a surgical implement of some kind, and she shrieked at him. She may even, in the excitement of the moment, have cursed him.

NEXT day, when everything was much, much brighter and her temperature was normal again, Mrs. Prentiss was told by the various nurses who attended her that Dr. Moeller had probably saved her life. It was very puzzling. "Dr. O'Hare did the operation," she insisted. "Dr. O'Hare is my doctor."

But Dr. O'Hare, too, seemed to subscribe to the general theory. "He recognized the bug," he explained, "and knew just what to do. I was stumped, I admit, though I must say I'll know that strep next time I see it. Moeller's had the experience. He's been all over the world, you know. He's a clever fellow."

"German?"

"Sure. He's a refugee. As it happens, he's very conscientious and takes a look at every patient in the hospital every day, which was lucky for you, lady."

Tentatively, Mrs. Prentiss brought up the subject of Dr. Moeller again with the nurses who took turns, in bewildering profusion, at bathing her, lifting the pillows and lowering them, and bringing meals. There was naturally a shortage of nurses in the hospital, but the effect was confusing, as if there were far too many of them instead, because all the student nurses in the place were pressed into service and a new one took over the floor duties every little while. There were little girls and big girls, capped or uncapped, in blue or white dresses, with pink or deep-red lipstick. One thing they had in common, though—they all jumped nervously at mention of Dr. Moeller.

"Isn't he funny?" one of them, a middle-sized, white-capped girl who used Apple Red lipstick, said. "He scares the girls, you know."

"He scares me, too," said Mrs. Prentiss in heartfelt tones.

Encouraged by this confession, the nurse enlarged on the subject. Among Dr. Moeller's duties, it seemed, was the teaching of pathology to the student nurses.

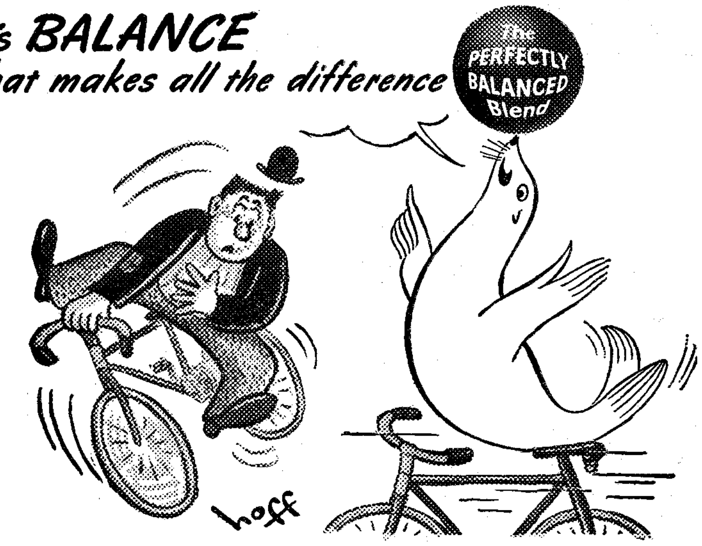
"You never know what he's saying at any time," she complained, busily spreading fresh linen. "Imagine a foreign accent with all those pathological terms in the lectures! Imagine! And on top of that, he has such funny ways of treating us. Like in the Army or something. Pathology lecture comes just after lunch, the time when half the girls are getting up after night duty the day before, see? It has always been a bad time to get to class just on the dot, but before Dr. Moeller came, nobody cared much about a little tardiness. Well, he didn't like so many of us coming in late, so what do you think he does? He locks the doors of the lecture room the minute the bell rings, and anybody who comes late can't get in. And it's awful, you know, if you miss any of those lectures. Besides, there's the danger of those locked doors. Suppose there should be a fire."

"Mmm," said Mrs. Prentiss. She lifted herself slightly to let the girl push the sheets under her. "They probably treated him like that, don't you see, at his university," she said. "He must think we're awfully slack over here."

"Well, I don't see any use in being that strict, do you? And there's something else. One day in his lecture he began talking and saying something—well, you know how he talks. Most of the time you can't be sure you've heard him right. It seems impossible, what they thought he said. I wasn't there myself—I've got my cap now and, luckily for me, I finished that course last year—but they got the idea, somehow, that he was advocating *sterility in women!*"

"Oh, I hardly think so," said Mrs. Prentiss. "Do you?"

"Well, they swear that's what he said." The nurse had finished making the bed, but she lingered inside the door, a laundry bag, an unwieldy mass, clutched in her arms. "They were all talking about it afterward, standing in bunches in the corridor and working themselves up. They were so shocked! Talking that way, and in a Catholic hospital, too. Oh, there was the most tre-



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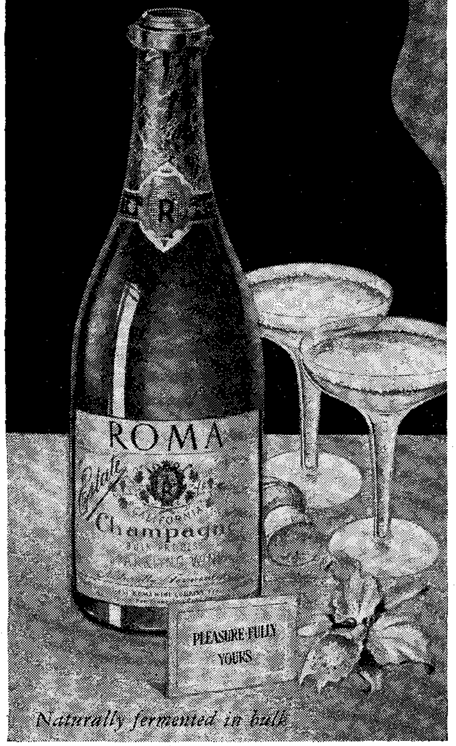

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mendous hubbub. You can't imagine."

"Yes, I can. But of course he didn't say it, my dear."

"I suppose he couldn't have," the nurse said. She relinquished the idea with a reluctant sigh. "But you'll never convince the girls."

MRS. PRENTISS realized, after a week, that her opinion of Dr. Moeller had been much too harsh. Nobody could hold a grudge (nobody, that is, but a student nurse) against a man so obviously, passionately absorbed in his work that he had no time for anything else. Every time he paid a call on Mrs. Prentiss, he sent a nurse into the room first to make sure that the patient was ready to receive him and not involved in some intimate detail of toilet. Most doctors simply knocked and breezed in, but not Dr. Moeller. During this meticulous preliminary inquiry, the nurses told her, he remained in the corridor with his arms folded, frowning at the world.

Mrs. Prentiss always had the feeling that he was glad to see her, very glad that she had tumbled into the St. Anthony with her streptococcus instead of taking it to some other hospital. He adored the case. It was his own particular triumph. She submitted graciously to being a trophy, an impersonal symbol of success, though it was an effort. I owe that much to him, she decided.

So she did not refuse when he came in one morning with a request. Now the wound did not interest him as much as it had at first, but he did his duty, just the same. As on every other visit, he took off the dressings with a muttered criticism (in German) of American surgical gauze, and, as on every other visit, he informed Mrs. Prentiss that the wound was now healing with clean, granulating tissue.

"I make to you an important but, I am afraid, impertinent request, Madame," he said abruptly. "It is my duty every Tuesday to make to the staff doctors a lecture on outstanding points among the past week's work, from the point of view of pathology. Now, this infection of yours is a rare one for this country. I can find reference to only three other cases, though I have, of course, seen many such in tropical countries. It is, in my estimation, supremely important that these doctors take advantage of an opportunity so rare in America, so—that is, if you will consent to vouchsafe this opportunity—that is, I can assure you there need be no embarrassment. But if you find such a project too distressing to contemplate— But I

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have observed that you have a more than rudimentary understanding and appreciation of the scientific point of view and, uh . . ."

It was quite true, as the nurses complained, that the doctor's diction left a lot to be desired, and Mrs. Prentiss hesitated to reply at first, because she wasn't quite sure what he was saying. Now, however, as he gasped and floundered to a close, she spoke hastily. "I don't mind a bit," she said. "What will I have to do? You mean you'll bring the doctors in here?"

He beamed. "No, we must trouble you to be brought down to the lecture amphitheatre, but that will be arranged with one of the trolleys. I am exceedingly grateful, Madame, exceedingly. It is not everyone who would have the understanding, the interest . . ."

Mrs. Prentiss, blushing, made a pretty little speech. "I feel I owe you that much, Dr. Moeller, but even so, it isn't a personal matter, is it? That streptococcus is not mine. It belongs to Science."

THE days before Tuesday were filled with anxious preparations on the part of Dr. Moeller. He was in and out several times a day, giving advance orders to the nurses and the sister in charge, until everyone was in a state of nerves. Dr. O'Hare consented, almost without reluctance, to rearrange his program for that Tuesday so that he could be present. Otherwise, according to Dr. Moeller, the lecture would not be completely proper or ethical. Mrs. Prentiss, in the long, boring hours of waiting, found herself excited out of all proportion to the event. There were certain problems peculiar to the project that would have to be settled in advance, and she realized that she was not the only one who had worried about them when Sister came in, a few minutes before zero hour.

"I thought," said Sister delicately, "that since you are wearing a gown—such a pretty one, too—we might find a pair of hospital leggings or something."

"It's all right, Sister," said Mrs. Prentiss. "I put on pajama trousers this morning."

"Oh. Then that's all right."

The trolley was wheeled in. "I could perfectly well walk over to that thing and climb up," Mrs. Prentiss said, watching the contortions of the nurses who were trying to warp it through the door. "I do get up these days, you know."

"Oh, no, that would never do," said

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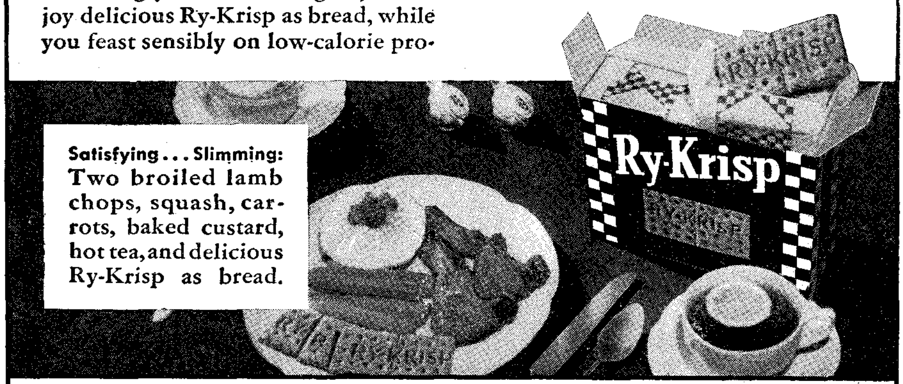

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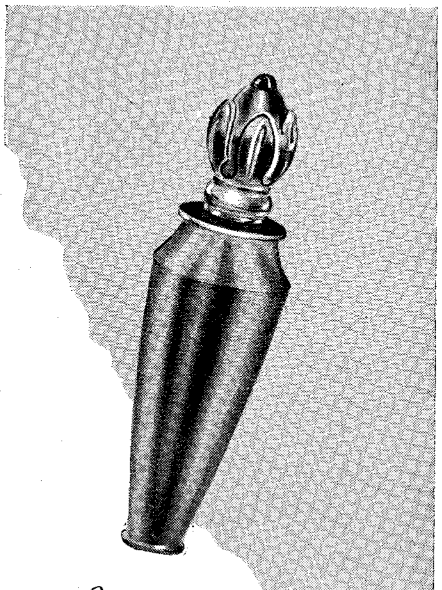

Lynette has created for a few fortunate women a solid gold perfume flacon crowned with a genuine sapphire. Jewel box containing flacon and perfume, $250 including tax.

Blue Sapphire Perfume $2 to $17.50
Toilet Water $2 to $7.50

LYNETTE PERFUMES
1 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Modern Gold Bands . . .

$41.50*

$40.00*

. . . with diamonds
$160.00*
(*20% Federal excise tax included)

Olga TRITT
589 MADISON AVENUE
AT 57TH STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Booklet on request

Sister. "We'll bring it up alongside, so! Now then, if you'll just slide over. And here's an extra blanket."

It was not until Mrs. Prentiss was wheeled into the amphitheatre that she realized what she had let herself in for. She had visualized only a small group of elderly bearded gentlemen, standing around in a cozy sort of laboratory, but she had been wrong. The place was imposingly large and severe, and there were many, many people in the tiered seats. On a platform, at attention before a blackboard, Dr. Moeller was lecturing in a loud voice, his Teutonic accent thicker than ever. The nurse wheeled the trolley straight over to him and up a ramp on to the platform and left Mrs. Prentiss lying there helpless, propped on one elbow, trying not to meet anyone's eyes.

The men in the audience avoided her gaze with equal studiousness while listening to the Doctor's exposition. Dr. Moeller lifted a test tube high in the air and explained its nasty-looking contents. It seemed that this greenish liquid had been taken out of Mrs. Prentiss—all the doctors glanced at her guiltily and then away again, in haste—and a lovely culture had been made of the stuff. Dr. Moeller spoke lyrically of the technique employed in making the culture. He called attention once more to its admirable state of suspension and then the revolting thing was passed around among the audience for closer inspection.

For some minutes Mrs. Prentiss copied the alert expressions on the faces of the listeners and tried to understand what Dr. Moeller was saying about her. Although a good deal of it was incomprehensible, she managed to get the thread of it, and even to forget for a moment the nightmare aspect of the proceedings. Literally "nightmare," she reflected when the Doctor called the class up to file past and look at the wounds he was so proud of. It was only in nightmares that she had ever found herself thus shamefully exposed on an eminence, in sight of all the world. Solemnly the doctors paraded past and took note of what Dr. Moeller had told them they should notice. Then Mrs. Prentiss pulled herself together, tied the pajama cord, answered a few questions composedly, and was wheeled out of the auditorium in a copious sweat.

THE day Mrs. Prentiss was discharged, she paid for her morning papers and said goodbye about two hundred times. Sister came in for a farewell chat and a quick review of the more

ALLEN'S TOFFEE Smooth and creamy, rich and mellow — this superb confection is truly delicious. In distinctive assorted flavors.

Allen's Toffee

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C. S. ALLEN CORPORATION
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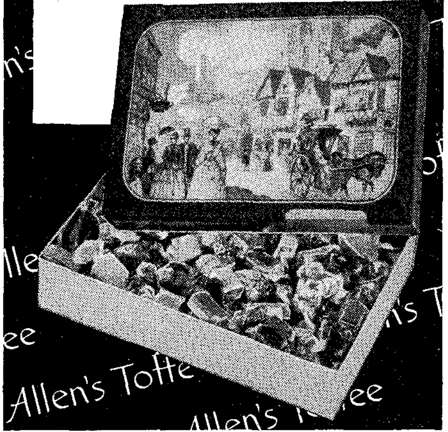
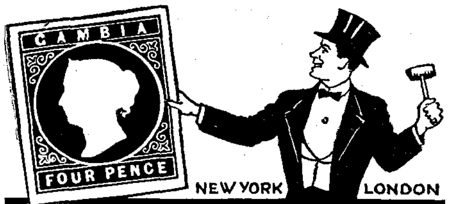
BUY VICTORY BONDS AND STAMPS





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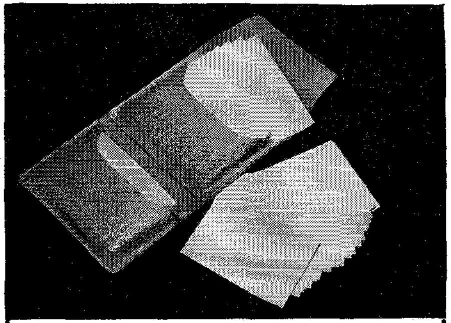


INSTANT LATHER LEAVES

All you need for a rich lather is a pair of wet hands & one paper-thin leaf from this case of tan, blue, or red top-grain leather. Indispensable for travelers. Can be sent overseas without a request. Case with 100 leaves of soap, $1.95 ppd. Book of 50 refills, 35c.
(To buyers of case only)

GIFT CLUES—N—337 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

dramatic elements of the case. "Your work on earth was not finished," she said. "There is no doubt you were not yet to be called away." One of the scores of nurses popped her head in to say that Mrs. Prentiss's bed need not be made until she was gone, and for the last time the temperature was read, the pulse counted. Mrs. Prentiss looked ruefully into her hand mirror and counted up her birthdays and wondered if, after all, a miraculous cure were such a desirable thing.

A nurse who had already said goodbye popped through the door again. Dr. Moeller wanted to know, she said wearily, if Mrs. Prentiss would receive him. Once more, for the last time, the dressings were taken off and the Doctor looked at the wounds. "Good," he said, as usual. But there was in his manner something new, a touch of sorrow. He was looking his last on his pet, the case of cases, the triumph of his American career. "You must take care in the dressing," he cautioned Mrs. Prentiss. "Beware of secondary infection."

"Oh, I will. And I want to tell you, Dr. Moeller, how much I appreciate—I know what I owe to you."

Dr. Moeller made his elaborate, stiff little bow, and then he surprised Mrs. Prentiss very much. He reached out and patted her cheek. "So," he said, "you depart. I wish you good luck. You have been a very charming patient." Then he was gone.

Mrs. Prentiss always faced facts. She was quite aware that when Dr. Moeller said, "You have been a very charming patient," what he really meant was "You have had a very charming streptococcus."

Just the same, she felt much better about things. "Say what you will," she thought, "it was awfully nice of him."

—Emily Hahn

•

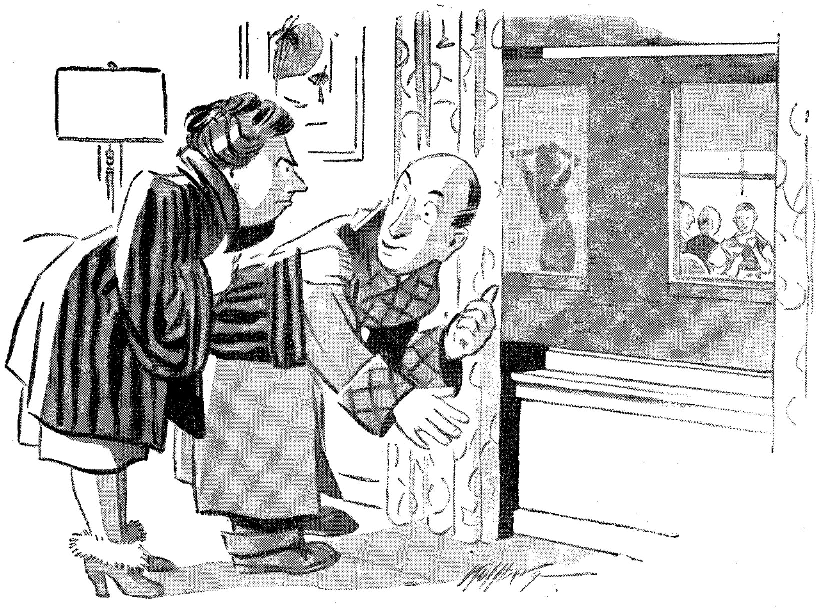
WOOD SMOKE

Let wood smoke scent the air around,
And sweet and sour to the ground
Let little knotted apples fall
By crabbed tree and broken wall,

Let there be sun enough to free
The last and unbelieving bee,
And briefly seen, and through a haze,
Hills holding back the colder days,

Then dusk will chase our footsteps down
And shadows trail us through the town
Clear to the street, the house, the light:
Warmth against winter, door on night.

—Louis Kent



"Believe it or not, I was just seeing how comfortable they look over there with that new Honeywell 'Personalized' Heating Control System."

Yes, Minneapolis-Honeywell P. H. C. Systems *do* give the ultimate in apartment heating comfort. With a thermostat in every apartment, each tenant can have just the temperature he wants; no cold discomfort—no wasteful overheating. Honeywell Personalized Heating Control will be a "must" in tomorrow's apartments just as mechanical refrigeration is today.

And here's good news for apartment owners and managers. Honeywell P. H. C. can now be installed in your present building without remodeling or *even redecorating*. For further information, write to **Minneapolis-Honeywell,** Minneapolis 8, Minnesota, or 221 Fourth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.—Advt.

PATEK PHILIPPE
THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH

A new 18 jeweled Perpetual Calendar Watch that shows name of week day, date and name of month and phases of the moon. Automatically adjusts leap year variations. 18 karat gold case. $1250 (Federal Tax Included)

PATEK PHILIPPE & CO., INC.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 1405 Peel Street, Montreal, Canada
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THIS year, people we know seem to be rather fervent about the thought of Christmas, possibly because the idea of peace on earth, even with all the turmoil and uncertainties everywhere, is less a mere hope and more an actuality. We expect the holidays to be made gay by newly created male civilians who have been deluged with strident haberdashery and violently patterned shorts and by females swathed in black lace nightgowns. There could even be those first pairs of postwar nylons; the problem of what to give any woman this Christmas is solved if you can only get your hands on some.

Christmas is important to the men and women of the armed services who are still away from home, and particularly to the veterans in hospitals. The matter of presents for them was covered in our issue of September 15th. We hope that nobody stints on gifts for children; Christmas is, of course, their day, and we believe in the most lavish Christmas possible for them. We are still going to try to hold the line against recommending extravagances or expensive and useless gifts for older people. The thoughtful little present or the inexpensive, cheerful piece of nonsense is what we will attempt to find for them.

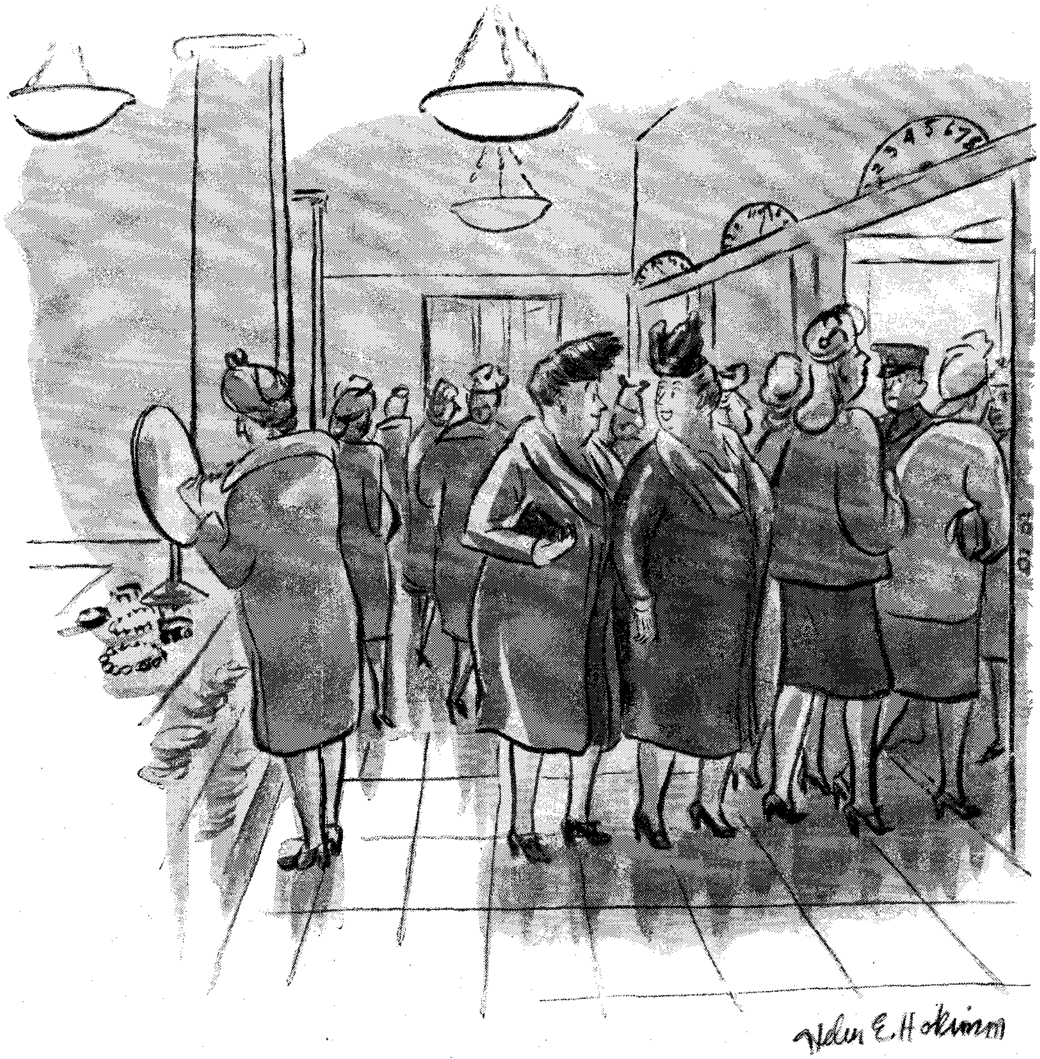
Christmas shopping operates sort of in reverse, like a good many other things nowadays, so it is a good idea to get your wrappings, tags, and ribbons before you get what goes with them, especially if you want to see a decent amount of things to choose from. (Naturally, you already know about mailing early.) As far as we can tell, there will still be a stock of everything we've listed by the time you read this, but we can't promise that the stuff will be around indefinitely. And, of course, a number of goods which have been off the market for some time are likely to pop up once more on the counters without so much as an overnight warning; that is something we can't anticipate, but we will attempt to deal with any new developments as fast as they—well—develop.

This year, as always, we suggest that you save the copies of the magazine containing the shopping lists that interest you; paper for magazines is as scarce as it is for Christmas cards. Besides, we can't be in the office answering phones and out in the shops scouting at the same time, can we? Finally, much as we'd like to, we can't undertake to help out anyone with his or (more likely) her shopping. By the time we're through with all our cataloguing, we'll have to sprint a bit to do our own.

This week, we square off for our annual survey of presents by discussing the Christmas-card situation, which is not without its problems, either. Two weeks from now, we will resume the discussion with essays on accessories and luggage.

Christmas Cards

AS far as Christmas cards are concerned, the war is not over yet. Supplies are shorter than ever, and any work that requires engraving is so likely to be delayed that Tiffany, for one, simply won't take orders. Imprinting can still be done, but in general the feeling seems to be that it will be easier all around if people write their messages—a practice we prefer, anyway, since your own scrawl is more in keeping with the Christmas spirit than the most magnificent card with an impersonal greeting and an engraved name. There is little that is new in Christmas cards aside from a slight trend toward using musical scores for decoration. As usual, the American Artists group of cards is almost everywhere, and everywhere



"Let's just go right to the top and work our way down."

they are beautiful; one of the best is "Sunlight," in which a warm sun shines on a tranquil, snow-covered landscape. The Designers and Illustrators contributions, more flippant and rakish, are also all around. Both varieties cost from five to twenty-five cents apiece.

So much for generalities. Now let us turn to a selection of some shops that seem satisfactory to us, and to the details of what we liked best there. Thus, in the traditional alphabetical order, we have:

A la Vieille Russie, 785 Fifth Avenue (60th): Cards of Russian design, some showing Godey ladies clad in purple and fine furs followed by flunkies carrying Christmas cheer. Or a violinist with wings (who can say why?) and a courtier with a bouquet kissing the hands of a girl in a bright yellow evening dress; ten and twenty-five cents. The shop's Ivan Lori collection is more *our* idea of old Russia—musicians, artists painting Christmas trees; ten cents each.

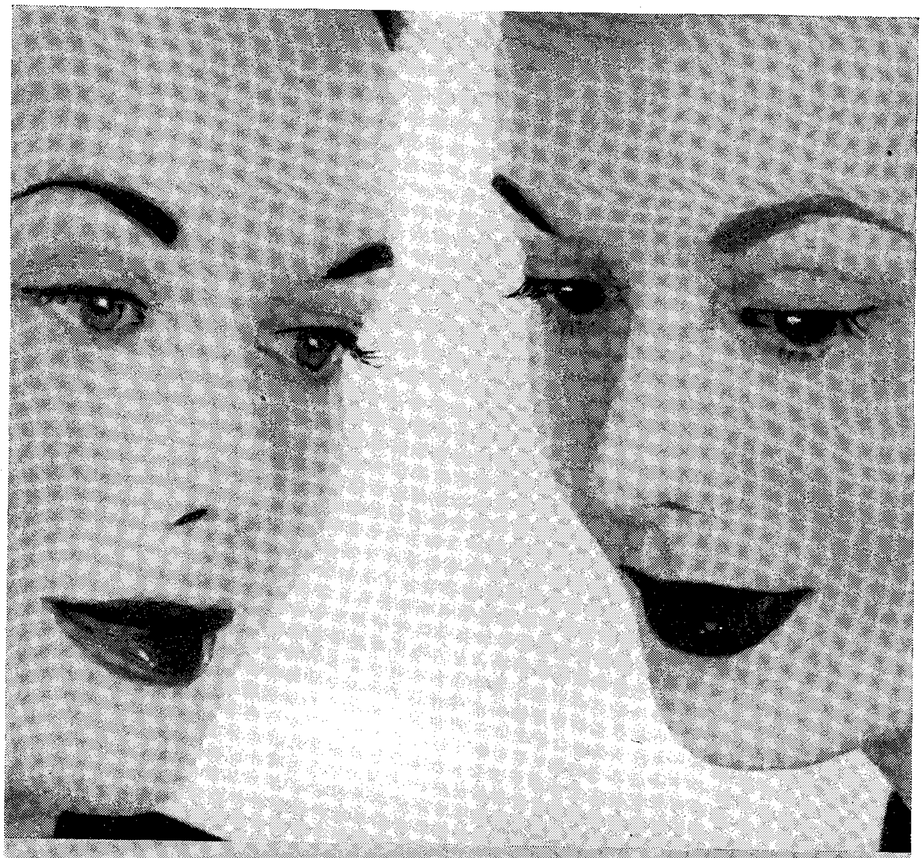
Altman: Sixteen cards by Gerard Hordyk in delicate, watercolor tints. Some New York scenes, like Trinity Church and the skyline with incongruous Neapolitan boats in the foreground. Religious themes—the Three Wise Men—and fragile ballet girls dancing before the Christmas tree; twenty-five for $6, including imprinting.

American Society for Russian Relief, 5 Cedar Street: Seven cards of Russian inspiration, showing, say, jolly children holding hands as *they* dance around a Christmas tree; twelve for $1.

Bergdorf Goodman: Bright-blue cards with musical scores on which you write your own carol; $6 for fifty cards and a bottle of red ink, too! Smaller white cards with Christmas greeting (engraved in black) and cherubs (cerise); more formal affairs have a red engraved greeting and a green frame, in which you write your name; $6.50 for fifty. Government penny postcards with Santa riding a merry-go-round on which reindeer take the place of horses; $4.50 for fifty. Eight Sally Michel designs, including a newsdealer in a bright booth selling papers that spell "Merry Noël," and Santa Clauses in royal purple and hung on a clothesline between two poinsettias (significance lost on us); $15 for fifty, including imprinting.

Black, Starr & Gorham: Conventional but beautiful hand-colored reproductions of old paintings, such as the Christ Child sitting on a cloud outlined with garlands of pink roses; $12.75 for twenty-five. Hand-colored cathedral interiors, such as the Church of St. Paul at Antwerp; $16 for twenty-five. A hand-colored Santa Claus checks his watch by a grandfather's clock; $16 for twenty-five. Hand painting on parchment—a lighted church with stained-glass windows, fir trees against a snowy background, and such; $16 for twenty-five. All prices include an engraved greeting, and your name.

Brentano, 586 Fifth Avenue (47th): Calendars, by Raphael Tuck, of English, Scottish, or American scenes; $1 each. Cards with Christian Science quotations; five and ten cents. Pleasant English summer or winter coaching scenes,



Pat-a-Kake

A Makeup Foundation that's GOOD for the Skin

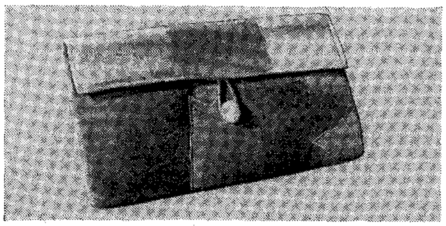
Two years of exhaustive research resulted in the discovery of this formula — modern, scientific laboratory resources perfected it . . . NOW, and only now, Elizabeth Arden announces PAT-A-KAKE, the ultimate in a Makeup Foundation. You will find it at your favorite dealer . . . a sensational new development in beauty. PAT-A-KAKE gives a younger, smoother, softer-looking skin AT ONCE . . . helps to conceal blemishes, freckles, tiny lines . . . has a lasting, beneficial effect . . . no artificial, ready-to-crack, heavily coated look. PAT-A-KAKE is easily applied, easily removed, leaving the skin actually fresher, prettier than before.

Nine wonderful shades to complement every complexion.

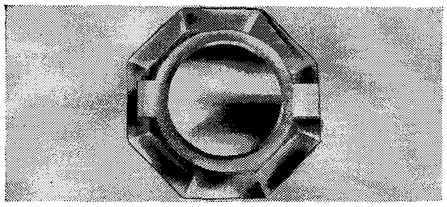
Price 1.00 (plus tax)

Elizabeth Arden

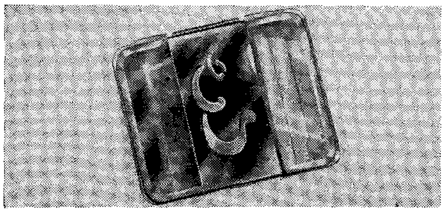
MARY LEWIS



California patchwork suede bag in multi-color. Size about 6 x 11 in. 1.95



California Lucite compact with faceted rim. Mirror on both sides of lid. Felt envelope. Size 4 x 4 in. 3.95



Cigarette case in Lucite with gold-plated metal band. Size 3 x 3½ in. 2.95

Mail orders 15¢ extra. Gifts, street floor. 746 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

All the things you dream about

The hand-bag that starts talk, the suits of artful simplicity... the furs that make your skin glow...the dresses that express You...they're all at Jaeckel's, your Personal Fashion Store. Small, friendly and intimate, where fashions are hand-picked for originality and distinction.

Jaeckel
10 EAST 57th STREET

and homey English staircases leading down to holly-trimmed living rooms; ten cents.

CARTIER: Once again, English hunting and coaching scenes, at from thirty-five cents to $1.25, and lovely hand-painted Madonnas, reproductions of Old Masters, at $1.35. Sassier affairs by Noka, a Russian artist, who likes to have Santa Claus driving a jeep carrying a Wac and a G.I. along a Paris street; sixty cents.

DUTTONS, 270 Park Avenue (48th): A few Victorian cards, whose bottoms fold down to make a base on which they stand, like old-fashioned valentines. Golden altars with manger, angels, and lots of roses; $6, but worth it. Christ Child or St. Nicholas cards, at eighty cents; not many of them, unfortunately. Turn-of-the-century postcards mounted on fancy gold- or silver-paper lace, with Santa Clauses, outdoor scenes, or religious subjects; $1 each. Modern bird or flower designs that look like old prints, and well worth framing; fifteen and twenty-five cents. And, to get an inch or two away from our subject, American Relief for France combination calendar-and-engagement pads, decorated with provincial French scenes; $2.

FRIENDS OF GREECE, 37 East 47th Street: Twelve Greek outdoor scenes photographed by Hoyningen-Huene (and who would think of asking for anything more?); $1 a set. Madonna and Child in lovely colorings; fifteen cents.

GEORG JENSEN, 667 Fifth Avenue (53d): Nine Katherine Crockett designs, such as Christmas bells decorated with peasant motifs; $8.25 for twenty-five, including imprinting. Others show small black poodles inspecting a toby jug filled with peppermint canes and Christmas-tree branches; $5.75 for twenty-five, including marking. The hand-painted Jensen Angel Puss and Glamour Puss cards (don't let these names stop you) show Mr. Cat in a stocking cap and Mrs. Cat with holly in her hairdo; $14.50 for twenty-five, including your name, also hand-painted.

LORD & TAYLOR: Twenty Dorothy Simmons designs, which you'll get nowhere else, cost $5.50 for twenty-five, including imprinting, and are as good as you'll find. Pink-robed angels sit on flower-studded clouds and tie bells around the necks of woolly white lambs; provincial china clocks have "Joyeux Noël" in place of numerals and a border of Christmas trees, peppermint canes, and cornucopias. A Florentine Madonna and Child is outlined with gold scrolls and ivory leaves. Also, non-Simmons cards bearing words and music of famous Christmas carols come boxed; $2.50 for twenty-five. Marking is extra.

MACY: Every conceivable kind of card to mull over, plus an unusual group of fourteen Labrador scenes in exceptional colors; $1.88 for fifty, including printing.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: The cards, reproductions of things in the Museum's collection, are more varied than ever, and they include columns of Egyptian hieroglyphics, two impressive details from a Chinese scroll ("A City-Bound Scholar" and "On the Road to the City"), and a bookmark showing details from an English 1804 sampler. Reproductions of the better-known

STYLE... AND A TOUCH OF GENIUS

Slouch-y

★ Hit of the year with the *young crowd* in both country and town. *"It's sharp,"* says the chorus!

★ in Natural Doeskin with velvety finish 12.95

★ in sleek Black Lastex only 10.95

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ALSO many fine Alligator shoes from 27.50 to 35.00.

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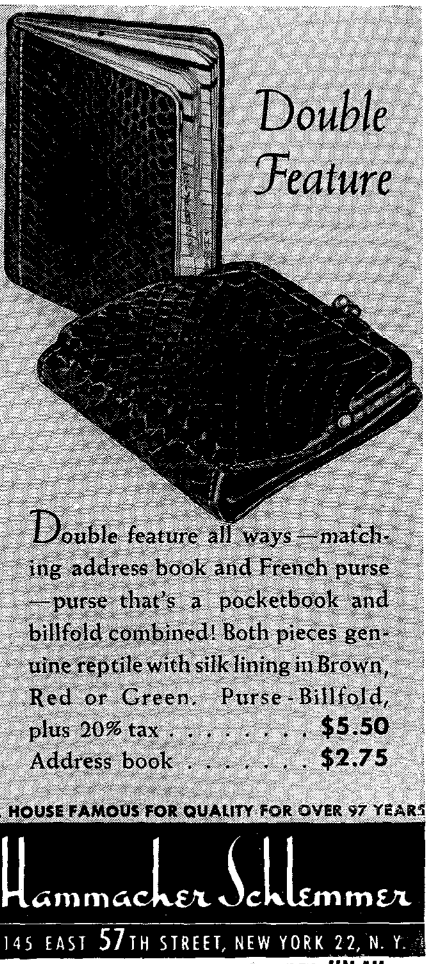

Double Feature

Double feature all ways—matching address book and French purse—purse that's a pocketbook and billfold combined! Both pieces genuine reptile with silk lining in Brown, Red or Green. Purse-Billfold, plus 20% tax $5.50
Address book $2.75

A HOUSE FAMOUS FOR QUALITY FOR OVER 97 YEARS

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
SEND FOR OUR NEW BOOKLET "N-1"

paintings, naturally, too; five to twenty-five cents.

Putnam, 2 West 45th Street: If you hurry, they will take orders for cards made from your own negatives or prints; $12 a hundred and up. Currier & Ives reproductions cost from $4.50 for twenty-five, including your name. The merry foolishment here includes white-haired angels with red-and-white polka-dotted wings, scattering red hearts and stars to ungrateful squirrels, and angels lifting baby angels to post letters; $6 for twenty-five, including name.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: The Christmas-card gallery, on the third floor, is so arranged that you can see everything at once instead of having to plow through counter books. One of the best collections in town. Ruth Reeves designs (to be found only here) in great variety, from Guatemalan-inspired Madonnas to North American parachutes dropping Santa Claus his reindeer and sleigh; $8.50 and up for twenty-five. Other artists have been at work, too. Examples: a frantic card showing Christmas all over the place, what with an orange sun and golden star, red-headed cherubs, cows and lambs in purple pastures, green forests, and multicolored skyscrapers, at $8.50 for twenty-five; a modern moppet sitting in a Victorian rocker, at $6 for twenty-five; English scenes and characters, such as red-coated John Bull carving a turkey or dipping into a wassail bowl, at $8.50 for twenty-five. (Wassail is coming back again. You see?) All prices include marking.

Tiffany: Good group of tinted engravings, showing such scenes as guests assembled in an eighteenth-century dining hall; $35 a hundred. A white card has a green border of churches, sleighs, people buying Christmas trees, and the like; $20 a hundred. Central Park, with the skyline of Central Park South, for a change; $25 a hundred. Cards here start at $12 a hundred. All of them have engraved messages, but you'll have to write in your name.

United China Relief, 1790 Broadway (57th), and Mrs. Torrance, 682 Madison Avenue (62nd): Beautifully tinted reproductions of Chinese paintings—frosty landscape and water scenes, ducks moodily watching their own reflections, and flowers that look like poinsettias—with greetings in English and Chinese; $1 a dozen.

Washington Square Bookshop, 27 West 8th Street: Lighthearted cards of all possible types start at five cents. A squirrel perched on snowy branches while several robin redbreasts (who have decided that a trip South is *not* necessary) admire the two lighted stars the squirrel holds. Fantastic little angels holding Christmas boughs, or riding clouds drawn by bluebirds. Things like that. And, naturally, Washington Square Arch looking north. What's more, the place is open until 9 P.M.

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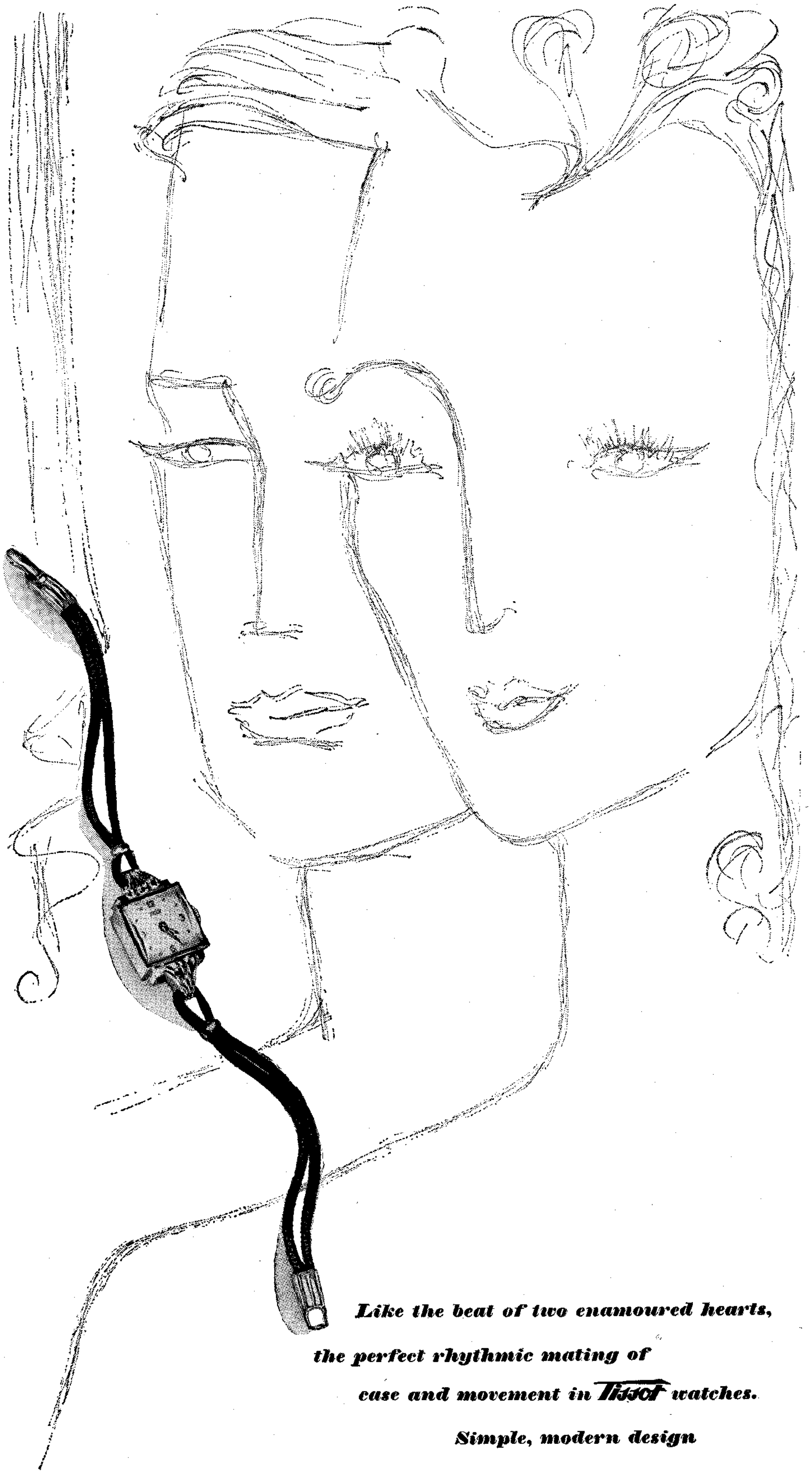
Lost—Matronly white chested bulldog, vicinity Franklin & Bryant. Answers to name Boots. KE 2808.—*Adv. in the Minneapolis Star Journal.*

Clubwoman type, apparently.



Like the beat of two enamoured hearts,
the perfect rhythmic mating of
case and movement in Tissot watches.
Simple, modern design
in 14-karat gold encases the
world-famous, unerringly accurate
17-jewel Tissot movement.
$115 tax included

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Sold and serviced at finest jewelers throughout the world
IN U. S. A. 501 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
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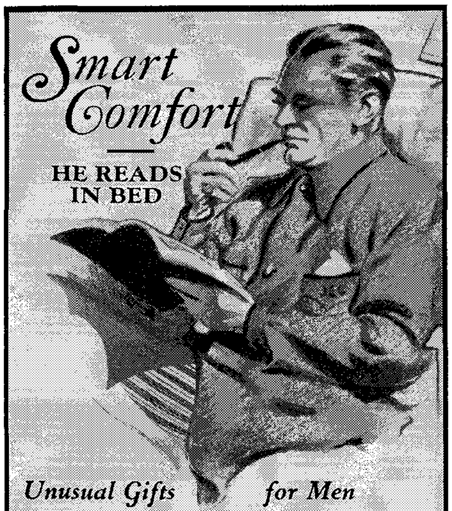
Smart Comfort

HE READS IN BED



Unusual Gifts for Men

SULKA READING JACKETS

Distinctive—Warm—Comfortable —Original with Sulka's.

Tailored by us from Fine Flannels (100% new wool). Smart Plain Colors hand-piped in contrasting colors: Cadet Biue piped in navy — Navy piped in light blue — Pearl Grey piped in garnet — Beige piped brown.

Hand-embroidered Monograms on pocket, $1.95 to $3.50 $35.00

When Ordering by Mail, state collar size and sleeve length

A. Sulka & Company

661 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK (22)
6 SO. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO (3)

Before you commit suicide

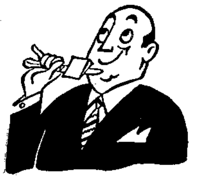
IT WAS a Frenchman who said: "Before you decide to commit suicide, go out and buy yourself the finest dinner in the land. Remember, it will be your last!"

(Of course, it never is!)

If you are like most Frenchmen, you would conclude that dinner the fitting way. With Camembert — *golden, mellow* Military Brand Camembert!

For Military Brand Camembert is the cheese of cheeses . . . the choice of gourmets. Who can resist its subtle appeal, its tempting aroma? Sink your knife—tenderly—into that rich and golden crust.

Here is treasure fit for the tables of the gods! Cut yourself a wedge, balance it deftly on your knife. Sniff slowly . . . deeply! Observe the creamy heart of Camembert—how mild . . . how smooth . . . how mellow!



Spread this superb cheese on a cracker. Then savor this miracle that Time and Nature have wrought. This moment, my friend, is one of your richest on this earth.

Thank your lucky stars that it can be repeated!

MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT

One of Borden's Fine Cheeses

FOOTBALL

Moral Victor

FOR three long and generally unrewarding seasons, a young man named Allan Dekdebrun has been conducting a campaign to keep football alive at Cornell. Cornell, like a great many other college teams, has not been graced with especially remarkable players these past few seasons (something to do with the war, naturally), and there have been times when Dekdebrun's admirers wondered why he didn't take up some other lost cause for a change. I first saw Dekdebrun in operation in 1943, on the afternoon that Cornell went up against what looked like a very good Penn team. Everyone expected Penn to win with the greatest of ease, but Penn didn't. In fact, Penn didn't score at all, while Cornell got two touchdowns, which were largely the work of Dekdebrun, a young back who had been spending a large part of his time sitting on the sidelines while other and presumably brighter ball-carriers did the work. Since that time most of Cornell's more promising players have gone off to the wars, leaving Dekdebrun to carry on pretty much by himself, a not particularly pleasant chore, especially when word began to get around that all you had to do to stop Cornell was knock Dekdebrun over on every play. Even when a posse was laying for him, though, he was a dangerous man, and the word that had got around had to be amended to read, "Score several times against Cornell, or you'll be in trouble."

Since that Penn game in 1943, I have seen Dekdebrun many times carrying on against fearsome odds, odds provided not only by the opposition but now and then by his own teammates, and I have always had the feeling that no matter what anyone else happened to think, Dekdebrun was sure Cornell was going to win. Take last Saturday, when Cornell came to Baker Field to play Columbia. Columbia, as people are beginning to realize, has a nice, tough line and an accomplished assortment of ball-carriers, and you might have been excused for thinking that Cornell didn't have a chance. You might have excused Dekdebrun for thinking so, too, for there are only two or three first-rate men in the Cornell line, and the backfield that lined up against Columbia contained, aside from Dekdebrun, one re-

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cent end (Robeson), one recent guard (Heinith), and one recent infant (Chollet). As you can see, the postwar conversion is in full and painful swing on the Cornell team. Well, Columbia, unveiling a splendid repertory of the sort of intricate ball-tossing for which it is celebrated, had a lot of fun at Cornell's expense—five touchdowns' worth, to be exact—and as the game moved into the fourth quarter, the customers, saddened by the rain that was now sprinkling the field and by the awful butchery (Columbia was coasting along on the head end of a 34–6 score), started to go away from there.

Those who departed missed one of the merriest exhibitions of underdog-bites-man that have ever been offered. Suddenly the Cornell boys began catching Dekdebrun's passes instead of dropping them and began opening holes for him and Chollet and Robeson. For ten minutes Cornell galloped up and down the field, completely out of control and scoring touchdowns at will. Before Columbia broke this rampage up, its lead had been cut to just eight points, and signs of disorder were visible on the Columbia bench. Columbia held onto that lead until the game ended, but the team had had a good scare. It was just one more sample of Dekdebrun fighting his good fight.

THE luckiest teams of the weekend were, as they so frequently are, Navy and Yale. It was characteristic of Navy to get itself out of a bad hole by intercepting a pass and scoring a touchdown on the play. Clyde Scott, who pulled this trick on Notre Dame last Saturday, has been helping Navy out with such stunts for two years. All Notre Dame got for its hard afternoon's work was a tie instead of a victory. It was also characteristic of Yale that something should turn up at the last minute. In Yale's case, it was a back named Fitzgerald, a Navy trainee who had been transferred to Yale only a day or so before Saturday's game with Dartmouth. His touchdown, the only one in the game, was all the Old Guard needed to confirm their belief that Dartmouth hasn't a chance against the Yale Bowl jinx. —J. W. L.

•

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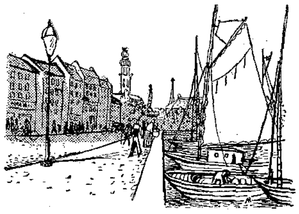
LETTER FROM COPENHAGEN

OCTOBER 26 (BY WIRELESS)

THERE is nothing rotten in the postwar state of Denmark. Tacked on to the top of a continent whose morality and people have grown drab and thin in the midst of debris, Denmark has the look of a law-abiding, plump, uncontaminated, tidy little green appendage. Until the summer of 1943, when the Danish resistance got going on a large scale, the less fortunate parts of Europe called little Denmark Hitler's canary, because it was small, petted, well fed, and caged.



There's probably no other civilized country that derives so much sensible and visible unity from the limitations of what it can do. All that Denmark can really manage in a big international way are butter, eggs, bacon, and fish—a sort of breakfast business. These four products stamp the countryside, the coasts, and the towns. Behind Copenhagen stretch miles of treeless, verdant pastures inhabited by contented cows and querulous hens, and from behind the thatched cottages on the model farms the ceaseless northern winds bring the scent of happy pigs. Before Copenhagen's harbor lies the gray plane of the sea, dotted with fishing boats. And behind the polished windows of Copenhagen's myriad *Viktualier* shops lies the tasty evidence of the national effort—pats and hillocks and firkins of pale, perfect butter; platters, dishes, tins, bottles, boxes, and tubs of fish, pickled, smoked, fresh, fried, or dried; mounds of feather-white eggs; and flitches of brown bacon piled up like flat brown stones in a low farm wall. In a recent article on Denmark in *La Voix de Paris*, a dazed French reporter, after leading off by saying that he hadn't laid eyes on so much food for years as he had seen in Copenhagen, went on to describe so rapturously the "pyramids of chickens, ducks, geese, and turkeys, the fruits and vegetables whose freshness and abundance evoke I know not what promised land or lost paradise" that he barely had room to add a last, down-to-earth line about the rising Danish unemployment.

IT is the new style in postwar political Europe to go Labor or Socialist. Denmark went Left, or what was politely called Liberal, many, many years ago—in 1901—and remained Conservative, too. The Danes say there is not a lot of difference between their Socialists and Conservatives. Their Socialists are Social-Democrats and are very moderate, and their Conservatives are, for Conservatives, very radical. With less excitement and less fear of a surprise finish than was displayed over the first postwar elections in the rest of Europe, the Danes will go to the polls on October 30th. They expect to lose their Social-Democrat leader, Vilhelm Buhl, the Prime Minister, and possibly get in his place the Conservative Foreign Minister, Christmas Moeller, along with a Folketing (House of Commons) containing about thirty per cent Socialist and Communist deputies. Moeller, after his escape to England, in 1942, was interregnum chief there of the Free Danes, that exile setup which the stay-at-home Danes called the Near Government, meaning almost but definitely not quite. The younger stay-at-homes would prefer as the new Premier someone who had remained on the spot during the bitter period of the occupation, but they agree that Christmas Moeller has a "useful sense of political convenience," which they feel Denmark may need in the next few difficult, Scandinavian Bloc years. His party is split into the Young, who are progressive, and the Old, who complain about the high taxes, which are really high. An income of eighteen thousand kroner, which is equivalent to about thirty-six hundred dollars, is taxed forty per cent. The Communists' best plank in the campaign has been their demand that the voting age be lowered from twenty-five to twenty-one, a proposition which naturally attracts the Danish youth, who, in fact, want to vote at the age of eighteen. The Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes know all about each other's home affairs, so political-minded Copenhagen citizens can recite the complete Scandinavian Communist score: Sweden has a parliament that is sixty-per-cent Communist; the percentage in Norway is twenty; and in Denmark, the richest, it's nine.

While capital-versus-labor struggles have been agitating the large democracies, Denmark, the dwarf, has sat unperturbed, because her farms, which are her main business, have been prospering for years on an ultra-democratic, worker-owner basis and because even in the cities, as the Danes immediately announce to every visiting foreigner, there are no very rich or very poor people. This worker-owner set-up, which politically, psychologically, and economically makes Denmark what it is today, is based on the coöperatives, a pious idea originally entertained by a noted Protestant pastor, Nikolai F. S. Gruntvig, who died in 1872 but is still the country's most influential citizen, since, along with the coöps, which started first in the dairy business, he founded the first "folk" high schools in Denmark and wrote many of the church hymns now being sung there. Danish coöps flourish on the strength of two simple practices: first, farmers are furnished up-to-date technical and practical advice by coöp agricultural specialists provided by the Ministry of Agriculture; second, the farmers can put their minds on their cows, hens, and pigs, knowing that the coöp is handling the business end for them. One result of this scheme, which is scientifically planned and applied, is that the Danish peasant, unlike the farmer in Normandy or Indiana, can afford to buy his stock feed and can use his limited land to raise nothing but produce, most of which he exports at a sure profit. Another result is that, in times of peace anyway, if an English housewife has a bad boiled Danish egg for tiffin, she can report to her dealer the number stamped on it, whereupon the Danish farmer can be traced, disgraced, tried, found guilty, and forced to pay a fine.

What the Danish coöperators are up against now is where to get feed, which Germany, her mind on the eventual groceries, genially supplied during the war; where to get fertilizer—and the boats to carry it—which used to come from now inaccessible South America; and, above all, where to get coal, which used to come from the now wrecked Poland and the now French Ruhr. There are almost no forests in Denmark to provide fuel. Those quaint Danish woodcutters who hacked their way through Hans Andersen's tales were apparently just part of the fairy story. Land is so valuable that the peasant can prosper on his modest twenty acres only if every inch is devoted to husbandry. During the war, the Danes used peat for fuel, and the bad brown coal from Jutland. They, even more than the Europeans to their south, are worried about the severity of the coming winter, which, after the summer's terrible drought, can easily consist of blizzards. Even last summer, because of the coal scarcity, electricity was so strictly rationed that the Copenhageners who

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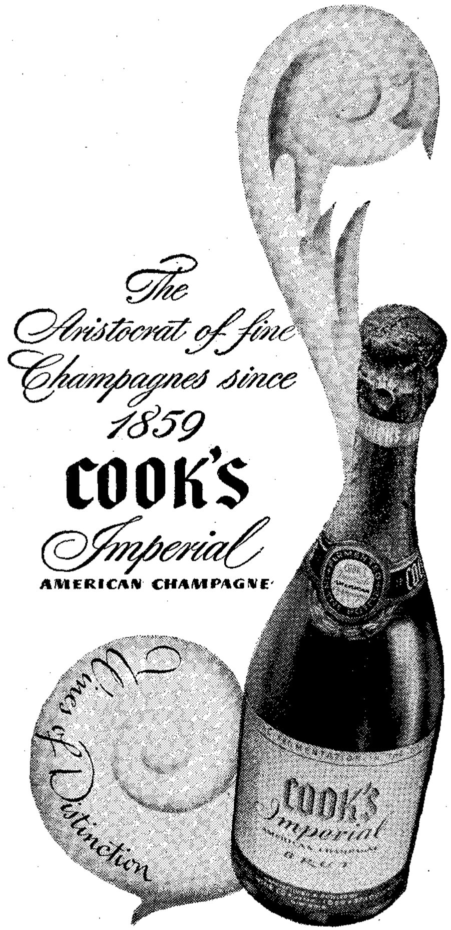
stayed by their radios for hours at a time, waiting for the good news of V-E Day, paid for it by sitting in unlighted rooms for several days afterward.

THE Danish resistance hit its stride in August, 1943, after three years of a coalition government which—or so it is said—collaborated merely enough to stay in power and thus keep the real Danish Nazis out. Denmark's canary period lasted from 1940 to 1943. The Nazis had chosen her in the north, as they chose France in the west, to chirp cheerfully about the special treatment she was getting and to show the rest of the world how pleasant the Germans' New Order iron cage could be for wise birds. Copenhagen was important to the busy Germans, being the hub of Scandinavia boat and railway communications, which spoked out to Norway and Sweden. On August 29, 1943, however, the Germans suddenly disarmed the Danish Army, which they suspected would aid the Allies in the rumored Allied landing. The canary treatment ended and resistance flared. In Copenhagen alone, a hundred and fifty leading anti-Nazi intellectual figures were rounded up and sent up country to a concentration camp outside Elsinore, where the melancholy Hamlet's castle still stands. In October, the Germans started persecuting Danish Jews and sent five hundred of them to the Theresienstadt concentration camp, in Germany, but the underground helped eight thousand to escape from Denmark into Sweden. A program of sabotage had already been organized by the Communists, but it was thereafter led individually by a picturesque fellow who had been a common laborer and who became famous under the nom de guerre of General Johansen. With the General in charge, sabotage spread so rapidly through the transportation system that the five-hour train run across Jutland, which was the Germans' main line of communication to their military defenses in Norway, became a ten-day one. To punish sabotage, the Nazis invented a special trick called *Schalburgtage*, named after the infamous pro-Nazi Danish Schalburg Korps, who, on their Nazi masters' orders, obligingly paid off saboteurs by blowing up the property of Danish citizens. In Copenhagen the East Asiatic Company building, the famous Tivoli Concert Pavilion, and the Royal Yacht Club were destroyed. When the resistance began liquidating informers, the Nazis retaliated with another invention, called "clearing murders;" the Germans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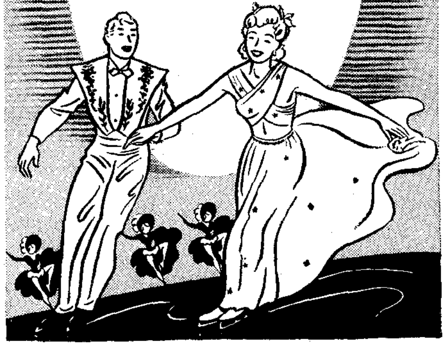

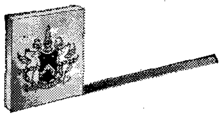
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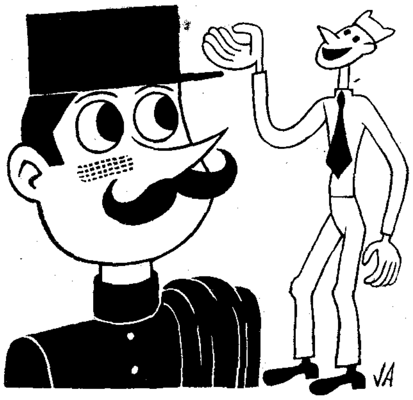
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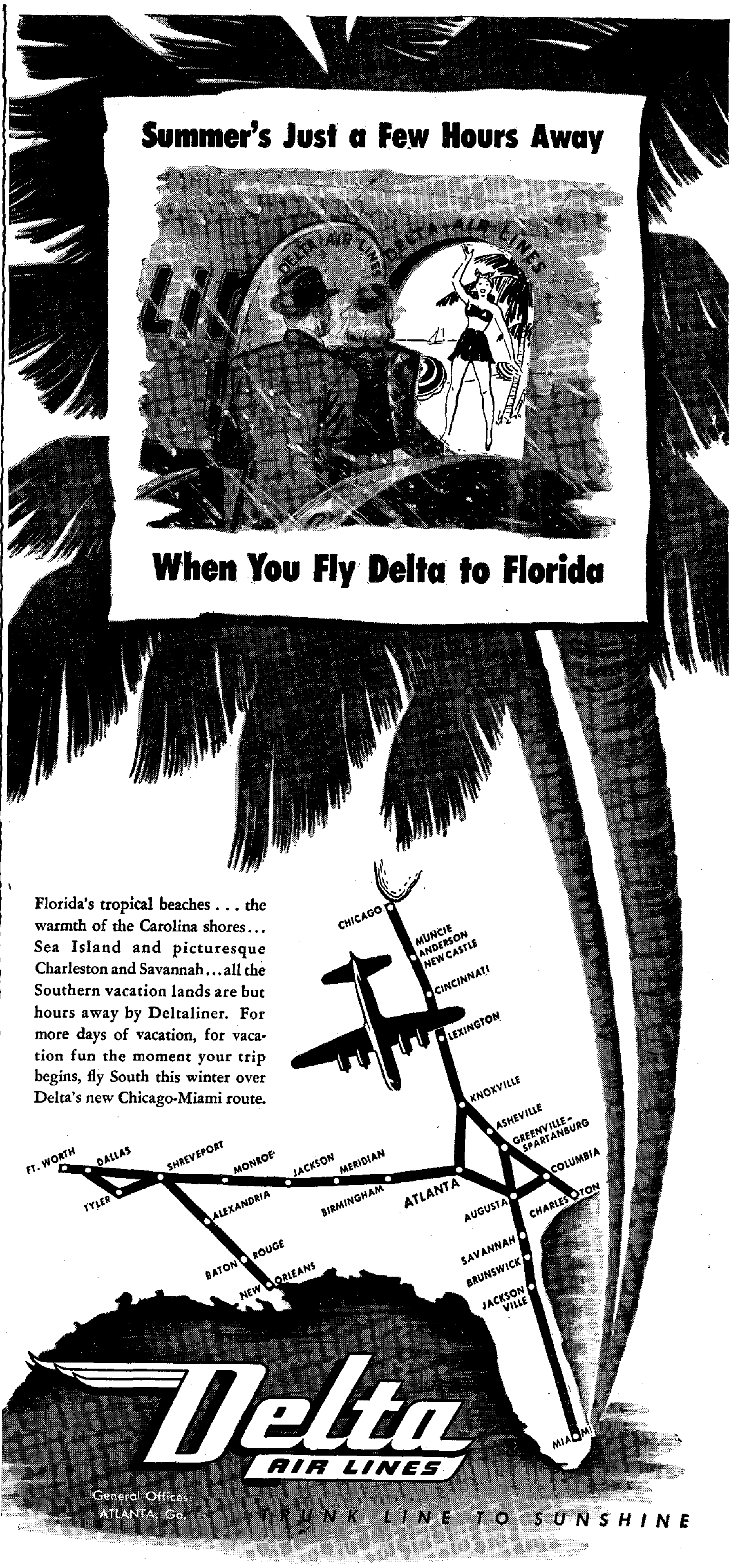
In June, 1944, the Nazis began executing Danish patriots and ordered an 8 P.M. curfew, so all Denmark went on strike for a week. As punishment for that, Copenhagen's water, gas, and electricity were cut off. At night the citizens nibbled cold food in the dark and stayed away from the windows, since to break the strike the Nazis had ordered a complete reign of terror by the worst of the Danish traitor troops, the Hilfs-Polizei, nicknamed the Hipo, whose regular job was merely to aid the Gestapo but who now shot up their own people, killing almost a hundred citizens and wounding nearly a thousand in random, Wild West potshotting. Then, in September, the Nazis rounded up the Danish police, many of whom were in the resistance, and began shipping them to Buchenwald and Neuengamme. As soon as there were no cops, bedlam broke out in Copenhagen. By day, traffic was snarled, since everybody from eight to eighty rides a bicycle and the traffic lights were not in operation for two days. By night, there was a brisk crime wave; burglaries, false or true, were reported, there were mounting outcries of indignation and claims for damages, and the insurance companies were frantic. Finally, a number of outraged, orderly Danes constituted themselves a civic police and the Nazis permitted them to wear armbands and take over the chaos on the main street corners. On April 20, 1945, the Danish resistance arranged a sabotage surprise party to celebrate Hitler's birthday. They blew up something, whether a railway bridge or a gasoline dump, every four minutes all day. The worst day for Copenhagen came in March, 1945, when R.A.F. Mosquitoes bombed Shell House, which was the Gestapo headquarters but in which some Danes were imprisoned on the top floor. They made up the bulk of the fifty-one dead in the raid. In an effort to bomb a shipyard on the harbor, the leading plane in that same raid struck a wire and fell in flames on a school, and the other Mosquitoes, thinking that the blaze was the target, dropped their bombs on it. Ninety-three children died, most of them slowly during the three days it took the rescue squad to work its way in.

A MONTH before V-E Day, the Germans shipped into Denmark four hundred thousand civilians, most of whom had walked from Berlin, Ham-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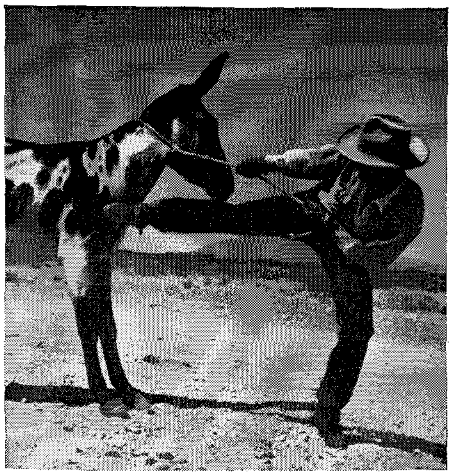

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burg, Danzig, and Lübeck into Schleswig, whence they had been sent into Jutland for redistribution. Three-fourths of them were bombed-out Germans; the rest were stateless people—Poles, Letts, Lithuanians, Bulgars, Slovenes, and French, thousands of them children who had never known anything but flight. Denmark is now under British control—it was liberated by the Desert Rats—so the British are still feeding this mixed population its eighteen hundred daily calories. But it is the Danes who have given thought to the children's education. Because children should go to school, the Danes altered the schedule of half their schools so that, by cutting an hour a day from the Danish children's classes and having two sessions—from eight o'clock to one and from one to six—and by drafting teachers to help work the double shifts, the young visitors are being educated. The British don't want to keep this heterogeneous lot of human beings in Denmark, but they want even less to send them into British-occupied Germany, where they would be even more trouble.

There are now five thousand Russian soldiers installed on the Danish Baltic island of Bornholm, which used to be a popular summer-holiday spot. A recalcitrant young Nazi officer, who refused at first to capitulate, made it necessary last summer for the Russians to lay siege to the island, and they show no signs of leaving. According to rumor, Russia has already intimated that she would like military bases in the Danish coast towns of Elsinore and Skagen. Bornholm would be ideal for Russia as one of those foreign air bases of the type that the democracies are now demanding. It would also be a handy stopover for Russian boats coming from Leningrad on the long passage through the Kattegat and Skagerrak and so out into the waters of western Europe. The Danes take a poor view of the idea of yielding Bornholm, since they have already lost one island in the war—Iceland, which was a sovereign state united to Denmark under the Danish King and which had a right to declare its independence in 1940, and declared it. The Danes feel that Iceland might at least have waited until the end of the war. The crown-colony island of Greenland would be an even greater loss were the United States to buy it, rather like a vacant lot, as the Hearst papers have been recently suggesting. Greenland is rich in a mineral called cryolite, used in making aluminum. It also contains a population of

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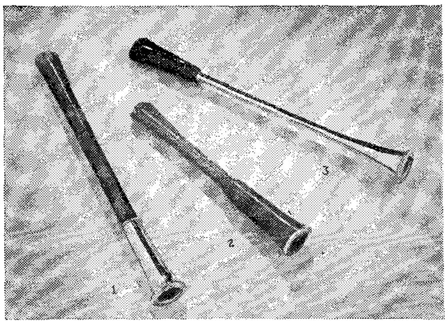

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Eskimos. Nobody knows how the Eskimos react to the Hearst idea, since, as there are no newspapers in Greenland, there is little Eskimo public opinion. The Danish state department, which watches over the Eskimos as we do over our Indians, has always aimed at protecting them from civilized vices like smoking and drinking, but apparently the Eskimos were profoundly influenced by the American soldiers stationed there during the war.

THE seventy-fifth birthday of King Christian X, in September, rated a big celebration in Copenhagen. It was also the occasion of one of his few visits to his capital city since 1943, when the Nazis clapped him into *résidence surveillée* in the Castle of Sorgenfri as punishment for his people's resistance. A gala birthday performance was given at the Royal Opera House, featuring the Danish ballet, which ranks second only to the Soviet ballet. His Majesty's entry into the Opera was quite a sight. While the women in the audience curtsied and the men bowed low, his Majesty was wheeled into the royal box in his Bath chair. He has not been able to walk since he injured his foot in a fall from his horse in 1942. With affection, the Danes declare that he has been a bad and popular horseback rider all his life. On what used to be his daily morning trots through Copenhagen, even under the German occupation, he was always followed by loyal little crowds on their bicycles. The Danes say that his lack of protection on these rides so mystified the Nazis that a German officer finally asked some young cyclists, "Who guards your king?" "We do," they answered simply, and pedalled off to help look after him.

In comparison with what is found in the other capital cities of Europe, café and restaurant life in Copenhagen seems unbelievably gay, merely because people can sit down at tables and actually eat and drink. The best restaurant in town, with probably the best-run kitchen on the Continent today, is the Nordland. Danes have to have bread tickets in order to eat in restaurants and ration tickets to buy meats and fats for the home. Consumption of wartime akvavit, made from potatoes and only forty-one proof, is limited to a few glasses (invariably with a beer chaser) a person in restaurants and to a bottle a month in the home. It costs about twenty kroner for a fifth. The Danish women have taken to smoking cigars, because cigarettes are rationed. In September, Copenhagen's imposing

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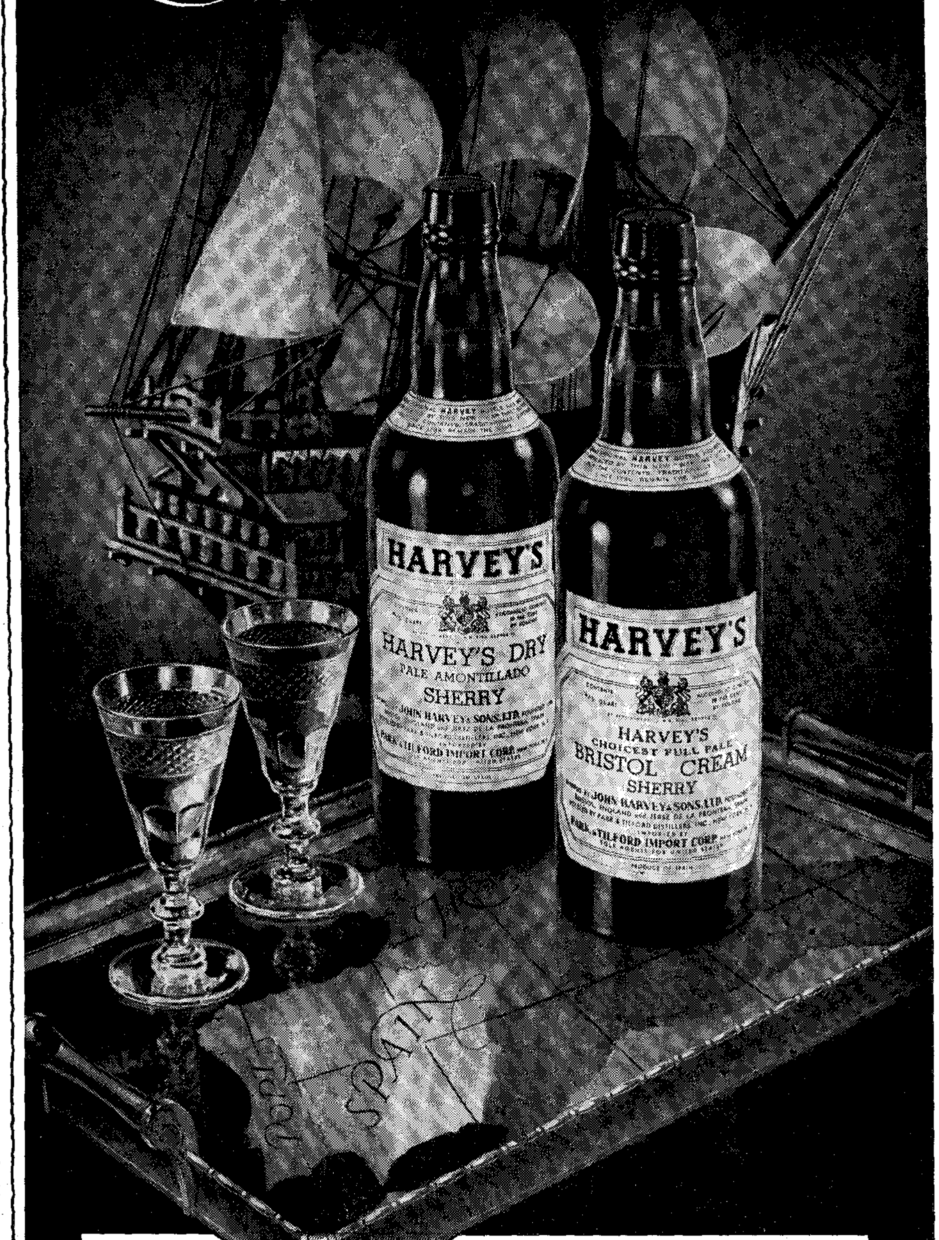

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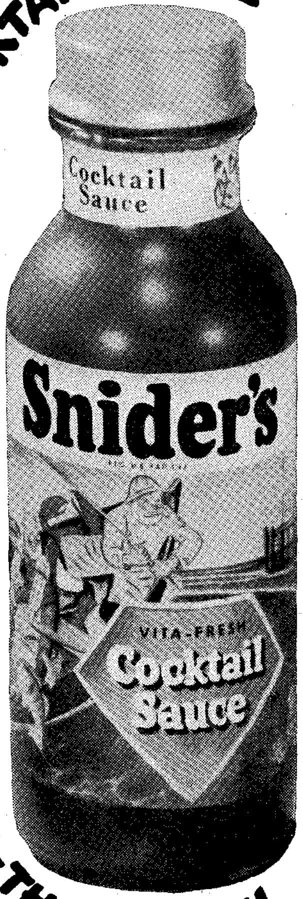

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red-brick Town Hall was encircled by a queue of women waiting for passport visas, which would give them the privilege of standing up all day in the crowded trains for Stockholm, where they could buy two pairs of silk stockings and a couple of packs of cigarettes. The hegira proved so popular that in a few weeks the government put a stop to it, because the millions of Danish kroner moving into Sweden constituted too great an exportation of capital.

Like everybody else in Europe, the Danes are hungry for chocolate and thirsty for tea and coffee. But for refreshment they can always fall back on their beer. There are two famous brands of Danish beer, Tuborg and Carlsberg, of which the latter has up till now been the greater friend to man. For years the Carlsberg Brewery has brewed only to give its profits to the Carlsberg Foundation, which assists Danish scientists, painters, and musicians. The Carlsberg purchases of modern pictures have filled the Copenhagen National Museum, principally with philanthropy. The beer has always been brewed by the Jacobsen family, now in its fourth generation as civic benefactors. The present generation lives in modest flats, while the old family mansion serves as a residence of honor for men of merit whom the foundation has chosen to carry on for the benefit of society. The Carlsberg beer policy has been influential. The Tuborg Brewery has now endowed a similar, quarter-million-kroner foundation, and a petroleum group has backed still another foundation in the interest of science. However, the Carlsberg Foundation remains unique. It backed the labors of the noted Danish scientist, Niels Bohr, who furnished Denmark's contribution to that ubiquitous international terror, the atomic bomb.

—GENÊT

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

(OLD ADAGE DIVISION)

[*Letter in the Stockton* (*Calif.*) *Record*]

Editor Record: A native of Springfield, Mo., I was reared in Oklahoma. I married a man of Italian descent whose parents as well as himself were born in Stockton. Upon his discharge from service a year ago we came to Stockton.

I have learned that the educated people here are fine. They visit me and treat me as good as I was ever treated in Oklahoma. It is only the ignorant or uneducated who resent the Oklahoma people. I have traveled widely and I have always found the old adage true, that the ignorant always puts himself out to show just how ignorant he really is while the wise man realizes it is better to think you are dumb and noisy than to know it.

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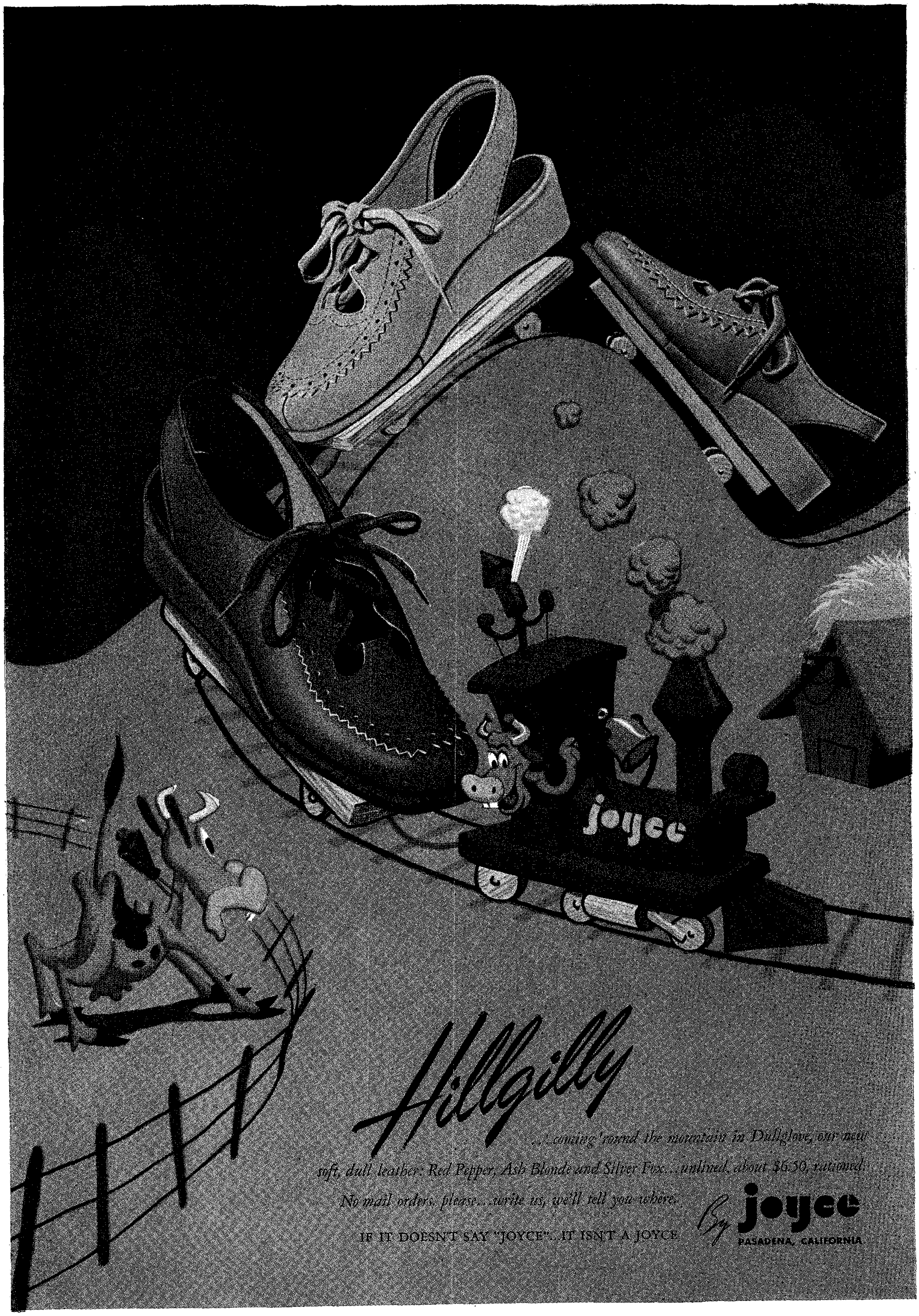

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IF IT DOESN'T SAY "JOYCE"... IT ISN'T A JOYCE

By **joyce**
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

MUSICAL EVENTS

Visitors

MANY members of the capacity audience that attended Maggie Teyte's Town Hall recital last week were greeting an old friend whom they never had met before. As you know, Miss Teyte's phonograph recordings of French songs have created a new following for her since her last appearances here, a good many years ago, and the welcome she received from her recent disc fans, as well as from her earlier admirers, probably set a high mark for friendly fervor. According to the biographical data in the Town Hall program, Miss Teyte has been singing professionally for nearly forty years, but she didn't look it and her voice didn't sound it. Her first group—an assortment of eighteenth-century airs—proved that Miss Teyte has retained a sound vocal technique and a good sense of style. Before long, however, you forgot about technique and style, because she merged herself with the words and the music. The identification of the singer with the song became complete, and that made her concert a rarely engrossing experience.

George Reeves was designated in the program as "accompanist," but this word underrated the importance of his superb collaboration at the piano. Mr. Reeves also supplied a cozy touch by fetching a glass of water for Miss Teyte in the course of the concert, and the audience added further informality by shouting for encores by name, Parisian and Forty-third Street French being used impartially by the gathering. Miss Teyte's *next* Town Hall recital, on December 19th, is said to be sold out, but there may still be some tickets for a later one, on February 20th.

BOTH the Philadelphia and Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestras had transient conductors for their Carnegie Hall concerts last week. Pierre Monteux led the Philadelphians, and George Szell directed the home ensemble. Mr. Monteux started things cheerfully with a wonderfully light-handed performance of Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture," which, for

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"DÍA DE LAS PLAYAS"-- SO IMPORTANT TO NATIONAL LIFE ARE URUGUAY'S MANY SUMMER RESORTS THAT DECEMBER 8, WHICH OPENS THE BATHING SEASON, IS CELEBRATED AS ***"THE DAY OF THE BEACHES."***

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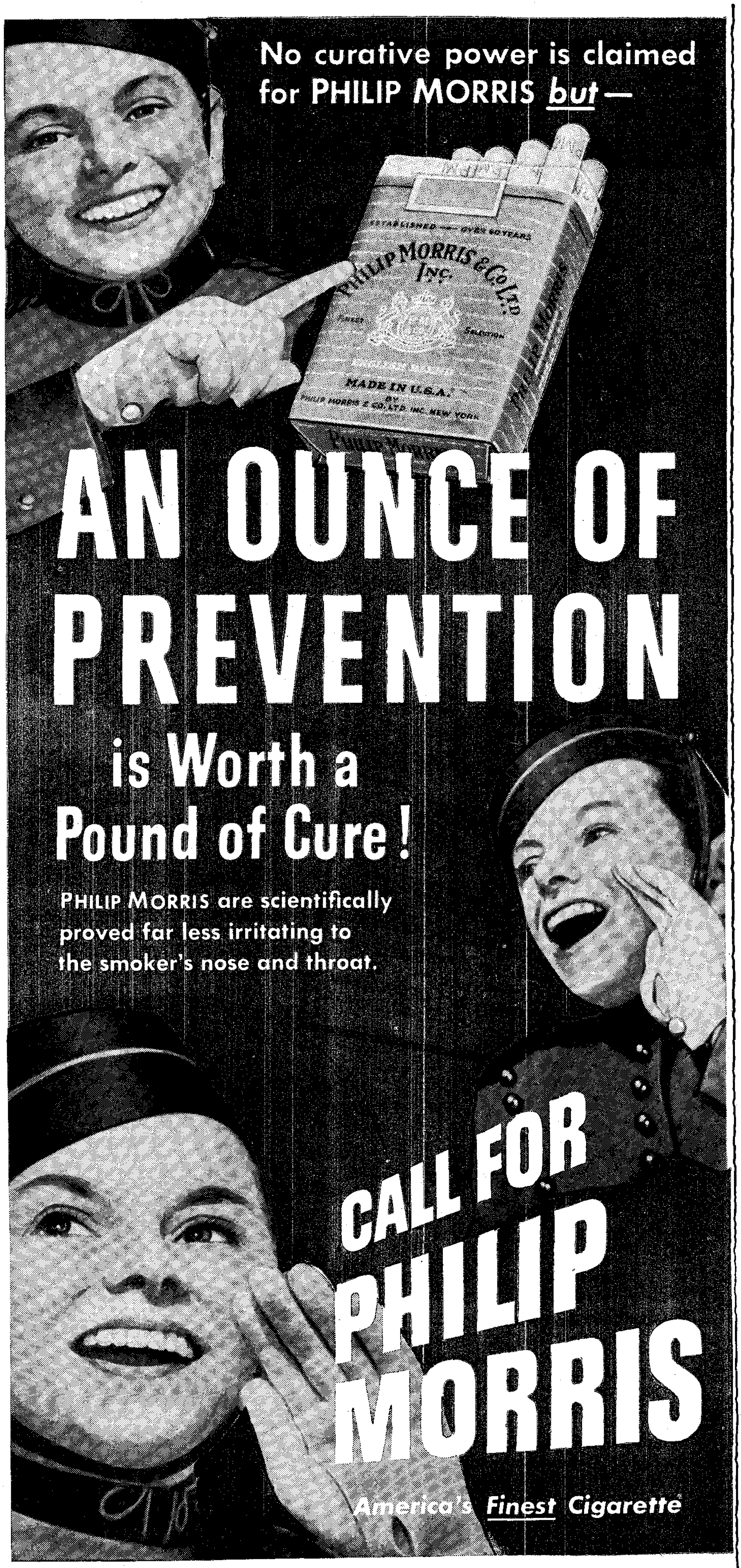
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once, was more festive than academic. His doings with Beethoven's fourth symphony, generally a troublesome item for conductors, were clear-cut and convincing, and he transmitted successfully the peculiar charm and fancy of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," but I wouldn't have minded a little more sentiment in its epilogue. He also turned in a finely designed version of Ernest Bloch's "Suite Symphonique," which had its first New York hearing on this occasion. The suite is sturdy, solid music and the audience took to it heartily. Dorothy Maynor, the soloist of the evening, sang "Asie," from Ravel's "Schéhérazade" song sequence, with such skill and imagination that I should have liked to hear her sing the entire trio of "Schéhérazade" songs. She also sang two Mozart airs in excellent voice, but these, I thought, were a trifle overstylized.

Mr. Szell began his Philharmonic-Symphony visit with a theme and variations in G-minor by Arnold Schoenberg, who originally composed this work for band—"with students in mind," according to the program notes. The distinguished craftsmanship and sensitivity of the composer were apparent throughout, but the appeal of the composition may be greater for musicians than for a general audience. Mr. Szell projected the Schoenberg music with great clarity, and the same quality was evident in his direction of Mozart's so-called "Jupiter" symphony. Strauss's "Don Quixote" was a nightcap that put nobody to sleep, thanks to the freshness Mr. Szell imparted to a work that sometimes has been made to sound ponderous He treated it, rightly, as a story told by instruments, making it a fascinating narrative with pleasant moments o humor. The solo cello and viola con tributions by Leonard Rose and William Lincer, respectively, were expert and euphonious. So was the playing of th gentleman with the tenor tuba, whos name, unfortunately, wasn't included in the published list of participants.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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TRAVEL NOTE

The New York Central Railroad ha announced that a wartime economy ha gone by the board. Passengers taking th Twentieth Century Limited will wal down the ramp to the train on a specia crimson-and-gray carpet as they did before 1942.—*News item.*

Well, now the Century's gone forma
It looks as though we're back to norma

—LESLIE NELSON JENNING

THE RACE TRACK

Nothing but Money

IT'S a good bet, if you can get it, that when the last, fascinating tabulation of dollars is made, Mrs. Elizabeth Graham will lead the list of winning owners this year. Her Maine Chance Farm horses passed the half-hundred mark for races won and the half-million mark in prize money at Jamaica last week—fifty-three races and some $512,000 in purses, if you're a stickler for figures. The stable of Louis B. Mayer, which was booming along a month ago with a total of around $480,000, seems to have gone all to pieces since Busher, its mainstay, broke down recently, while the establishments of Warren Wright and William Helis, although they are also in the six-figure class, are too far behind to be dangerous.

No doubt some people have found it monotonous to hear about practically nothing since midsummer except the successes of Maine Chance Farm. The buildup, if you could call it that, has even affected horsemen. Only the other day, at the tracks, a usually hard-boiled fellow complained to me petulantly that Maine Chance Farm had all the good two-year-olds. I wouldn't be surprised. (The buildup, as you can see, is even affecting me.) Anyway, nobody else's two-year-olds ever won so much. In round numbers, at the moment, Mrs. Graham's have won $335,000. When she paid $287,700 for twenty yearlings in 1944, racing people started wondering whether she could possibly break even on her investment in one season. Last May a statistician, having nothing better to do, estimated that these colts and fillies would have to win $12,000 a week for twenty-four weeks and, pulling out an adding machine and a collection of colored pencils, he proved, on paper, that it just couldn't be done. Of course, he hadn't the foggiest notion that her Beaugay alone would win $116,000 or that Star Pilot would win $129,095 during the season, and neither had I. As a matter of fact, I didn't think that Star Pilot would win the Ardsley Handicap at Jamaica last week, for he had never run well around turns. Just for that, he polished off Marine Victory in fine style and then withstood a strong challenge from Misleader. As you may recall, Mrs. Graham

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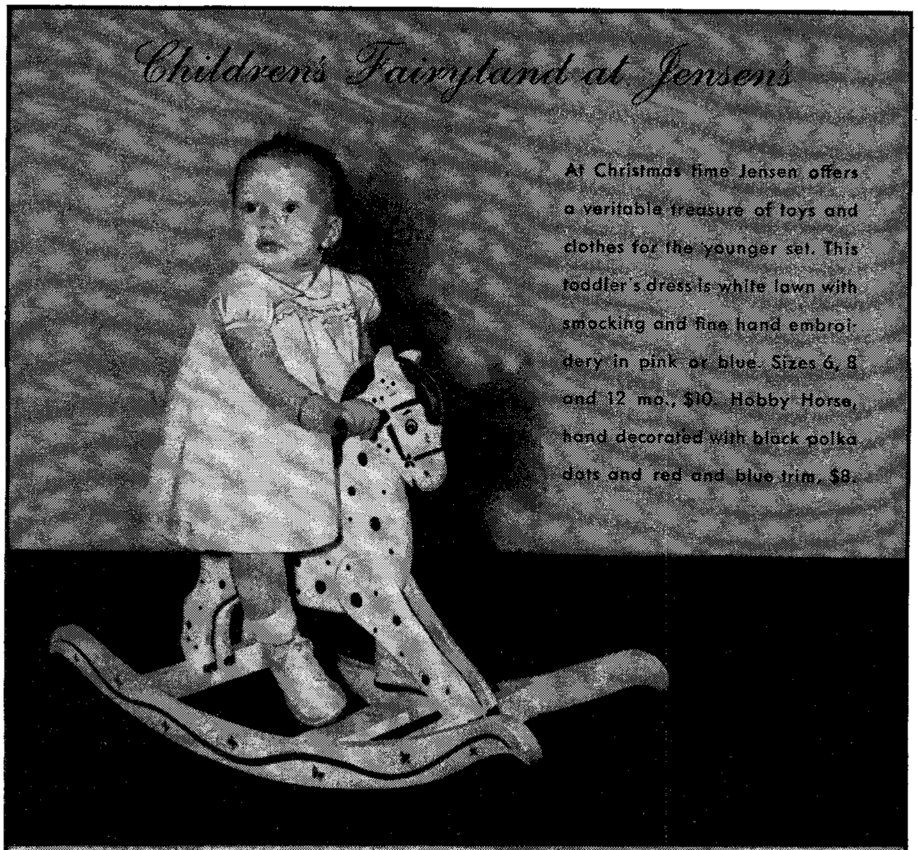
Children's Fairyland at Jensen's



At Christmas time Jensen offers a veritable treasure of toys and clothes for the younger set. This toddler's dress is white lawn with smocking and fine hand embroidery in pink or blue. Sizes 6, 8 and 12 mo., $10. Hobby Horse, hand decorated with black polka dots and red and blue trim, $8.

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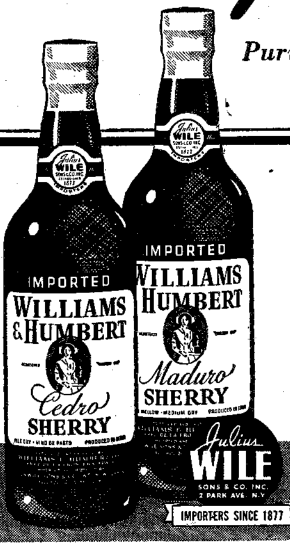

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bought eighteen yearlings for $321,700 last August. There is no apprehension about their future.

I FEEL a bit hesitant about even mentioning Stymie's performance in the Westchester Handicap at Jamaica last weekend, good as it was, for recently I suggested that he wasn't a weight carrier. If you must know, as you probably must, he carried 125 pounds, was outrun for nearly a mile of the mile and three-sixteenths, finished with a great rush, and beat Buzfuz by a head. The Westchester was the third $50,000 handicap Stymie has won this season; the others were the Butler and the Brooklyn. Actually, his share of the purse was only $38,850, because, although the Empire City Racing Association added $50,000 to the entry and starting fees, second money of $10,000, third of $5,000, and fourth of $2,500 were deducted from the pool. As for the others in the race worth mentioning, Buzfuz led most of the way and almost made it, Eurasian lacked his old dash and go, and First Fiddle was blocked and boxed in for the better part of the race. Early in the week, First Fiddle had a winding-up gallop in a sprint at six furlongs, which Greek Warrior won by lengths. Wrong Horse Harry, my indefatigable paddock man, reports that when Greek Warrior, who is almost as white as a circus horse, passed First Fiddle, who is a dirty gray, First Fiddle snorted, "My, ain't you clean!"

HORSEPLAYERS house-hunting in their spare time may take what comfort they can from the knowledge that the Empire City Racing Association also is looking for a new home, and having as much trouble as anybody finding one. The Association's old course near Yonkers is too small, race-track crowds being the size they are these days. I'm sorry it seems to be on the skids, for there were few pleasanter places to spend an afternoon than on the upper veranda of the clubhouse or on the hill in the paddock. Oh, well, I suppose there's always Jamaica. Incidentally, the meeting which closed there on Saturday didn't do badly. Attendance for the twelve days was 326,104 and $35,397,960 was bet in the tote.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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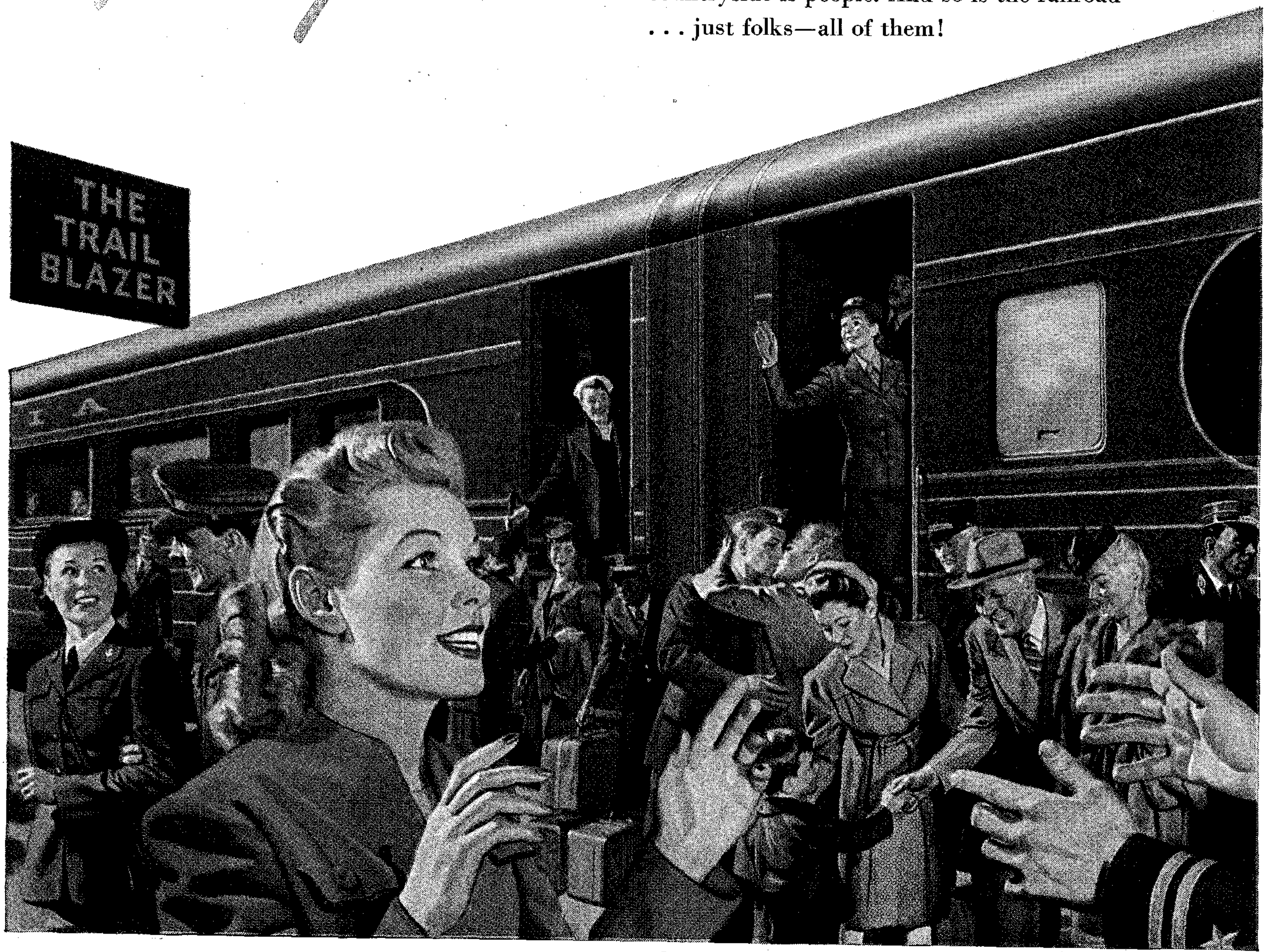
The city? We think of it as people. The countryside is people. And so is the railroad . . . just folks—all of them!



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Bring out the goodness ...with Wine

*Recipe for Lamb Leglets

4 lamb shanks
1 cup California Sauterne or Chablis wine
5 to 6 cups mixed diced raw carrots, celery, onion and green beans

Insert slivers of garlic near bone in lamb shanks; brown in a little hot oil in large kettle (about 30 minutes); season while cooking. When browned, add wine, cover and simmer 1½ hours or longer, until meat slips easily from bone. Take up shanks; remove meat from bones. In a casserole, arrange vegetables and meat as shown; add liquid from kettle, season, cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until vegetables are tender (about 40 minutes). Serve with chilled Sauterne or Chablis wine. Serves 4

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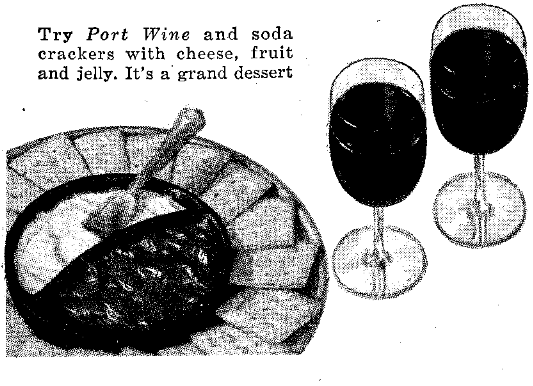
Try *Port Wine* and soda crackers with cheese, fruit and jelly. It's a grand dessert



SERVE LAMB LEGLETS from the casserole, piping hot and fragrant. Then, with a glass of well-chilled California Sauterne, taste wine and food together!

You'll find the delicate piquancy of the wine perks up the natural flavor of the meat. The other foods served in company with the meat take on an added, special goodness. You'll discover, in fact, some mighty fine eating.

And that is the purpose of the California table wines. The white table wines are light and sensitive. Try them with delicate main dishes like chicken, fish or lamb. The red table wines, like Claret or Burgundy, are robust. They are the wines most people prefer in company with hearty red meats such as roast, steak or chops.

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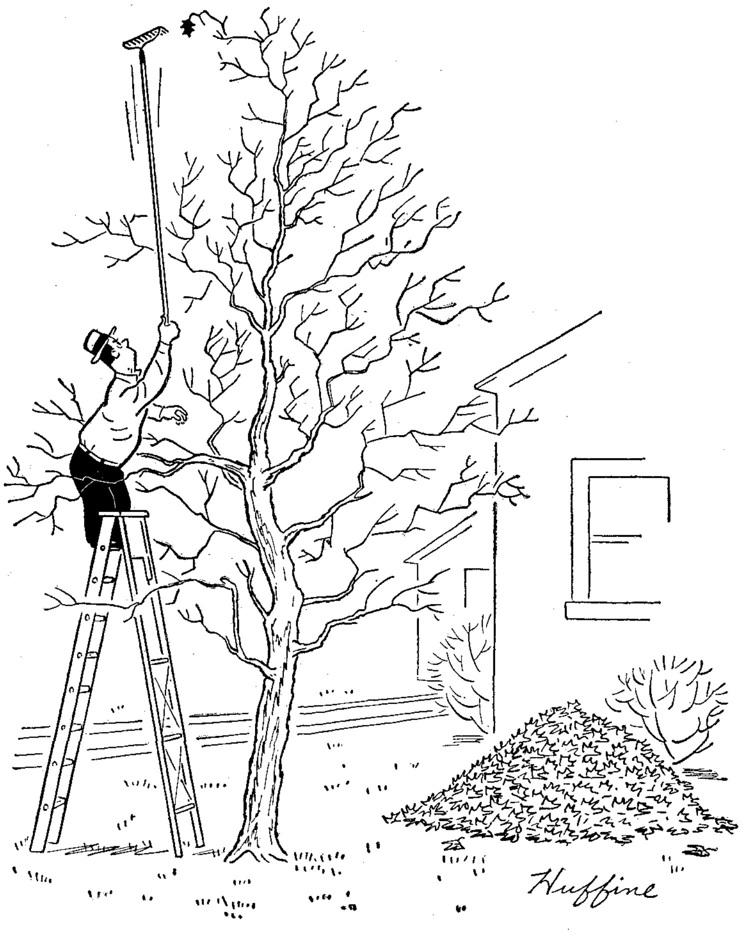
BOOKS

Isherwood—Marquand—Anaïs Nin

"PRATER VIOLET," by Christopher Isherwood (Random House), is one of his longish short stories, which resembles the episodes in "Goodbye to Berlin" and keeps up the same high level of excellence. It is perhaps a little more dramatic and more of a deliberate historical parable than the earlier stories were. In "Prater Violet," the Isherwood character who calls himself Christopher Isherwood and who is the focussing eye of all these narratives works in London on the script of a movie with an Austrian Jewish director. The director is a man of real talent: imaginative, energetic, and resourceful, a Viennese mixture of Jewish irony, worldly cleverness, and old-fashioned Goethean culture, whose soliloquies are brilliant examples of the author's mimetic gift. But in England, Imperial Bulldog Pictures sets him to making one of those idiotic films about the romance of gay old Vienna—a crown prince who falls in love with a flower girl—and when, that winter, the Viennese civil war of 1934 takes place, the director, with his family in Austria, rebels against the imposture he is perpetrating. The consequences of this make the crux of the story, and Mr. Isherwood, with equal skill, gives us an impersonation of the Imperial Bulldog people practicing the great English art of demoralizing opposition by indirect and disingenuous methods and evading fundamental issues by refusing to take them seriously. In the end, he has his unfortunate director driven by the pressure of events to emigrate with his family to Hollywood. It is to be hoped that Mr. Isherwood, with his recent experience of the Coast, will go on to give us the story of the more streamlined and larger-scale American methods of wrecking talent and suppressing issues.



John P. Marquand's "Repent in Haste" (Little, Brown) is another rather long short story, and—on a lower plane—a pretty good one. Here the focussing observer is a war correspondent, and the subject is a young pilot in the Pacific and this young man's unfaithful wife back home, between whom the correspondent tries to act as a liaison agent. The story creates suspense; it has point; it is based on first-hand observation and conscientiously accurate reporting; and it says something rather intelligent about the difference between the older generation of Americans and the young generation of the war. The only trouble is that, here as elsewhere, Mr. Marquand hasn't the literary vocation—or maybe métier is the better word. A novel by Sinclair Lewis, however much it may be open to objection, is at least a book by a writer—that is, a work of the imagination that imposes its atmosphere, a creation that shows the color and modelling of a particular artist's hand. But a novel by J. P. Marquand is simply a neat pile of typewritten manuscript. Mr. Marquand, as a fiction-writing journalist, is a not unsympathetic figure. He sees through certain kinds of fraud and he does not hesitate to make fun of them; unlike some other highly successful novelists, he does his work in complete good faith and is not pretentious about it. It was not he but an excited reviewer, quoted on the jacket of "Repent in Haste," who shouted, "Let's face it—John P. Marquand is the major American novelist writing today." But, fortunately, we do not have to face it. We have plenty of novelists in America who make Mr. Marquand's abilities seem as modest as his pretensions. And a book like "Repent in Haste" cannot be called anything better than a thirty-five-thousand-word job that is Grade B but does not let you down.

THERE is not much expert craftsmanship in "This Hunger . . . . ," by Anaïs Nin (Gemor Press), but it is a more important book than either of these because it explores a new realm of material. Even Isherwood can do little more than add to an already long series another lucid and well-turned irony of the bourgeois world on the eve of the war. The *religious* preoccupation which is said to have been growing on him during the war years is hardly hinted in the final pages of "Prater Violet," and it is a tendency of which, in any case, we have already heard a good deal from others. But Miss Nin is one of those women writers who have lately been trying to put into words a new feminine point of view, who deal with the conflicts created for women by living half in a man-controlled world against which they cannot help rebelling, half in a world which they have made for themselves but which they cannot find completely satisfactory. "This Hunger . . . ." is the first installment of what is evidently to be a long novel. It deals particularly, says the author in her foreword, "with the aspect of destruction in woman. . . . Man appears only partially in this first volume, because for the woman at war with herself, he can

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only appear thus, not as an entity."

This volume is, therefore, quite different from the author's last book, "Under a Glass Bell," which was a collection of prose poems and poetic character sketches, each of which limited itself to presenting an image or a mood. The episodes of "This Hunger . . . ." are somewhat less satisfactory as writing than the pieces in the "Glass Bell," but Miss Nin is attempting something more original and more complex. The new book consists of three sections, each of which presents a woman in her closest emotional relationships with men and with other women. These three groups have as yet no interconnections, and it is impossible to judge the author's project on the basis of this beginning. It is probable that when the various sets of characters shall have been made to react on one another, a larger design will appear and give these earlier chapters new value. In the meantime, it does seem, however, as if Miss Nin, not yet expert at fiction, has not fully been able to exploit her material, which is constantly suggesting possibilities for dramatic contrast and surprise that the author has done little to realize—though the first section, the simplest and shortest, does complete a dramatic cycle. There is, for example, a movie actress, a masochistic and tied-up girl, who becomes envious and resentful of her screen personality because it represents a woman who is free, and always loved and in love. It is impossible to say that someone else would have handled this theme more effectively, because it is probably the kind of thing that only Miss Nin would have thought of, but one feels that it is a brilliant idea which ought to have had a more striking presentation. The narrative, too, a little lacks movement. The influence of D. H. Lawrence, about whom Miss Nin wrote her first book, has perhaps been impeding her here. Like Sherwood Anderson, she seems to have caught from Lawrence a repetitiousness and a solemn hieratic tone which, though a natural enough contagion for Anderson, should not be inevitable in the case of Miss Nin. She has, at her best, a very personal and human voice, and is instinctively, I believe, the kind of writer who does not rely upon the impact of verbiage but cares about the right word, and who has no business blurring, as she sometimes does, the climaxes of her paragraphs.

The surface of "This Hunger . . . ." is thus a little uneven. There are passages where the psychological insights find their appropriate expression in clear language and vivid images, as in the pages that describe the self-doubt that is always compelling the movie actress to make more and more exacting demands on her lovers; and there are moments when little set pieces, as fragile and strange as those in the "Glass Bell," partly emerge from the background of psychological exposition—such as the golden salon with crystal lamps from which one of the heroines walks out into a garden where a light rain has washed the faces of the leaves and where she finds herself confronted by three full-length mirrors placed as casually as if in a boudoir. But these pieces are not planted or prepared for so that they function in a general scheme. They stand out with special life and color from a background where the outlines of the characters seem sometimes rather dim and where the description of relationships—when it falls into the Lawrence formulas—seems sometimes a little abstract. Yet behind the whole thing is a vision of the vicissitudes of passion and friendship in a world in which men and women have become semi-independent of one another that makes "This Hunger . . . ." always a revelatory document. Once one has used such words as "passion" and "friendship," one realizes how far Miss Nin has gone in breaking up these clichés that we use for the dynamics of emotion. Though she owes something to Freud, as she does to Lawrence, she has worked out her own system of dynamics, and gives us a picture, quite distinct from that of any other writer, of the confusions that result to our emotions from the uncertainty of our capacity to identify the kind of love that we tend to imagine with our actual sexual contacts, and of the ambivalent attractions and repulsions that are so hard on contemporary nerves.

Interesting though "This Hunger . . . ." is and charming though the "Glass Bell" was, I feel sure that Miss Nin has still hardly begun to get out of her intelligence and talent the writing that they ought to produce. This new book, like the one before it, has been published by Miss Nin herself. (It is distributed by the Gotham Book Mart, 51 West Forty-seventh Street.) One hopes to see the next installment of this novel brought out by a commercial publisher in the same volume with a reprint of the first, and marketed in the ordinary way. Miss Nin is at present a special cult, when she ought to have a general public.

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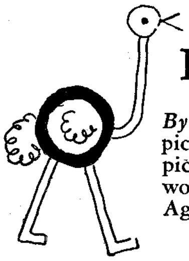

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BRIEFLY NOTED

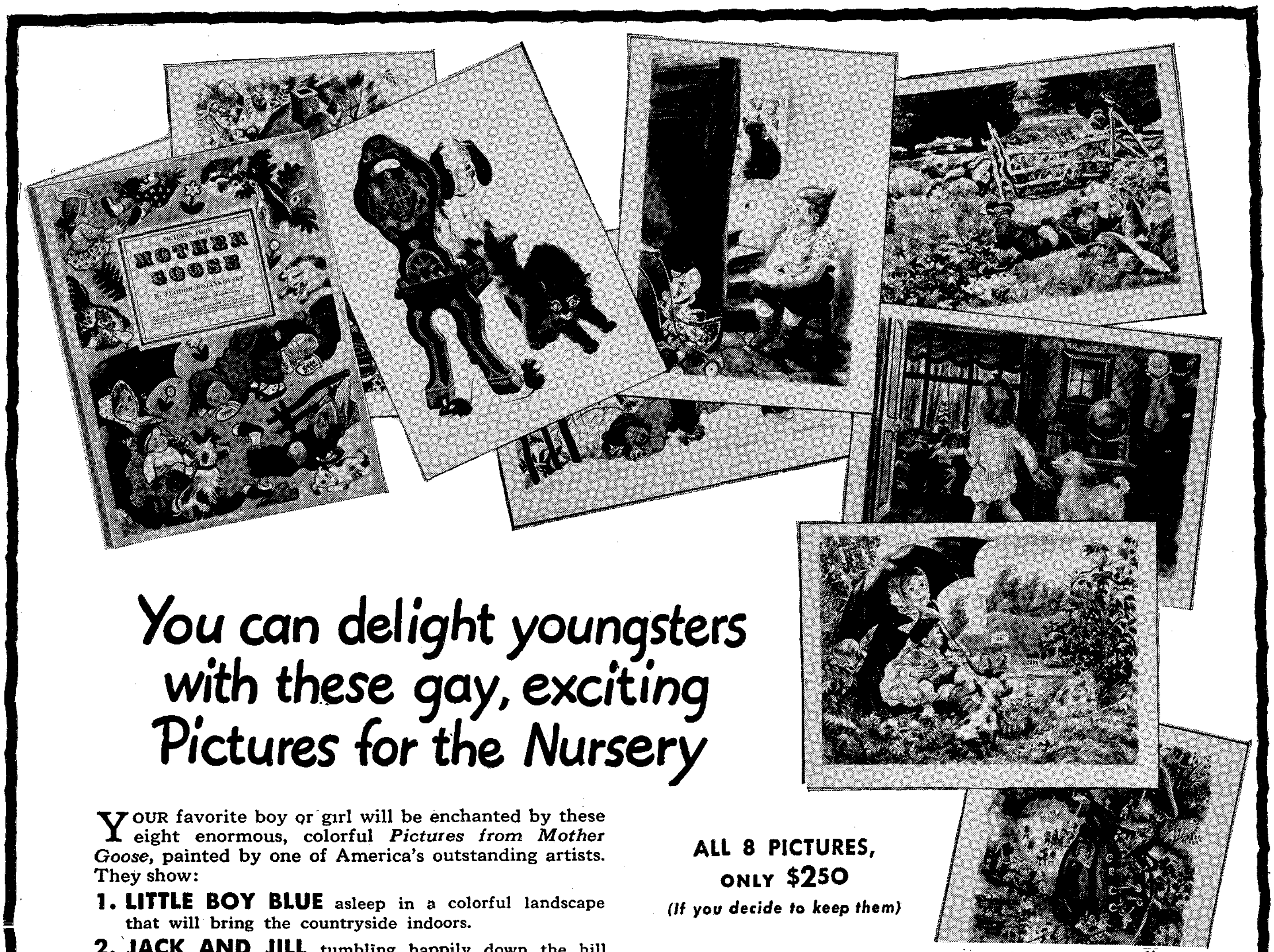
FICTION

THE FRIENDLY PERSUASION, by Je samyn West (Harcourt, Brace Fourteen unpretentious and agre ably old-fashioned stories about a li able Quaker family—a thoughtfu industrious father, an affectionate ar capable mother, their flock of clear individual children—and their mi but not uneventful life on a nurser farm in Indiana about the time the Civil War. Miss West, who first book this is, has produced ne ther a standard piece of period no talgia nor the equally standard a bum of lovable eccentrics, and is even more to her credit that sh has had the sense and taste not t patronize or exploit the gentle piet that directs the lives of her char acters.

YOU AND I, by Myron Brinig (Farra & Rinehart). Another of Mr. Brin ig's big, exhaustively detailed banal ties, this time about a boy and girl who are reared as brother an sister although they aren't really re lated at all. Well, they are sepa rated, and years pass, and the bo writes a successful novel. . . . Read able, though.

TOMORROW'S ANOTHER DAY, by W R. Burnett (Knopf). In spite of tw extremely interesting minor charac ters—a jumpy, middle-aged ex sportswriter and a deceptively mil veteran of the Chicago gang days— and the brisk authority Mr. Burnet always imparts to his rambl through the underside of urban life this story about an easygoing youn gambler who gets into complicate trouble by marrying a girl on whon another gambler has his eye is a fair ly perfunctory job, not much bette than the run of novels by this author' energetic imitators.

THE ROBBED HEART, by Clifto Cuthbert (Fischer). A love affair between a jazz-mad young man o Manhattan society and a lightly col ored girl from Harlem's fashionabl Sugar Hill, that stops just short o miscegenation. Along with all th "tea," gin, and jam sessions, this sorr and often embarrassing little exer cise deals exhaustively with the frus tration and impotence so manifest i



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the more frantic jazz circles. It would all, however, sound more authentic if the author's ear were as sharp as he appears to think it is.

METHINKS THE LADY . . . , by Guy Endore (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). This enthusiastic plunge into abnormal psychology by the old Werewolf of Paris is partly the story of a young woman who isn't sure whether or not she is guilty of a murder, partly a lurid but reasonably plausible study of such conditions as kleptomania, satyriasis, eroticism, and psychic infantilism, and partly a sassy defense of the concepts of Freud, Jung, and their disciples. An odd and entertaining item, but one that you will probably find more interesting as a grab bag of psychological and anthropological lore than as a novel.

GENERAL

ATOMIC ENERGY FOR MILITARY PURPOSES, by Henry D. Smyth (Princeton). Of all that has been written about the atom, this report, compiled by the chairman of the Princeton physics department as an official "report to the nation," is by all standards of comparison the best thing on the subject so far. The development of the atom bomb is, naturally, the crux of Mr. Smyth's story, but he begins with a brief yet comprehensive survey of the advances made in nuclear physics between 1896 and 1940, and shows, in a way that should make the matter comprehensible to almost any layman, how atomic power was finally put to work for our military forces. Some of his sentences, such as "If k could be made greater than 1 in a practical system, the project would succeed; if not, the chain reaction would never be more than a dream," are rather difficult, but, in relation to the world's future, few more important sentences are likely to be written for a long, long time.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, by John Moody (Sheed & Ward). The first of two simultaneously issued biographies of the great nineteenth-century Cardinal, celebrating the centenary of his conversion to Catholicism. This book, by the Moody of *Moody's Manual of Investments*, who is himself a convert to the faith, is a short one, considering the magnitude of the subject and the compass of Newman's religious and intellectual activity. It is, in fact, more a work of honest devotion than anything else.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, by Charles Frederick Harrold (Longmans, Green). Dr. Harrold's life of the Cardinal is a more perceptive, discursive, and—well—interesting book than Mr. Moody's. The author is not as much concerned with the detail of Newman's life as he is with the world significance of his subject's conversion, with the philosophical meaning of the original Oxford Movement, in which Newman had a part, and with Newman as a literary and (in the wide sense) political figure. Dr. Harrold, though not as much in awe of the man as Mr. Moody appears to be, is nevertheless to some extent weighed down by him. Both biographers place the Cardinal on a lofty eminence and leave him there. Newman was hardly what we would call today a humanitarian; his feelings about the great questions of his time—the repeal of the Corn Laws, popular education, Parliamentary reform, and the like—were summed up in his scornful "Progress is a slang term." Newman was a paragon of conservative probity and frosty intellect, and humanizing him is perhaps more than can be asked of even such able scholars as Dr. Harrold and Mr. Moody.

THE LIFE OF THE HEART, by Frances Winwar (Harper). A life of George Sand, covering a good stretch of the nineteenth century in France and embracing a great many of the most famous men of the day. George Sand was her own best novel, Miss Winwar says; having decided that, she writes this biography with a novelist's ardor. Miss Winwar, a member of the omniscient school of biography writing—she knows precisely what her heroine was thinking about in 1808, at the age of four—tells, in a flushed but sometimes pleasantly ornate prose, a story lavishly strewn with background characters and scenery. The book is interesting if—and even if not—true.

MY WAYWARD PARENT, by Elisabeth Cobb (Bobbs-Merrill). Light comedy routine, of the Father Was a Cut-Up school, by Irvin S. Cobb's daughter. It is written in a disturbingly glib and breathless fashion; exuberant is the publishers' term for it, and exuberant it is, too. This little memoir to the late Mr. Cobb could, in fact, serve as the book to end books about madcap families and their goings on.

WELL DONE! by Morris Markey (Appleton-Century). An account of events aboard the aircraft carrier

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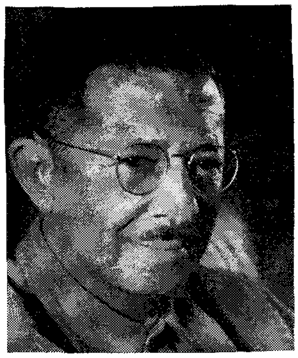
Essex in the battles for the Marianas and the Marshalls, campaigns Mr. Markey went through as a correspondent aboard the ship. As instructive reporting the book is fine; the daily life of twenty-five hundred men, the art of launching planes at night, commissary problems—how, in short, a great carrier functions—are well and clearly told. But when the author becomes emotional, in the casual, tight-lipped style fashionable with too many war correspondents, about the men, the ship, dawn, or whatever, what he achieves is sentimentality and not poignancy.

THE SHELLEY LEGEND, by Robert Metcalf Smith and others (Scribner). An impressive piece of literary research on the life of Percy Bysshe Shelley, who, it is becoming increasingly clear, was both more and less than the seraphic songbird his family and "well-wishers" tried to present to a Victorian posterity. This attempt to see Shelley plain is a collaboration of three scholars, chief of whom is Dr. Smith, and a handwriting expert (who deals trenchantly with the forgeries of Major George Gordon Byron), and it should at least help to create a more lifelike and plausible portrait of the poet. Illustrated with many facsimiles of the famous forged letters and thoroughly documented.

ONE SMALL VOICE, by Marianne Oswald (Whittlesey House). Miss Oswald, whose fame has been largely European and concerned with her peculiar, quasi-vocal renditions of songs by Jean Cocteau and other artists of the sort, writes of her childhood, disguising it at the start as fiction and later settling down to straight autobiography. Her book enumerates the sad and sensitive observations of an unwanted little Alsatian who, orphaned young, is shuttled between second-rate boarding schools until her inheritance is eaten up, and at last, despite a dangerous throat operation, becomes a celebrated singer in the Paris music halls. A charming story, especially when it overcomes its occasional artiness.

NOTE: "This Petty Pace," a collection of Mary Petty's beautifully executed drawings of elegant and slender ladies and gentlemen and their servants, has been published by Knopf. It includes almost a hundred drawings that originally appeared in *The New Yorker*—eight of them cover



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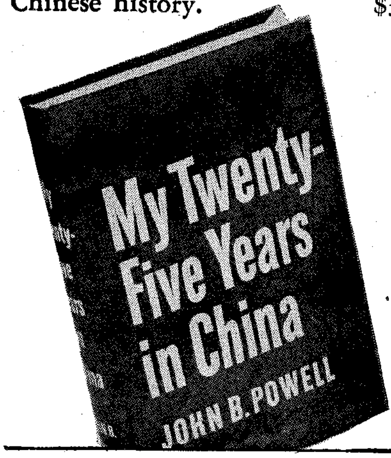

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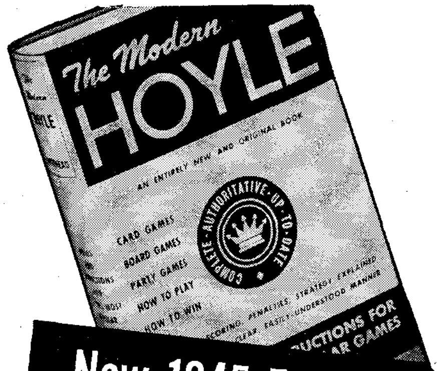
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THE DEVIL IN THE BUSH, by Matthew Head (Simon & Schuster). Murder and intrigue in Congo-Ruzi, one of those African trading stations populated by an odd assortment of whites, all with hair-trigger nerves. The story is told—and very adequately—by an American economist sent to the Congo on a wartime government mission, and the detection, such as it is, is handled by a Miss Finney, a medical missionary of considerable acumen. The plot probably won't completely satisfy addicts of the orthodox mystery, but they'll have to admit that the atmosphere is good and eerie.

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY, by Helen McCloy (Morrow). Lieutenant Peter Dunbar, a Navy man on leave in the loch district of Scotland, helps out the parents of a fourteen-year-old runaway boy. Dunbar, the author of a couple of tomes on juvenile delinquency, does all right until matters are complicated by a few corpses, then Commander Basil Willing, his friend and superior, and an expert in matters of murder, steps in. A tidy job.

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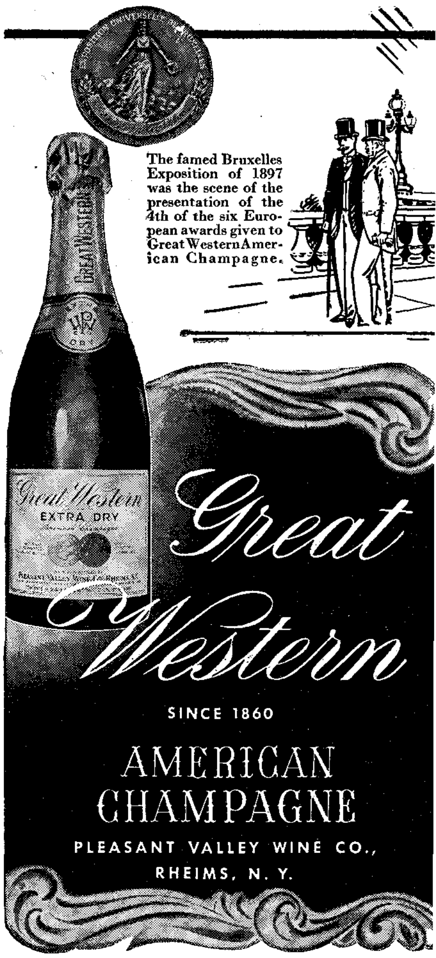

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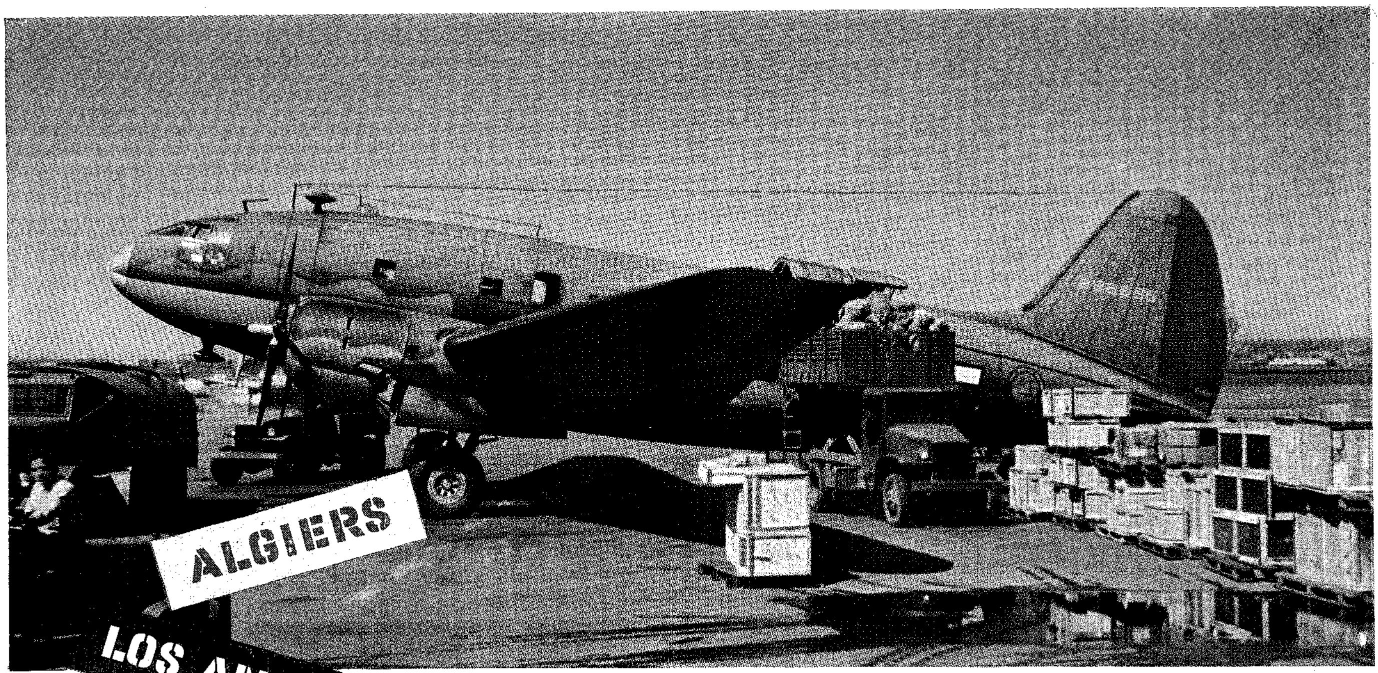

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It didn't come the way you may have thought it would. It hasn't changed your everyday life much . . . as yet . . . because its tremendous impact has been felt first in other parts of the world. But the fact is that the long promised tomorrow of the Air Age is here right now . . . today!

The peacetime versions of the big twin engine Curtiss Commando shown above carry 36 to 45 people with all the comforts of a drawing room . . . soft, roomy seats — plenty of space — an attractive powder room — complete dining service—in every respect, tops in luxury.

THE mighty Wright Cyclone-powered B-29 has shrunk the great Atlantic ocean to less than 9½ hours wide . . . today 50,000 service men a month are flying home through American skies from Eastern Seaboard ports alone. *Mass air travel and mass air cargo transport are here!*

Modern air transports powered by Wright Cyclones, with cargo space nearly equal to two box cars, now fly coast to coast in approximately 6 hours . . . Airlines have announced drastic fare reductions substantially below other first-class travel costs . . . New luxury planes are being equipped with new Curtiss Electric Propellers that introduce "reverse pitch" for new safety and can be synchronized for smoother more comfortable flight . . . Yes . . . You are living in the Air Age right now!

To make air travel convenient, hundreds of air terminals are already established — many more on the way. For instance, 15 nations are already seeking landing facilities at New York's new Idlewild airport. Set your hopes high — the Air Age has already begun.

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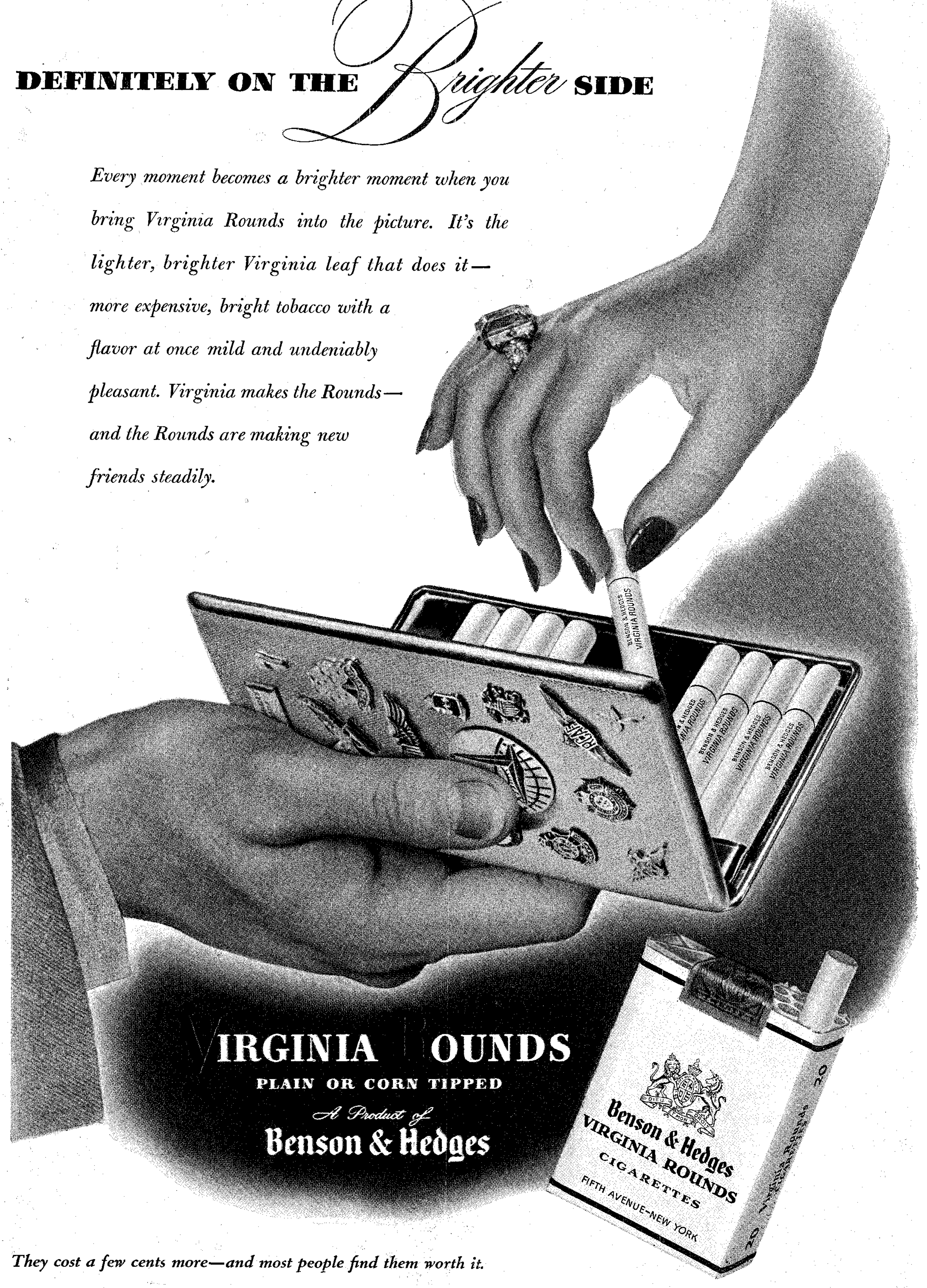
Every moment becomes a brighter moment when you bring Virginia Rounds into the picture. It's the lighter, brighter Virginia leaf that does it—more expensive, bright tobacco with a flavor at once mild and undeniably pleasant. Virginia makes the Rounds—and the Rounds are making new friends steadily.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